

THE

ADVENTURES IN MODERN MUSIC

WIRE

ISSUE 156 • FEBRUARY 97 • £2.50 / US\$6.00

*The
Orb's
jukebox*

*George
Crumb
the black
angel sings*

*No U Turn
drum 'n' bass terror*

*John Zorn
for beginners*

Ryoji Ikeda
headphonaut

Jacques Rémus
hyperInstrumentalist

AUTECHRE
surfing on sinewaves



ELECTRONICA • POST-ROCK • DRUM 'N' BASS • NEW JAZZ & CLASSICAL • GLOBAL

REALWORLD



SCIENCE

Wire Winners 96

DAVID TOOP
PINK NOIRSHEILA CHANDRA
ABOMECNEONETHE FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON
DEAD CITIESV/A - COSMIC KURUSH MONSTERS
TOKYO INVASION VOL. 1PAUL SCHÜTTE
ABYSSAL EVENINGSNUKWE ZAWOSE
CHIBITEWA - THE KRAUTROCK ARCHIVE
UNKNOWN DEUTSCHLAND VOL. 1PHOTEK
THE HIDDEN CAMERANUSRAT FATEH ALI KHAN
AND MICHAEL BROOK
NIGHT SONGWA
MACRO OUR INFECTION VOL. 2THE SIDEWINDER
COLONIZEDYUNGCHEN LHAMO
TIBET, TIBETV/A
CROONING ON VENUS
(OCEAN OF SOUND 2)

These records should be available from all good major record chains and the following independent record retailers

BARNISLER CASA DISCO • BARNSTABLE: 5 "H" V • RECHTREE: ST PEPPERS • BIRMINGHAM: SWORDFISH • BIRMINGHAME: ANDY CASH • BIRMINGHAM: HARBORBE: ANDY CASH • BIRMINGHAM: KINGSTANDING: ANDY CASH • RODNEY X RECORDS • BURNLEY SOLID SOUNDS • BURY VIBES CAMBRIDGE: JAYS • CHESTERFIELD: HILLSBOROUGH • CHORLEY: TOWNSENDS • CLITHRIE: TOWNSENDS COVENTRY: SPINADIEC • CRAMLINGTON: FLAZE • CREWE: OMEGA • DARLINGTON: SOLID SOUNDS • DONCASTER: FOXES, TRACX • EXETER: SOLO • GATESHEAD: METRO CENTRE • SOLID SOUNDS GOOLE: HALLS MUSIC • GREAT HARWOOD: TOWNSENDS • HALEY: MIKE LLOYD MUSIC • HALIFAX: LLOYD MUSIC • HARTLEPOOL: SOLID SOUNDS • MERTFORD: TRACKS • HODDESDON: TRACKS • HUDDERSFIELD: RADLANDS HULL: SYDNEY SCARBOROUGH • JIFFORD: SGT PEPPERS • IPSWICH: REX • LAUNCESTON: RHYTHM & RHYME • LEICESTER: ROCKARDON • LETCHWORTH: DAVID'S • LICHFIELD: TUDOR TUNES LIVERPOOL: PROBE • LONDON: ROUGH TRADE SHOPS • LONDON: BAYSWATER: TOWER • LONDON: ROW: ROMAN DISC • LONDON: CHARING CROSS ROAD: GOING FOR A SONG • LONDON: CROUCH END: TERRAFIN RECORDS EDIOM: EAST HAM: SGT PEPPERS • LDNHDH: FINCHLEY FAR • LONDON: HOLBORN: BARRY PAUL • LONDON: ISLINGTON: SOUNDS TO GO • LDNHDH: KENSINGTON: TOWER LONDON: PUTNEY REGGAS RUMOUT • LONDON: RUSLIP: TRUMP • LONDON: SONO: SELECTADISC • LONDON: WEST HAMPSTEAD: FARZ • MANCHESTER: PICCADILLY RECORDS, POWERCUTS MILTON MOORWAN RECORDS • MIDDLESBROUGH: PLATFORAK • NEWCASTLE: DENT PAX • NEWCASTLE: UNDER LYME: MIKE LLOYD MUSIC • NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE: HITSWORLD, WINDBOWS, RPM HITWORLD: SPINADIEC • NORWICH: OMEGA • NORWICH SOUND CLASH • NOTTINGHAM: ARCADE, SELECTADISC • PRESTON: ACTION RECORDS • SCUNTHORPE: RECORD VILLAGE SHEFFIELD: HILLSDRORUGH • ST AUSTELL: SAFFRON • ST HEATS: BARNEY'S • STAFFORD: MIKE LLOYD MUSIC SUNDERLAND: SOLID SOUNDS • TAUNHWRTH: MORE THAN MUSIC • TAUNHWRTH: 5 "H" V TURNO: SOLO • WARE: TRACKS • WEST RICHMOND: MORE THAN MUSIC • WIMBORNE: SQUARE • WISBACH: RECORD STORE • WOLVERHAMPTON: MIKE LLOYD MUSIC • YORK: TRACK SCOTLAND: ABERDEEN: ONE UP, FOPP • SCOTLAND: DUNFERMLINE: HITZ • SCOTLAND: EDINBURGH: AVAHCNE, CDFA MUSIC, ECD, FOPP • SCOTLAND: GLASGOW: ECHO, FOPP WALES: CARDIFF: SPILLER • WALES: LLANDUDNO: RAVERN • WALES: NEWPORT: HITMAN • WALES: PONTYPRICH: KOCOLA • WALES: RHYL: RAVERN

Or try the following credit card hot line: 01926 883420

inside

your monthly exploration of new music

12 Bites

Si Begg Mercurial machine head **Bundy Brown** Muso manoeuvres **Paul Kendall** Electroacoustic alchemy **Label love: Barraka El Fernatsh**

Autechre page 26

16 Global Ear: Istanbul

Turkey's whirling dervishes set Peter Culshaw's head spinning

18 George Crumb

This US composer has written just 30 minutes of music in the last ten years. No matter: with their representations of war and alien life, his compositions can still upset concert hall decorum. By Nick Kimberley

22 Ascension

Stefan Jaworszyn is an opinionated motor-mouth skulking around the fringes of counterculture activity. He also happens to be one half of the world's most incendiary guitar-noise duo. By Ben Watson

25 Ryoji Ikeda

Inspired by the austere plains of minimalist art and architecture, this Japanese composer is emerging as a Zen master of the new binary music. By Brian Duguid

26 Autechre

Holed up in their Sheffield studio, Sean Booth and Rob Brown transmit cryptic bulletins to the hardy denizens of Electro city. By Rob Young



George Crumb page 18

32 No U Turn

Drenched in distortion and sub-bass pressure, the records released on this London label, home to Nico, Ed Rush and DJ Trace, are carrying breakbeat culture into the Industrial twilight zone. By Will Montgomery

34 Invisible Jukebox: The Orb's Alex Paterson

The good doctor of Ambient club struggles to identify tracks by King Tubby, Bill Laswell, Viv Stanshall, Tonto's Expanding Head Band, Robert Fripp and others. Inquisition conducted by Mike Barnes

38 The Primer: John Zorn

Simon Hopkins provides a beginner's guide to the recordings of New York's premier avant-nerd, from the Gothic collages of Naked City to Painkiller's sado-hardcore thrash

reviews

43 Soundcheck February's selected albums and 12"s, including new releases from AMM, Autechre, Han Bennink, Bowery Electric, Michael Brook, George Clinton, Coldcut & DJ Krush, Keith Jarrett, Kreidler, Peter Hammill, Gary Lucas, Thurston Moore, The Orb, Pavement, Sonny Simmons, Suns Of Arqa, Trans Am, Alan Vega and more

59 Print Run Farzaneh goes a-go-go. **60 Multimedia** Meet Jacques Rémus' sonic scientist

Alex Paterson page 34

5 Editorial **6 Letters** **8 Soundings** February's selected live events, club spaces and radio. **42 Charts**

58 Freefall Music in the realm of nutty notions. **64 Back Issues** **65 Subscribe** Bag a FREE Don

Cherry CD. **66 David Toop** The Singing Dogs go walkies

out on the left



SPACETIME CONTINUUM

Remit Recaps

(Reflective REFC06)

A superb remix package featuring reworkings by Carl Craig, Herbet, Autchra, Subtopic, Vincousta, Higher Intelligence Agency and Spacetime Remix! See also: REFO11 - Venus featuring Paul 'South Of Market' EP, REFO13 - Spacetime Continuum - Kero, REFO15 - Remit Recaps (Carl Craig mixes), REFO18 Remit Recaps (Herbert & Subtopic mixes) and REFC06/REFLP8 Spacetime Continuum - Emitt Eoops

The officially lauded debut album from those naughty Knights, better known as Global Communication, on their Universal Luminous label. Has sold in excess of 18,000. Out now: EV0081 Danny Basic - You Ain't Down, EV0083 NY Connection - Bless The Funk EP. Forthcoming: EV0082 Gert - Vulcan Principles, EV0083 Jedi Knights - Big Knockers.

Look out for the first release on sister label Headz By The Mad Wheel to a record store near you soon



PHOTEK

T'Raenon

(Dy-Art OPT)

Ruben Parkes' first foray into Techno-on Kirk Degregorio's highly respected, resuscitated A.R.T imprint. See also: OP2 Automation - Caught Short, OP3 The 4th Wave - Attention Please, OP4 Paul W Teabooze (aka Stasis), Nova - Forthcoming, OP5 Senses EP



JEDI KNIGHTS

New School Science

(Universal Language EV0042/CD)

A fun filled, funky collaboration between Richard D James (Aches Twent) & Mike Muozz' Pendulins which has now sold up 250,000 units to date. Out now: CAT046LP/CD/EP The Gentle People - Soundtrack For Living, CAT022LP/ Bradley Shredder - Bradley's Road, CAT026LP/CD DR'Arcangelo EP. Forthcoming: CAT048LP/CD Slim And Valley, CAT023LP/CD Gausto Window (Richard James)



VARIOUS

United Mutations

(Lo Recordings LL03/CD/001)

Forthcoming: Twisted Science - Cold Fusion EP, Magoo - Squashed Mosquito EP (inc Funki Porci Mix), Boymetang vs Thurston Moore (Sonic Youth) EP, Transistorized Drum & Bass extreme geektastic noise collision, the cosiest bears available meet the master of Lo-Fi noise, Old Skool vs Nu Skool and then some! Lo Recordings Vol 4 - Further Mutations Part 2 of United Mutations featuring Shweeze, U, Luke Vibert, Mike Flawless, Bedouin Ascetic/Torsose, Springfield Jack, Wormhole, Squarepusher, Demrok May, Robert Wyatt & others... Further defining the indistinctable!



MIKE AND RICH

Expert Knob Twiddlers

(Rephlex CAT027LP/CD/MC)



DR ROCKIT

The Music Of Sound

(Clear CLR424/CD)

Debut album from the hugely acclaimed Dr Rockit, also known as Washmountain and Herbart. Forthcoming: A series of 4 EPs from Metametrics (CLP425/6/7/8), an EP and CD from As One (CLP430), an album from Metametrics (CLP429CD) and a 12" and album from Japanese artist Reflection (CLP431/2)

We also distribute Blast First, Leaf, Pussyfoot, Swim and Warp releases, among many others
If you have a problem getting hold of any of these releases contact Chi-Keat Man on 0171 284 1155



THE WIRE

ADVENTURES IN MODERN MUSIC

Issue 158 February 1997

£2.50 \$5.50 ISSN 0952-0885 (USPS 005231)

45-46 Poland Street • London W1V 3DF • UK

Tel: 0171 429 6422 • Fax: 0171 427 4262

e-mail: the_wire@studios.co.uk

Editor/Publisher **Tony Herrington**

Deputy Editor **Rob Young**

Art Editor **Rubin Hawes**

Advertising Manager **Vanessa Smith** (0171 404 1340)

Subscriptions: **Ben House** (0171 724 3580)

Administrator **Alex Silcox**

Chairman of the Narnia Group **Naima Atallah**

Contributors: **Sylvester Salasard, Jake Barnes, Mike Barnes, Dean Balcher, Clive Bell, Chris Blackstock, Linton Chewick, Robert Cleak, Richard Crook, John Corbett, Christopher Cox, Brian Dugdale, Paul England, Koenra Ezenen, Mark Eggers, John Eversall, Mervyn Fytche, Iris Gavaldà, Louise Gray, Andy Hamilton, Steve Halté, Steven Hopkins, David Hie, David Keenan, Tim Kerr, Nirmala Khanzani, Nick Kimberley, Bill Klug, Art Lange, Howard Mandel, Peter McElroy, John McEuen, Will Montgomery, Sam Most, Ian Parry, Edwin Pritchard, Alan Reynolds, Tom Ridge, Robin Rimbaud, Jonathan Rosemary, Savage Pocelli, Paul Schutte, Richard Scott, Peter Shapiro, Chris Sharp, Mark Stoker, Paul Stumpf, Julie Tatarsky, David Tapp, Jim I. Walker, Ben Watson, Barry Witherspoon.**

Distribution Subscriptions

UK & Europe	UK £30
USM	Europe £35
US\$6	USA \$60/£35
65 Newman Street	Rest Of World
London W1P 3LQ	£50 Am/£35 Surface
Tel 0171 396 8000	
Fax 0171 395 8002	Holiday 0171 734 3555

USA
Eastern News Distributors
250 West 55th Street
New York, NY 10019, USA
Tel 212 649 4484
(USA newsagent/queries: call
Toll Free 1800 221 3148)

Printed by Stripes PLC
The Wire is a member of the Narnia Group. It is published
12 times per year by The Wire Magazine Ltd.
2nd Class Postage is paid at Hackensack NJ 07601
Postmaster: Please send address changes to
The Wire 45-46 Poland Street, London W1V 3DF, UK

Special thanks this issue to Matt Fytche and Christa
Siedler

Cover photograph of Autecite. **Tim Kent**

The views expressed in The Wire are those of the respective columnists and are not necessarily shared by the magazine or its staff. The Wire assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and illustrations. Send us your own art. Unsigned items will not normally identify the author. Send us by returnable envelope. Unpublished manuscripts are not sent back and we cannot

editor's idea

Back in the office after the Xmas and New Year break, and the first executive decision of '97 get a haircut or take up an invitation to apply for a lottery grant to fund some ridiculously ambitious extracurricular Wire initiative. A tough one. I'm still pondering it several days later on the tube-ride to London's Spitalfields and the first Scratch of '97 Comeshop are headlining, but I've never really connected with their peculiar blend of bruised polemic and ramshackle raga rock, and like many in the capacity crowd I am here to witness a potentially incendiary, possibly revelatory, maybe disastrous soundclash between improvising guitar hero Derek Bailey and two DJs from London's Rumpus Room rollin' with the drum 'n' bass selection.

I don't know Derek personally, we've never been introduced and now I think about it I'm not sure we've even talked on the phone, a fact which might disappoint at least one reader who writes on this month's Letters page. If I had to cite just one musician who embodied what I will reluctantly refer to as 'the spirit of The Wire', however, then Derek would be it.

No doubt he will recoil in horror from the award of such a glittering prize, but right or wrong, I have always thought of Derek as a musician whose work has been based on the consistent belief that music is a constantly evolving and mutating language, an open-form able to accommodate all that surrounds it. And sure enough, watching him 'duet' with the Rumpus Room DJs I am struck by the sensation of witnessing a new vocabulary emerging from the overlapping vernaculars of free improvisation and breakbeat culture.

For an hour Derek intersects switchblade-flethal guitar responses as the breakbeat mix peaks and troughs, shifts the mood and breaks the flow. Aside from the fact that it sounds hair-raising, drop-dead fantastic, the performance is a small triumph for those who believe that not everything that can be said via music has been, underlining the fact that cultural border-crossings, and the kind of sonic fictions which they give rise to, have a deep-rooted social dimension as well as a purely aesthetic one. What started out as a mediated event ended up as a genuine dialogue between two worlds, both of which became a little less circumscribed as a result.

Concidentally, that morning I had received a package in the post containing a CD reissue of Derek's *Music And Dance*. It has been sent all the way from Nashville, Tennessee by Dean Blackwood, manager of another great guitar maven, John Fahey. The CD features a previously obscure recording of Derek's 1980 Paris performance with the remarkable Butoh dancer Min Tanaka. It is the first release from Fahey's new Nashville-based Revenant label, and even before I listen to it, the notion of a CD which combines the ugly beauty of free improvisation with arcane Japanese performance rites being reissued out of the house of Country & Western is irresistible. Luckily, the music is extraordinary also.

Arriving home from Scratch at one in the morning, knackered but still high on the adrenalin generated by the night's events, I put the CD on and am transported into a netherworld of microcosmic events suspended in mounting tension. On paper, if you break the music down to its component parts, it can appear comical: Derek's snapping strings, rustling note flutes, bell-like harmonics and sudden intervals, Tanaka shuffling mysteriously to one side, sounding like he is hauling bodies across the stage one moment, tap dancing in flipper's nest, the unforeseen combination of an elemental third party, a rambunctious monsoon: propulsive lashing the roof of the performance space, a doused forge, and sounding on tape like the background fizz of heavy radio static. Yet it's another spellbinding performance, not diminished one iota by the passage of time or the transfer to a new medium. In fact, the music's utterly alien qualities are enhanced by the abstraction of home listening. But once again, what comes across most strongly is the feeling of advanced intelligences searching for a common language in which to communicate across the vast distances of time, space, culture and geography. Forgive me if I sound like I'm coming over all utopian on you, and extrapolate that the best performances mentioned here, both understood it seems to me in climates of mutual expansion and exchange, can illuminate a world beyond the actual music, suggesting a model for how we might better live our lives. But if there is a point to all the genre-capsizing multi-dimensional hybrids which define much of the music featured in these pages, then surely that is it.

TONY HERRINGTON

The March 97 issue of The Wire

Another bumper batch of features, interviews, CD reviews, books, multimedia, live stuff, etc

On sale Tuesday 25 February

letters

Write to: Letters, *The Wire*, 45-46 Poland Street, London W1V 3DF,

or fax: 0171 287 4767, or e-mail: the_wire@ukonline.co.uk

Every letter published wins a FREE CD

Virtual vitriol

David Toop's September 96 column (*The Wire* 151), which only recently came to my attention, simply begs for a withering backchat. His myopic reduction of my book *Escape Velocity* to its chapter on cyberpunk and rock, and his woeful misreading of that chapter, are lamentably typical of the British pop press with its scarring, tunneling obsession with the subatomic minutiae of pop flotsam.

Escape Velocity is a critique of the cultural politics of fringe computer culture, in the chapter Toop seizes on I unravel cyberpunk sci-fi's knotty relationship to popular music, juxtaposing its romanticisation of 60s rock and 70s punk with its ironically reactionary recoil from the synth-and-drum-machine tradition that would seem to be curmudgeonly cyberpunk.

The chapter in question is not a core sample of the sedimentary history of weird music, hence its deflating silence on House, rave, Jungle and related forms of mating music for cyborgs (not necessarily a pejorative) — a sin of omission unforgivable to the British pop press, whose blinkered fixation on one-minute musical microcosms blinds it to the triumphantly obvious fact that my chapter on the historical crossroads between cyberpunk sci-fi and rock is just that.

Even so, I'd expected more of Toop, whose Rap Attack is an invaluable resource and whose most recent effort comes highly recommended. Disappointingly, he rambles from xenophobic kvetchings about *Escape Velocity*'s Americentric focus (legitimated, as I argue in my introduction, by the US's historical role as a shining city upon a hill, consecrated to myths of technological progress) to a Hitler swipe at Stielarczak's dated adumbrations to an interrogation of cyberpunk's credulous faith in punk's unaliaged authenticity (ironically echoing the very argument I make on pages 106-7 of my book). I, and *The Wire*'s readers, deserve better.

Mark Dery via e-mail

Worldly wisdom?

Stockhausen may be an interesting composer, loved and loathed in equal measure that he may even be considered a Wagner for our times. But it's a bit much to suggest he invented World Music (Barry Witherden, *The Wire* 154). I've always thought World Music was a fad, a close term away, because to the Brazilian Indian tribes with their clockwork radio, The Spice Girls may qualify as World Music.

World Music was always there, it's just that composers in the West weren't always looking for it. So perhaps Barry Witherden means Stockhausen discovered

and/or integrated non-European musics into a European style, which is an entirely different thing. And still wrong.

Bartók and Kodály, for example, integrated Balkan scaling into their music before Stockhausen discovered short-wave. It's debatable as to whether their music, on the cusp between European and Middle-Eastern styles, qualifies under our current definition of World Music but that's not the point. Composers predating Stockhausen were well aware of World Music.

Raw Shankar, referred to by George Harrison as "the Godfather of World Music" and a near contemporary of Stockhausen, is probably more deserving of having the dubious title of inventor of World Music thrust upon him. And while on the subject of The Beatles, 1967's *Hymnus* forms the blueprint for 68's "Revolution No. 9". I stand to be corrected, but I seem to recall George Martin writing of it as a joint compositional work of parts submitted by all four Beatles, but the initial Beatles contact with the avant garde came from Paul McCartney and not John Lennon. But as usual it is John's name that generally makes an easy bedfellow with Art while McCartney's role is reduced to that of milquetoast fourthwheel.

Howard Ingram Belfast

Art and Kraftwerk

I was disappointed that your review of Terje Thaenitz's *Die Roboter Roboto* (Mike Barnes, *The Wire* 155) was little more than an addendum to Curd Duca's ideological arthritics. *Switched On Wagner* (apparently grouped together for nothing more than their mutual sarcastic stabs at classical music) By saying Thaenitz's abstraction of Kraftwerk's compositions fell short of the "impeccable sureness" of The Balanescu Quartet's masterful renditions of Kraftwerk on *Possessed*, you seem to have missed the fundamental point at which Thaenitz's versions break from past Kraftwerk covers. The concept of applying randomisation and fragmentation to Kraftwerk's infamous precision (a metaphor for the collision of public and private spheres in identity politics) is the theoretical basis for the project, which is outlined in Thaenitz's rather substantial accompanying text, a text that seems to have been mysteriously overlined or unbarred by the reviewer. As *The Wire* is considered one of the more coherent voices in contemporary music, it is a shame that you took a rare project rooted in evocative social commentary and reduced it to pure formalism (the very paradox Thaenitz seems to forever anticipate).

Eizanho via e-mail

Progressive thinking

I heartily echo the praise heaped on your magazine by Gary Steel in your September 96 issue (*The Wire* 151). I too look forward to each new issue, and the only frustrating thing about it is that I'll probably never get to hear half the music in it because record stores are pretty hopeless when it comes to stocking obscure stuff, and 40 bucks or thereabouts is a lot to risk on taking a punt on some of this stuff. I also endorse Gary's comments about Prog rock. I'd like to see a more reasoned coverage of this in your magazine. The two-part A-Z you had a while back (*The Wire* 13/14) was full of snide comments and old clichés about dinosaurs, etc. I would have expected a more sympathetic approach from a magazine like yours. Prog might have lost the plot by the mid-70s as groups like ELP and Yes went in for ever more elaborate staging and double- and triple albums, but even those bands produced some great work in their earlier days. And groups like King Crimson (73-74 version), Can, Faust and Henry Cow still sound as fresh and exciting today as they did 20 or more years ago.

David Macleman Wellington, New Zealand

Poxy proxy

1. You are a very individual monthly. I hope you can keep going because you're the only half-decent report on music.
2. I used to play in a reasonably popular avant rock group which was critically well received but listening back utterly soulless.
3. Your Top 50 Records of the Year (*The Wire* 155) was full of self-reference, taste and with a new ear for musical agendas. But most of the records were bloodless, without humanity, without warmth. Where was *Rising or Looking In The Shadows?* (*Heartbreaking records*)?

4. You are the angry nerds with the specky specs and that oddball collection is wearing you out. Louise Gray voted for Patti Smith. I'm surprised she was allowed a female star. Only Derek Bailey is allowed

The Proxy

Corrections

Issue 155: We neglected to credit Rob Young for writing the article on Khan and Jammin' Unit on pages 16 and 17, and Steve Ford for taking the photo of John Law on page 13. In Soundcheck, some label contacts were either missing or listed incorrectly. Here's how they should have read: Communism through Cargo, Lorent through Complete, Shield through Play It Again Sam, Xtreme through RTM/DISC. □

Chicago writer who writes only what needs to be said

the unfinished

locust mick harris david topo lilith



Produced by us



TONE CASUALTIES

a label, featuring unconventional sound adventures and daring audiences in new instrumental music



INDUSTRIUM POST MORTEM: CHINA
DESTRUCTED
SOUNDS OF
TEN HAN

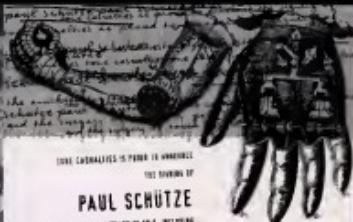
FEBRUARY 1996
Mark Heidebrecht of *There
Butto Purchases or Stimulate That!*
TONE Casualties Party Defense
Former of Christine Smith,
Henry Sheff, Andrew Sheff, Bill Erosion
Under Siege Can Their Composer
Bring Everyone and Their Dogtag



"...there are unexpected sound motifs that make
this very compelling listening." — *Ashe July 1996*

"...revelous and infectious, darkly impish...
hardy guitars and propulsive rhythms...
this is one of the best." — *Ashe August 1996*

"...alternately lovely and oddly insidious..." —
Ashe September/October 1996



TONE CASUALTIES IS PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
BY THE SOUNDS OF
PAUL SCHÜTZE

CALL FOR THE RELEASE OF A FILM BY C.S., INCLUDING
BENS EX MACHINA,
THE ANNILATING ANGEL, AND
THE SURGERY OF TOUCH
AND NEW RECORDINGS
BY PAUL SCHÜTZE IN JANUARY

MAILING ADDRESS: PO BOX 10000
TONE CASUALTIES 1935 N. HIGHLAND AVENUE
DEPT. WINE, HOLLYWOOD, CA 90038 313 463-5155

<http://www.tonecasualties.com>

soundings

february

Selected highlights of the month's live events, happenings, club spaces and broadcasts



Prince Paul and friends

Live choice

Django Bates Premiere of new work Some More Upsets performed by London Septemets and his group Number Seven London QEH, 16 February, 9.30pm, £10/£8, 0171 960 4242

Pierre Boulez The IRCAM supremo is in town to witness the UK premiere of his recent composition *Explorations*, which utilises the latest developments from his Paris computer lab. George Benjamin also conducts works by Varese and Stravinsky London QEH, 21 February, 7.45pm, £10/£8, 0171 960 4242

Lamb First full-length tour by the vocal drum 'n' bass posse Edinburgh Venue (18 February), Glasgow King Tut's (19), Leeds Croft (20), Birmingham Institute (22), Brighton Concourse (26), Cambridge Junction (27), Bristol Trinity Hall (1 March), Manchester Ritz (4), London Astoria (5)

Bee Neill & DJ Specky (Bard/Houth) World-trumped crossover from the hippest duo in New York, London Jazz Cafe, 3 February, £10/£8, 0171 944 0044

Yoko Ono & Fluxus Retrospective exhibition of the movement that included Ono, Nam June Paik, George Brecht et al as part of the South Bank's Towards The Millennium series. This collection of posters, sculptures and ephemera tries to capture the magic, London BFI Foyer Ballroom, 7 February-23 March, 10am-10.30pm daily, free, 0171 980 4242

Parallel Series Showcase of Muze

Records' electroacoustic sub-label, with on-stage soundscaping by Paul Kendal, Simon Fisher Turner, Bruce Gilbert and Russian clavinetist Andrei Samsonov. London Purcell Room, 21 February, £8/£6, 0171 960 4242

Prince Paul Hip hop and psychoanalysis from the perky former *De La Soul* cohort, London Jazz Cafe, 24 February, £10/£8, 0171 344 0044

David Shek Sub Rosa's thunderphonic electroclash rounds off a short UK tour with dates at Leeds Yish Centre, 30 January, 8.30pm, 0113 245 5570; Leicester Gregory 33, Hoopgate, 31 January, 8.30pm, 01524 582805/049959, and London Spitz, 1 February, 8.30pm, 0171 247 9747

Tim Sherman Soulful dub from the voice of On-U Sound and his group. London Jazz Cafe, 13 February, £12/£10, 0171 344 0044

Trans Am Indie rock by ZZ Top/krautrock-influenced rockers Trans Am, plus support from Scottish square-pegs Ginger. London O2 Academy, 26 February, £6, 0171 267 1577

Club spaces

Beet Weird Some strangeness and bizarre beats with Kuska and Johnny Octopus (2 February); Dan & John Kuhn (9). Environmental Science/Sonic Records (16), and Full Moon Sessions (24). London Jazz Bars, Sundays, 7.30pm-midnight, £2, 0171 236 8172

The Big Chill Special Valentine's Day one-off marking the return of the Chill following their disastrous summer festival includes Squeakquelle, Global Communication, LTJ Buksen, Another Fine Day, Nelson Glanton, Paul Thomas, Knights Of The Occasional Table, Daniel Pemberton, Grinby, The Gentle People and Future 3. London Bruton Academy, 14 February, 9pm-6am, £10, 0181 372 9735

Diebey Note that's not a typo - they've changed their name for '97, which kicks off with two days of transgressive fun! Bill Drummond and Mark Manning (authors of *Most Widmost*), Kathy Acker and Stewart Home give readings to launch a new publishing venture entitled King Mob (31 January, 8-11am, free). On the following night, you can hear the low-end thrills of Pensoe, plus Susan Stenger and friends playing the music of Phil Niblock (1 February,

8pm-late, tickets from Rough Trade/Fat Cat Records only). Both events are at London Sluggerhouse Gallery, 63 Charterhouse Garage, Smithfield Market, EC1

Electronic Lounge Live shanzhai radio-sounds from the Bankai aka Dronerstation should be quite a buzz. London ICA, 4 February, 9pm-1am, £2/50/£150, 0171 498 3032

Klitter Club Launch of new space for experimental improv, musical contraptions, and quirky film/tv units by Sydneys Hugh Metcalfe. First night features Headbutt and Alan Tomlinson live (14 February), then Bridgat, John Greaves' machines (21), Seddik Zebri's Seeds Of Creation, Dan Kragh's Big Mother and Vangel Weston (28). Expect surprises and mucha strangeness. London Wim Wenders, Fridays, 8.30-11.30pm, £3/£2, 0171 837 7269

Kosmische Prelude of Krautrock weirdness with Volcano The Bear playing live book signing by Alan and Steven Freeman (authors of *A Crack In The Cosmic Egg*), Kosmische 0/5, Curious Little Psychedelic Visuals and host Brian Barritt. London upstairs at the Garage, 17 February, 10pm-2.30am, £4, 0171 607 1818

PM Scientists Guests Rob Playford from Moving Shadow (5 February), DJ Hyde (12), Cleveland Watkiss (19) and Kurn (26) at this drum 'n' bass melting pot. London Smithfields, 340 Farringdon Road, Wednesdays, 10pm-2.30am, £4/3, 0171 236 8112

Rumble Room Jiving hosts The Merry Pranksters this month are Jo Sound System (2 February), Octopus Records showcase with Stranger vs Rolo Woodpecker, Umpire and Johnny Octopus (9), hotly tipped heads: Jimpster (16), and live sequencing from Electro voyager Gagant (20). London Fitz & Faux (formerly Albany), Sundays, 7pm-midnight, £8/£4, 0171 388 0588

Scratch First UK appearance by Rome, mutant dubsters and Toroise laternists all the way from Chicago. Blue Plum in Brixton paranoiac from T-Power, and regular Scratch DJs. London Spitz, 109 Commercial Street, E1, 20 February, 7pm-midnight, £6/£4, 0171 247 9747

The Sprawl Andrew Weatherall on the decks, performance from Sons Of Silence, Scanner vs Sl-kidz live soundclash at this multi-media watering hole London Cafe Internet, 22-24 Buckingham Palace Road, SW1, 27 February, 7-11pm, £3/£2.50, 0181 883 0972

Radio

BBC Radio 1

One In The Mix Fridays 10pm-midnight Guest DJs provide hour-long breakfast mix.

John Peel Saturdays 5-8am, Sundays 8-10pm The best place to keep up with new rock, indie, Techno, Jungle, Electronica, Dub and the legendary sessions

BBC Radio 3

Play It Now Fridays 10.45-11.30pm Mark Russell and Robert Sandil's moshpit of selection of avant garde rock, jazz, contemporary classical, etc.

Heart And Now Fridays 10-12am Contemporary music magazine focusing on the 80s

Impressions Alternate Saturdays 4pm-7pm Hotter pieces in interview and on record

BBC Derby

Soundscapes Sundays 8-9am Ashley Franklin plays instrumental, Beccanomics, contemporary classical pieces, more, New Age and Ambient.

BBC Greater London Radio (GLR)

Charlie Glotz Saturday 7-9pm Rock, rock, adult music, blues, R&B and more

BBC Lancashire

On The Wire Saturdays 12-1pm Steve Barker's praised New Music mix show experimental electronic, art rock, free improv and more

BBC Newcastle

The Late World Radio Tuesdays 10.30-2.30am Out rock, psychedelia, Jungle, avant dance, weirdo Ambient and global genres in thermal sequences

Radio 100 FM (London)

Buzz Cuts Wednesdays 7-9pm Latest drum 'n' bass lush by Kenny King and DJ Hyde

Give It Up Wednesday 2-7am Tastefully recorded sessions and in-studio appearances

Solid Steel

Solid Steel Sundays 1-3am Main-deck mayhem from Colabot and the Nitro crew

The Chill Out Zone Sundays 6-7am Pleasant experimental Ambient, dub and Electronica mix

Global Pictures

Sundays 8-9pm Eclectic soul-jazz inversions

Radio 102 FM (Manchester)

Last Night Dance Soundtrack weekend 10pm-11pm Jon Thompson plays Techno to Toroise

Go Into The Drive 10pm-11pm Show Mondays 8-10pm Tuff Angle with XTC and Morrissey

100 State Fridays 10pm Something for the weekend from the urban crew

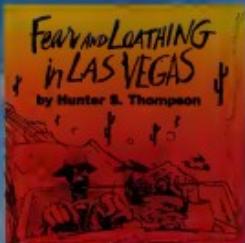
Alpha Waves Saturdays 4-6am Electronica, ambient and浩室 with Juan James

Shangrila Sunday 4-6am Electronica and beyond hosted by Autotech's Sean Booth and Rob Brown



AXIOM DUB

12 tracks on two CDs. Bill Laswell, Sly & Robbie, The Roots, West Professor, Dub Syndicate, Jon Wimble, Suba Dubstep, New Kingdom + DJ Species, amongst others, offer a round in the other regions of dub. All new material or a Dennis Brownline classic. (324 212-2) distributed by Vital.



FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS

A dramatic adaptation of Hunter S. Thompson's legendary 1971 book, a tour through a drug, desert and desperation, a rock 'n' roll dreams including Harry Dean Stanton, Jim Jameson, Meavy Chaykin. Music = madness that accurately reflects the epic trip across America's underbelly! (324 204-2) distributed by Vital.



ALTERED BEATS

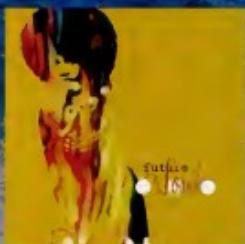
Rhythmic and territorial experiments by EKO, DJ Groove, Prince Paul, New York City, DJ Rob Swift, with studio performances by Lee Scratch, Bill Laswell, Jerome "Bigfoot" Bradley, Suba Wimble, Shabba Collins around others. The sound of crashing Technotronics all on one CD with a Remixed version! (324 253-2) distributed by Vital.

ISLAND ROUND TRIPS



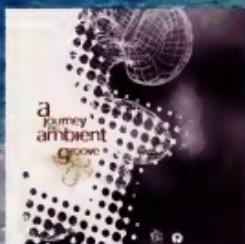
QUANGO SPORT

Breakout technology from Tricky, Alexei Sayle, Red Army, Cold Breeze, Cloud Nine and more. 10 tracks of new-wave intergalactics designed to keep your system in space on one shiny disc.



FUTURE SOUL

Progressive sets from Freakwave, Mr. Fingers, Righttimers De Wax, Beach Tiki Boys, Dex C Law, Larry Heard, Young Hustlers, Jules, Akibahasa, Takeover & others. 8 discs of double choc on one whitewash Island.



A JOURNEY INTO AMBIENT GROOVE

How available again, the legendary compilation that defined a genre. MHD, Superstar, Under + Over, Dictionnaire, Jimmy Devine, Zane Lowe, New & Time and others. 10 discs of pure dance sound on one CD.

STILL ON SHORE:- A JOURNEY INTO AMBIENT GROOVE VOL 2: A second maritime excursion into International Ambient Dance Music (Quango 524 224-2)

ABSTRACT VIBES: Down-tempo dancefloor head jazz & its experimental hybrids (Quango 524 252-2)

AXIOM FUNK: Funkadelic mind stretching with Clinton, Boots, Eddie Hazel & the whole family (Axiom 524 077-2)

AXIOM AMBIENT: The Axiom stable taken apart & set adrift by Bill Laswell (Axiom 524 055-2)

WHITE NOISE: 'An Electric Storm' Recorded in 1968, the original popscience headphone trip (30CIO1001)





SMOKING CAUSES

Chief Medical
1 mg Tan



HEART DISEASE

Officers' Warning
0.1 mg Nicotine

bites

Si Begg

Renegade soundwaves

Si Begg has become a legend in the electronic music world. His work has been featured in *Time*, *Rolling Stone*, *PC Week*, *PC Magazine*, *PC World*, *PC Doctor*, *PC Power & Performance*, *PC Games*, *PC/16*, *PC/20*, *PC/32*, *PC/64*, *PC/128*, *PC/256*, *PC/512*, *PC/1024*, *PC/2048*, *PC/4096*, *PC/8192*, *PC/16384*, *PC/32768*, *PC/65536*, *PC/131072*, *PC/262144*, *PC/524288*, *PC/1048576*, *PC/2097152*, *PC/4194304*, *PC/8388608*, *PC/16777216*, *PC/33554432*, *PC/67108864*, *PC/134217728*, *PC/268435456*, *PC/536870912*, *PC/1073741824*, *PC/2147483648*, *PC/4294967296*, *PC/8589934592*, *PC/17179869184*, *PC/34359738368*, *PC/68719476736*, *PC/137438953472*, *PC/274877906944*, *PC/549755813888*, *PC/1099511627776*, *PC/2199023255552*, *PC/4398046511104*, *PC/8796093022208*, *PC/17592186044416*, *PC/35184372088832*, *PC/70368744177664*, *PC/140737488355328*, *PC/281474976710656*, *PC/562949953421312*, *PC/1125899906842640*, *PC/2251799813685280*, *PC/4503599627370560*, *PC/9007199254741120*, *PC/18014398509482240*, *PC/36028797018964480*, *PC/72057594037928960*, *PC/144115188075857920*, *PC/288230376151715840*, *PC/576460752303431680*, *PC/1152921504606863360*, *PC/2305843009213726720*, *PC/4611686018427453440*, *PC/9223372036854906880*, *PC/18446744073709813760*, *PC/36893488147419627520*, *PC/73786976294839255040*, *PC/147573952589678510080*, *PC/295147905179357020160*, *PC/590295810358714040320*, *PC/1180591620717428080640*, *PC/2361183241434856161280*, *PC/4722366482869712322560*, *PC/9444732965739424645120*, *PC/18889465931478849290400*, *PC/37778931862957698580800*, *PC/75557863725915397161600*, *PC/151115727451830794323200*, *PC/302231454903661588646400*, *PC/604462909807323177292800*, *PC/1208925819614646354585600*, *PC/2417851639229292709171200*, *PC/4835703278458585418342400*, *PC/9671406556917170836684800*, *PC/19342813113834341673369600*, *PC/38685626227668683346739200*, *PC/77371252455337366693478400*, *PC/154742504910674733386956800*, *PC/309485009821349466773913600*, *PC/618970019642698933547827200*, *PC/1237940039285397867095654400*, *PC/2475880078570795734191308800*, *PC/4951760157141591468382617600*, *PC/9903520314283182936765235200*, *PC/19807040628566365873530470400*, *PC/39614081257132731747060940800*, *PC/79228162514265463494121881600*, *PC/158456325028530926988243763200*, *PC/316912650057061853976487526400*, *PC/633825300114123707952975052800*, *PC/126765060022824741590595025600*, *PC/253530120045649483181190051200*, *PC/507060240091298966362380025600*, *PC/101412048018359793272560012800*, *PC/202824096036719586545120025600*, *PC/405648192073439173090240051200*, *PC/8112963841468783461804800102400*, *PC/1622592768293766832360960204800*, *PC/3245185536587533664721920409600*, *PC/6490371073175067329443840819200*, *PC/12980742146350134658887681638400*, *PC/25961484292675269317775363276800*, *PC/51922968585350538635550726553600*, *PC/103845937170701077271101453067200*, *PC/207691874341402154542202856134400*, *PC/415383748682804309084405712268800*, *PC/830767497365608618168811424537600*, *PC/1661534994731217236336822849075200*, *PC/3323069989462434472673645698150400*, *PC/6646139978924868945347291396300800*, *PC/13292279957849737890694582792601600*, *PC/26584559915699475781389165585203200*, *PC/53169119831398951562778331170406400*, *PC/106338239662797903125556662340812800*, *PC/212676479325595806251113324681625600*, *PC/425352958651191612502226649363251200*, *PC/850705917302383225004453298726502400*, *PC/170141183460476645000886559745204800*, *PC/340282366920953290001773119490409600*, *PC/680564733841906580003546238980819200*, *PC/1361129467683813160007092477961638400*, *PC/2722258935367626320014184955923276800*, *PC/5444517870735252640028369811846553600*, *PC/1088903574147050528056739642369111200*, *PC/217780714829410025601347928473822400*, *PC/435561429658820051202695856947644800*, *PC/871122859317640102405391713895289600*, *PC/1742245718635280204810783427785576000*, *PC/3484491437270560409621566855571152000*, *PC/6968982874541120819243133711142304000*, *PC/1393796574908241639368666742228608000*, *PC/2787593149816483278737333484457216000*, *PC/5575186299632966557474666968914432000*, *PC/11150372599265933114949333937828864000*, *PC/22300745198531866229898667875657728000*, *PC/44601490397063732459797335751315456000*, *PC/89202980794127464919594671502630912000*, *PC/178405961588254929839189343005261824000*, *PC/356811923176509859678378686010523648000*, *PC/713623846353019719356757372021047296000*, *PC/1427247692706039438713554144042095888000*, *PC/2854495385412078877427108288084191776000*, *PC/5708986770824157754854216576168383552000*, *PC/1141797354164835510970843315233676704000*, *PC/2283594708329671021941686630467353408000*, *PC/4567189416659342043883373260934706816000*, *PC/9134378833318684087766746521869413632000*, *PC/18268757666637368175533493043738827264000*, *PC/36537515333274736351066986087477654528000*, *PC/73075030666549472702133972174955309056000*, *PC/146150061333098945404267444349856618128000*, *PC/292300122666197890808534888699713236256000*, *PC/584600245332395781617069777399426672512000*, *PC/1169200490664791563234139554798853345024000*, *PC/2338400981329583126468279109597706690048000*, *PC/4676801962659166252936558219195413380096000*, *PC/9353603925318332505873116438388826760192000*, *PC/18707207850636665011746232876777653520384000*, *PC/37414415701273330023492465753555307040768000*, *PC/74828831402546660046984931507110604081536000*, *PC/149657662805093320093968730014213108163072000*, *PC/299315325610186640187937460028426206326144000*, *PC/598630651220373280375874920056852412652288000*, *PC/1197261302440766560751749840113704253045576000*, *PC/2394522604881533121503499680227488506091152000*, *PC/4789045209763066243006999360454977012182304000*, *PC/9578090419526132486013998720909954024364608000*, *PC/1915618083905226497202799744181990804872912000*, *PC/3831236167810452994405599488363981609755824000*, *PC/7662472335620905988811198976727963219511648000*, *PC/15324944671241811977622389953455926438723296000*, *PC/30649889342483623955244789906911852877446592000*, *PC/61299778684967247910489579813823655754933184000*, *PC/12259955736993449582097915962764711150986336000*, *PC/24519911473986899164195831925529422301972672000*, *PC/49039822947973798328391663851058844603945344000*, *PC/9807964589594759665678332770211768920788688000*, *PC/19615929179189599331356655540423537841577376000*, *PC/3923185835837919866271331108084707568315552000*, *PC/7846371671675839732542662216169415136631088000*, *PC/15692743343351679465085324432338830273262176000*, *PC/31385486686703358930170648864677660546524352000*, *PC/6277097337340671786034129772935532109304872000*, *PC/12554194674681343572068259545871064218609744000*, *PC/25108389349362687144136519091742128437219488000*, *PC/5021677869872537428827303818348425687443896000*, *PC/1004335573974507457645460763669685137887792000*, *PC/2008671147949014915290921527339370275775584000*, *PC/4017342295898029830581843054678740551551168000*, *PC/8034684591796059661163686109357481103072336000*, *PC/1606936918359219332233372219671496220614472000*, *PC/3213873836718438664466744439342992441228944000*, *PC/6427747673436877328933488878685984882457888000*, *PC/1285549534687375465786697777737196976495576000*, *PC/2571099069374750931573395555474393952991152000*, *PC/5142198138749501863146791110948787905882304000*, *PC/10284396277498503726293582221897575811764608000*, *PC/20568792554997007452587164443795517623531216000*, *PC/41137585109994014905174328887591035246662432000*, *PC/82275170219988029810348657775182070493324864000*, *PC/16455034043987045962069731555036414096649728000*, *PC/32910068087974091924139463110072828193299456000*, *PC/6582013617594818384827892622014565638659892000*, *PC/1316402723593636676965578524402911127311976000*, *PC/2632805447187273353931157048805822254623952000*, *PC/5265610894374546707862314097611644509247888000*, *PC/1053122178874909341572462819522328901849576000*, *PC/2106244357749818683144925639044657803698152000*, *PC/4212488715499637366289851278089315607396304000*, *PC/8424977430999274732579702556178631214792608000*, *PC/1684995486199854546515940511235726242958208000*, *PC/3369988972399709093031881022471452485864016000*, *PC/6739977944799418186063762044942904977280032000*, *PC/13479955889598236372127324089885809954560064000*, *PC/2695991177919647274425464817977161990912128000*, *PC/5391982355839294548850929635954363981824256000*, *PC/1078396471167858909770185927185872796364912000*, *PC/2156792942335717819540371854371745592729824000*, *PC/4313585884671435639080743708743491185459648000*, *PC/8627171769342871278161487417486882370919296000*, *PC/1725434353868574255632294823493576474183856000*, *PC/3450868707737148511264589646987152948367712000*, *PC/6901737415474297022529179293974305896735424000*, *PC/1380347483094854044505835858794861179347848000*, *PC/2760694966189708089011671717589722358695696000*, *PC/5521389932379416178023343435179444717391392000*, *PC/1104277986475883235604668687035888943478784000*, *PC/2208555972951766471209337374071777886957568000*, *PC/4417111945903532942418674748143557773915136000*, *PC/8834223891807065884837349496287155547830272000*, *PC/1766844778361413176967469899257431105660544000*, *PC/3533689556722826353934939798514862211321088000*, *PC/7067379113445652707869879597029724422642176000*, *PC/14134758226891305415739759194059448853284352000*, *PC/2826951645378261083147951838811889770656872000*, *PC/5653903290756522166295903677623779541313744000*, *PC/11307806581513044332598073355247559082627488000*, *PC/2261561316302608866519614670495519016525496000*, *PC/4523122632605217733039229330990103803250992000*, *PC/9046245265210435466078458661980207606501984000*, *PC/1809249053042087093156891732390415361301976000*, *PC/3618498106084174186313783464780830722603952000*, *PC/7236996212168348372627566929561661445207904000*, *PC/1447399242433669744525533385923332288401584000*, *PC/2894798484867339489051066771846664576803168000*, *PC/5789596969734678978102133543693339153606336000*, *PC/11579193939469357956204267087386678272012672000*, *PC/23158387878938715912408534174773356544025344000*, *PC/4631677575787743182481706834954671308805064000*, *PC/9263355151575486364963413669859342617610128000*, *PC/18526710303150932729926827339718685235220256000*, *PC/37053420606301865459853654679437370470440512000*, *PC/7410684121260373091970730935887474094888104000*, *PC/14821368242520746183941461871774948189776208000*, *PC/29642736485041492367882923743549896379552416000*, *PC/59285472970082984735765847487099792791104832000*, *PC/118570945940165969471531794974199585582209664000*, *PC/237141891880331938943063589948399171164419328000*, *PC/47428378376066387788612717989679834232883864000*, *PC/94856756752132775577225435979359668465777728000*, *PC/19971351350426555115445887195871933693555456000*, *PC/39942702700853110230891774391743867387110912000*, *PC/79885405401706220461783548783487734774221824000*, *PC/159770810803412440923567895666955465548443648000*, *PC/31954162160682488184713578133391093110888728000*, *PC/63908324321364976369427156266782186221775456000*, *PC/12781664864272953273885411253356437244355092000*, *PC/25563329728545906547770822506712874888701984000*, *PC/51126659457091813095541645016731741777403968000*, *PC/10225331891418382618508329003346358355480792000*, *PC/20450663782836765236016658006692717110961584000*, *PC/40901327565673530472033316013385444222923168000*, *PC/81802655131347060944066632026770888445846336000*, *PC/16360531026269412188813326405354177777692672000*, *PC/32721062052538824377626652810708355555385344000*, *PC/65442124105077648755253305621416715511770688000*, *PC/13088424821015529511050611244233431102354136000*, *PC/26176849642031059022051222488466862204708272000*, *PC/5235369928406211804410244497693372440941656000*, *PC/10470739856812423608820488995386748818883312000*, *PC/2094147971362484721764097799077357763776624000*, *PC/4188295942724969443528195598154715535553248000*, *PC/8376591885449938887056391196309431107106496000*, *PC/1675318377089*

Bundy Brown

Muso machinations

Bundy Brown is wary of hype and publicity. A founding member of Tortoise, Brown left the group when its cultivated facelessness was threatened by increased exposure and popularity. This time around, he's determined to remain out of the limelight. The press release for his new collaborative record, generically titled *Directions In Music*, baldly announces: "Neither the songs nor the group are named as such. There will be no group tour and no group photos." "I don't know if that seems pretentious or what," Brown says to me at his Chicago apartment during the first interview he's granted, "but that was just the concept. It's just going to be this thing and it's going to have music on it, and hopefully people will then be able to deal with it on the level of what the music is about."

Despite his penchant for anonymity, Brown is making quite a name for himself. (The group, too, turns out to have a name, albeit a suitably evasive one: *Directions*.) He is fast becoming a sought-after engineer and producer, recording everything from punk rock to jazz at Chicago's Idiot and Soma studios. Brown has been busy on filmwork, too, collaborating with Sean's Soyoung Park to score Rea Tajiri's independent feature *Strawberry Fields*, and contributing to the soundtrack of John Hughes's new film *Reach The Rock*. In the past year Brown has also produced gorgeously distorted remixes for Ramm and Tortoise, and is currently remixing tracks for Darryl Moore of Soul Static Sound while working on sample-based Hip-Hop material of his own.

Given this immersion in the aesthetic of mediation, the fine art of cut 'n' mix, *Directions In Music* — with a line-up centred around untreated guitars — comes as something of a surprise. "In a way it was me being reactionary at that point in time," Brown says with a laugh. "It was weird for me to quit the group [Tortoise] and then see them become huge and hear people talking about them as being on the forefront of some movement that I just didn't see as a movement. I was like: 'Fuck post-rock. This is a load of horse shit. I'm gonna make a fuckin' rock record and the first song is going to be this tune I ripped off from the Allman Brothers.' That was part of what motivated me to make a record that was rooted in more basic and roots-oriented stuff, because that's a large part of what I dig. If you look through my rock records, I have, right next to my Faust records, my Allman Brothers or AC/DC records — and I'm never gonna get tired of listening to that stuff."

There is, indeed, a kind of rustic simplicity and ingenuousness to much of *Directions*, a series of hypnotic and wonderfully melancholy instrumental improvisations performed by Brown on guitars and bass, James Wardon on guitar and Doug Schain on drums. The rambling lines and country twang of several tracks do recall something of 70s Southern rock. But,



this latter-day innocence is not without traces of experience. *Directions*' beguiling simplicity derives from the same inventive savvy that Brown brought to Tortoise, Gastr Del Sol and Bistro, and Schenck to Him, Rex, June Of 44 and Codeine. Its spare guitar and bass arpeggios organised around pulsed or sustained drones, for instance, reveal just how much Brown contributed to Tortoise's debut. These repetitive figures come to serve as the acoustic analogues of sampled loops, providing a bridge from American folk, Country and rock to post-rock and Electronica. Each track develops by accretion, exploring the horizontal dimension of the

soundspace, and evoking the flat expanse of the Midwestern geography.

"What I really love is jazz," Brown declares, meditating on his recent production work for The Chicago Underground Orchestra and Isotope. "I would be happy not making any music of my own but just recording jazz and improvised music." Yet with all his current music-making and the buzz it's rightly generating, it's unlikely that even Brown's well-developed ambivalence will keep him hidden from the public eye for long.

CHRISTOPHER COX *Directions In Music* is out now on Thrill Jockey (through Cargo).



Paul Kendall

Electroacoustic alchemy

The last 25 years have seen Paul Kendall as a Maths student, a bank clerk, a performance poet and as the man who built Mute Records' in-house studio. The recent inauguration of Mute's new Parallel Series has made several additions to the multiplicity of roles. Kendall is now by turns label head, A&R man, artist, producer, engineer and collaborator, in effect, the central figure in one of Mute's more daring ventures.

The series was established last year with a collaborative release by Bruce Gilbert, Robert Hampson and Kendall himself (entitled *Orn*), and has continued with works by Kendall solo (working as Projects), a new radically austere remix (also involving Kendall) of Simon Fisher-Turner's *Shivomma* called *Deplacido Links* (credited to the brilliantly named Kendall Turner Overdrive), and the first electroacoustic composition by

the prodigiously talented Russian clarinetist Andrei Samsonov. From such beginnings the Parallel Series will hopefully go some way towards redressing attention to some neglected features of electronic music's ancestry, not just Cage and Stockhausen, but Edgard Varèse, Herbert Eimert, Tod Diodatader, Vladimir Ussachevsky. "There was always an idea there to try and do it, but it wasn't until a couple of years ago that we sat down, came up with the name and got going," explains Kendall.

The mere mention of 60s electroacoustics may conjure up visions of lab-coated sociopaths hunched over computer punch-cards, but the richness, timbral variety and otherworldly intensity of their laboriously constructed productions cannot be denied. An engaging, enthusiastic and self-deprecating South Londoner, Paul Kendall has been a devotee of electronic composition since his teens, and he sees the Parallel Series as an opportunity to spread the word about an area of music that has for so long seemed hermetically sealed. The four releases in the series so far have all explored the outer reaches of electronically manipulated sound with compelling and evocative clarity.

"After the British blues boom," he says, "I'd kind of had my fill of guitars, and when I was 16 or 17 I started listening to a little bit of Stockhausen. It was a completely different soundscape and really exciting so I just fell in like that. There were a few things earlier — like Joe Meek, whose stuff I really liked as a kid, although I didn't know it was Joe Meek then — but it's never really been songs for me; it's always been about sound. That's really my pure motivation. I went to university to study Maths — although I didn't actually get through the course — and I chose York because they had the best electronic music department. I'd managed to produce a piece of tape music prior to going to university, so I played it to a few guys there. They really liked it so I got in quite quickly with the department — they actually suggested that I did music there, until they found out that I knew absolutely jack shit about music! I was only interested in sound."

The cost of equipment in the 70s meant that Kendall's continued enthusiasm for electronic sound after he abandoned academics had to be held in check until he encountered Daniel Miller, who was looking for someone to build and maintain an in-house studio for his new Mute label. The two men shared an enthusiasm for electroacoustic composition — their friendship was cemented when Kendall gave Miller a recording by the leading British-based composer and theorist Dennis Smalley — and Kendall got the job. And although he spent much of the following decade expanding on Joe Meek's elecophonic legacy by engineering and producing music with rock-based noise merchants like Loop and Nine Inch Nails, the idea that led to the germination of the Parallel Series never went away.

"My big thing has always been that it would be really nice if you could cross-fertilise the audience rather than the music. The cliquish aspect of the classical people with their sort of snobbish, over-protective approach is a

label lore

No. 004

Barraka El Farnatshi



Address: PO Box 140-4020 Basel, Switzerland
UK distribution: Sterns

Run by: Pat Jabbar

Roster includes: Asha Kandisha's Jamming Effects, Ahlam, Amira Saqqa, Argan, Hamid Baroudi

Description: Ancient/future sound of trance North African/Arabic music enhanced with dub pressure and 90s studio techniques

Brief history: The label was started in 1990 to release Asha Kandisha's Jamming Effects' *'B Buyo*, given that at this time no label was interested in dealing with Progressive-Arabic music apart from Algerian rai and ethno-pop like Desdemena. There were also no intentions of doing this seriously as a sort of job, it was more just for fun. The work and experiences of Bill Lawwell (producer of the first AKJE and Ahlam LPs) changed the situation and gave the power and belief to go on with other bands/projects and to concentrate on a more efficient way of producing and marketing.

Statement of intent: Feeding a maximum of ears, souls and brains with nurturing Moroccan and North African grooves to fuck up latent racism and prejudiced visions towards the Arabic world, so as to bring the whole aspect of culture, values and especially of the 'real' Islamic education a little bit closer to all the nations.

Other activities: Enlarging our website at <http://www.moroc.net/barraka> WAC-Raa Casablanca observations, Sea OTHMANIA, and sometimes a Mirlef, Madhouse 36-out-of space flight to Kookab Abuot

Future plans: Records by Ahlam, Cheb Menna, Saqqa, Amira Saqqa, AKJE, Rax-X, plus one or two co-productions with Bill Lawwell, Angan to tour Europe in summer 1997

Choice cuts: Various — *Oudja Casablanca* Introspections Vol 1, Amira Saqqa — *Agadil Reptiles On Moon*

(Int'l 6 monther Pat Jabbar)

problem, especially when the exciting things that the rock/electronic bands were doing were helping to create a new potential audience for that classical music."

CHRIS SHARP: Parallel Series releases are distributed by RTM/DSG. A live performance featuring various Parallel Series associates happens this month at London's South Bank; see *Soundings* for details.

trans am

surrender to the night

LP / CD

distributed by RTM

City Slang

trans am play Dingwalls, Febr. 26, 1997

FLYING NUN RECORDS
FOR AN ALL NEW DAZZLING FUTURE!

TALL DWARFS

STUMPY

CUL DE SAC
China Gate
FNCD378

Acclaimed Instrumental
third album from Boston
based cosmopolitan
Mesmeric (Melody Maker)

INTERNATIONAL TALL DWARFS
"Stumpy"
FNCD394 / FN364

Legendary lo-fi rock with 16
Home tapes from
around the World
Out now

CUL DE SAC

N.Y. ALBUM OF THE YEAR

FLYING NUN RECORDS available through RTM / DISC

NEW YORK DOWNTOWN JAZZ & OTHER SOUNDS

A low priced sampler of music from the Knitting Factory.



Features Don Byron, Wayne Horvitz, Arto Lindsay, Thomas Chapin, DJ Spooky, Steve Native, & 21 other artists on Knitting Factory Works.

This is an eclectic mix of jazz and what can only be called "other sounds."



OUT NOW:

Prima Materia
with Rashied Ali
Albert Ayler's Bells

Ayler's extended solo taken on new dimensions through the group's collective improvisation.

KRM-199



Wayne Horvitz
& Zony Mash
Cold Spell

This Seattle band grooves and rocks with an avant edge. Zony Mash is named after its obscure Miles song, and that funky vibe is what this band is all about. This music moves the mind as well as the behind.

KRM-200

Camp Stories
Soundtrack

This soundtrack is a Meeker setting with music by Ray Nathaniel Risting most of the Jazz Passengers.

KRM-199



Briggan Krauss'
Good Kitty

Mac Times magazine says "Abbot Briggan Krauss is a model of postmodern playing: scratching, squeaking, liming, floating; the musical equivalent of an obsessive-compulsive disorder."

KRM-179



KNITTING FACTORY WORKS USA:
74 LEONARD STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10013
KNITTING FACTORY WORKS EUROPE:
BLOEMGRACHT 20/2 1015 TJ AMSTERDAM
www.knittingfactory.com

global ear

Istanbul

I am sitting in the midst of 80 or so dervishes in a small, hidden mosque located off a back street in Istanbul. As one they begin to lean forward in rhythm chanting the name of Allah — it's one of the most powerful sounds I've heard and speeds up like an express train to paradise. There's a violin weaving through the sonic picture and a zither doing runs that send chills down your spine. Out of nowhere there's a solo voice — like a muezzin's call from a minaret — that is so full of longing it breaks your heart open. This is serious blues music. Just when I think the atmosphere can't get any more intense, 12 additional dervishes file into the room from the back and remove their black cloaks. They are wearing white robes underneath, and in unison they start spinning with incredible lightness and grace. This angelic whirling is a perfect counterpoint to the earthy, charming. I've been given permission to photograph the ceremony but I can't get up. I'm pinned back by the numbers but also by the sheer energy of the spiritual force field. In any case, photographs can't capture the disorienting sensation that the dervishes are defying gravity. It takes months of training before the dervishes can perform the whirling dance without getting dizzy. Like much Sufi ritual, the performance works on different levels and is heavy with symbolism. The funeral black cloak is a tomb; its removal represents the discarding of all worldly ties. The dervishes spin with the right arm extended to heaven and the left pointing to the floor; grace is received from Allah and distributed to humanity. The dancers themselves represent the heavenly bodies circling the sun, which is manifested by the sheikh, the brotherhood's spiritual leader.

In Turkey, all dervishes are acolytes of Sufism and belong to one of a number of different brotherhoods. Most are Mevlevi Sufis, followers of the school founded by the Sufi saint and poet Rumi 700 years ago. Many of the followers of these ancient saints tell stories about them which suggest highly developed psychic powers, powers which are also attributed to the modern-day sheikhs. The sheikh of this particular gathering (by the Jaffan brotherhood) possessed a quiet authority and seemed to almost radiate at its centre. After the ceremony I spoke to him via an interpreter. At one point the interpreter suddenly looked shocked and refused to continue with the conversation. Later he told me that the sheikh had quoted a poem from the 15th century which described in detail a dream he had had.

A survey of sounds from around the planet. This month . . .



the previous night. The sheikh then explained the meaning of the poem and his dream.

The ceremony is called a zikr, which means remembrance, and as with other powerful Sufi musics such as the Qawwali music of Pakistan and the Assala music of Morocco, this extraordinary performance is finally not about entertainment nor aesthetics but spiritual purification and reconnection to the divine.

Officially, the zikr is still illegal in Turkey, and most gatherings have to be conducted in private or semi-secrecy. (The guide who brought me to the Jaffan ceremony, a carpet expert and part-time Sufi philosopher from the local bazaar, asked that his name not be mentioned in this article.) The dervishes were suppressed by Ataturk, the great Turkish moderniser and 'father of the nation'. But they are also mistrusted by the fundamentalists, as their esoteric belief system tends to veer away from strict Islam. Reading, appealing in the process to many Turkish artists, intellectuals and bohemians,

There are some officially sanctioned dervish performances, however. The largest is the celebration of the death of Rumi, who referred to the night of his death (17 December) as his wedding night. The ceremony takes place every year in sub-zero temperatures in Konya. In a basketball stadium a couple of thousand people including a bustle of Japanese tourists witnessed about 50 whirling dervishes perform an immensely stately ritual, which hasn't changed for hundreds of years.

The music is not the passionate zikr, however, but is provided by a semi-classical court orchestra which is dominated by the ney, a flute-like instrument whose mournful tones are also symbolic. The instrument



PHOTOS: PETER CUSHNAR

apparently has the same number of holes as a human body and was originally cut from a particular type of reed; its sound represents the cry of the need yearning to return to its origins (an obvious metaphor). But late at night in Konya, if you ask around, there are official aliks happening in people's houses, essentially wild jamming sessions (one I saw included a cheap synthesizer as accompaniment) where individuals drunk on ecstasy might tear off their jackets and start whirling if the spirit moves them.

But none of the Konya zikirs had the beauty of the one I witnessed in Istanbul. I asked the sheikh for the meaning of the ceremony. "The purpose of life is to remember Allah," he replied. "Every electron and proton is whirling round a nucleus, the planets whirl about the sun, and all of them are chanting for Allah. Even your heartbeat [and here he thumped his chest] is chanting, 'A-lah, A-lah'." **PETER CUSHNAR** A festival of Sufi culture will be presented in London later this year by The Music Village. For details contact: Music Village, Taybee Studios, 28 Commercial St, London E1.

OUT NOW

ON RYKODISC, HANNIBAL & GRAMAVISION



CHOYING DROLMA AND STEVE TIBBETTS

Chö

RWCD-RC 2404

Nestled in the hills above Kathmandu, the Nagi Gompa monastery is home to more than 100 Tibetan nuns, who sing and chant as part of their Buddhist practice of Chö. Their exquisite voices paired with guitarist/composer Steve Tibbetts' elegant arrangements, are both resplendent and

transcendent. Proceeds from this recording will go to the nuns at Nagi Gompa.

MARIA KALANIEMI

Iho

RWCD 2396

As composer, arranger, and performer, Finnish accordionist Maria Kalaniemi takes her instrument to new peaks with beautiful, heartfelt melodies and bold, intricate arrangements. In 1996, she was the first-ever musician working in the folk idiom to be awarded the Prize of Finland for artistic excellence and has been lauded in the press worldwide for her innovative and eclectic approach to music.



ARTO LINDSAY
Corpo Sutil (The Subtle Body)

RCB 10369

"Inductively adventurous" - The *Guarillas*

"From sublimely sanguine strummers to biting midnight laments, this is a beautifully poetic, unassuming record"

- 7/10 *Vox*

"embracing" - The *Independent* on Sunday



MEDESKI MARTIN &

WOOD

Slack-Wax

GCD 79514

"These boys are strictly of the NOW! Billy Martin drums up a storm in the spirit of Al Kooper, bass-man Chris Wood is rock steady and Medeski is simply a monster... there's a whole heap of creative energy at work here - order your copy today because Slack-wax is smokin'!"

- Straight No Chaser



"Freaky, funky, free interludes, amazing group chemistry and chops that slacken the jaw, this could be the bopped music in the universe right now, seriously" - Mojo

See them live at the Jazz Cafe, London in March

RYKO

For a catalogue or more information, contact Rykodisc (20), 70 Stanley Gardens, London NW3 7QZ.
Tel: 0800 746 2201, e-mail: arykodisc@compuserve.com web site: <http://www.rykodisc.com>

PAT METHENY GROUP "QUARTET"

THE NEW ALBUM
OUT NOW ON CD.

An album of vignettes, improvisations and songs featuring 15 new and spontaneously conceived tracks.





loving the alien

In the last ten years **George Crumb** has produced just 30 minutes of music. No matter. His pieces from the 1970s, such as the apocalyptic *Black Angels*, remain some of the most violent eruptions of sonic theatre ever written. Nick Kimberley meets a composer still alive to the extreme possibilities of organic sound

George Crumb has a theory about the composer in the 20th century. Well, he probably has many theories, but one seems particularly close to his heart: "There is this 20th century syndrome of a composer's decrescendo of productivity as they go through their career: their early music is unfortunately sometimes the better music, and later they try to find a way back to that period. I think of Sibelius, who stopped early; yes, Berg, who died young, even for me Stravinsky earlier is better."

Crumb acknowledges exceptions, and mentions in particular his fellow American Elliott Carter, born in 1901 and so a generation older than Crumb, born in 1929. Carter shows every sign of lasting forever and in the last ten years has produced a body of work of which a man half his age would be proud. Look at Crumb's catalogue of work, though, and you soon notice that the years since 1988 have been conspicuously lean in 1991 a four minute piece called *Easter Downing* and a more substantial work for chamber ensemble *Quest*, which lasts 25 minutes and on which the composer worked for about six years before it reached its final state in 1994. As he says: "The composition of *Quest* turned out to be much more of an arduous quest than I could ever have imagined."

Now length isn't everything, but that's a mere 30 minutes of music in nearly ten years, and this from a composer who, if he can't be accused of being over-prolific, certainly has a considerable oeuvre to his credit. Crumb himself is all too aware of his own decrescendo of productivity: "It's been very slow, a hiatus of a kind. I've somehow produced these two works, *Easter Downing* and *Quest*, but it's not been a very productive period. It started about five years ago. Sometimes I think that with age you

have the time but you lack the energy to do several things at once. When you're younger you can do anything and it doesn't interfere with your work. But I hope there's something left: there are certainly areas I haven't touched, instruments I haven't used, and if I still have it left in me I would love to add one or two new works to my better pieces."

There is the slightest trace of regret in Crumb's voice as he tells me this, but there's a wistful sense of resignation as well, as if he's saying, "You just never know, do you?" We speak towards the end of last year, when Crumb was in London to attend a performance of one of his works. Not surprisingly it was a work from the 1970s, *Black Angels*, the piece for string quartet that has perhaps brought his music to the largest audience, thanks in no small part to the advocacy of the Kronos Quartet, who had performed it at the Royal Festival Hall the night before the interview. Crumb seems genuinely moved by the size of the audience, not in any self-congratulatory way but simply that some 2000 people turned out for a concert of contemporary compositions. That's partly because of Kronos, of course, which has its own very particular following, but still it's an audience Crumb admires. And no doubt many were there at least in part to hear the angry buzz and drone of *Black Angels*, still viscerally disturbing a quarter of a century after its composition.

Black Angels, with its subtitle "Thirteen Images From The Dark Land", is a product of its time in the best sense, a fierce eruption of feeling against the monstrous machinery of war, in particular Vietnam. The traditional string quartet is amplified to a



point just this side of discomfort and the players are called on to chant, howl, whisper, play a variety of percussion instruments and to "misread" their own instruments. All very 1970s? Yes, but with a ferocity of sentiment which even now is hard to ignore. This is concert music on the verge of becoming theatre, theatre of cruelty or theatre of excess. It may be the most violent music Crumb has written, but it's typical of the work he was producing in the 1970s, when his scores, swelling like vast spiral nebulae, resembled works of art, and when his music was characterised by an urgent need to crack open the stifling decorum of the concert hall by more or less theatrical means.

If that brute theatricality characterises much of Crumb's music of the time it's something to which he still feels strongly connected: "That's not something I resist. In other works I've suggested stage lighting, offstage effects like a glass harmonica, masks for the players; it does seem to be built in to works from that period. I suspect that my best music came in that window of time, probably 1965 to 1975. My music since then hasn't changed fundamentally, although some new things have probably come into it but the music that is most played comes from that period. That was the best I did, I think."

There it is again, that matter-of-fact tone that barely allows room for regret. But perhaps I'm making too much of it. Certainly Crumb himself sees a continuity from that period to the present. I mention a description of his work by the critic Nicolas Slonimsky: "In his music, Crumb is a universalist. Nothing in the realm of sound is alien to him." Crumb is happy to concur. "I've been influenced by sounds that come from all kinds of different music and I've used instruments that maybe one doesn't associate with this kind of music: the hammered dulcimer, the harmonica, folk instruments, but also a lot of percussion instruments from Asia, Africa, South America. And then I've explored unconventional ways of using conventional instruments. That's been a thread running through my music, and it's still prominent in *Quest*, which calls for a harmonica or a concertina as well as saxophone, which is an instrument I've never used before."

For Crumb, that search for new possibilities through sound is a defining characteristic of 20th century composition, which for him is linked with a move away from the orchestra, the traditional cornerstone of classical music. "Maybe there are a few composers who haven't been touched by this, but the explosion in the area of timbre has been ongoing since the turn of the century, evolving as an element in music that is perhaps just as important as rhythm, melody, harmony. The combinations are infinite and unlimited. I think of myself primarily as a chamber composer. It's always a strain for me to produce an orchestral work. Generally in our century the chamber dimension has been the typical thing while the orchestra is something of a hangover from the last century. There are pieces that seem to work well for the orchestra but they always seem like a special solution. I could point to Berio's *Sinfonia*, a couple of works by Boulez perhaps, Lutoslawski. It's partly an economic matter: the orchestra seems especially precarious financially but it's also the flexibility of the smaller ensemble in every respect, especially rhythmic and timbral exploration. I guess my vocal work enjoys the intimacy of the chamber situation, where a few instruments, even just a piano can represent a whole orchestra, especially with amplified sound."

For the past 30 years Crumb has taught at the University of Pennsylvania. He received the Pulitzer Prize in 1968 for his set of "four processional for orchestra" entitled *Echoes Of Time And The River*, and at one time or another he has had the full panoply of Fulbright, Rockefeller and Guggenheim grants and fellowships, to say nothing of a host of honorary degrees. He is certainly not a prophet without honour but he is at pains to insist that he is not an academic composer. "I hope I've been a maverick. To me 'maverick' implies all the things that I respect in Charles Ives's music, especially a sense of exploring. I don't like academic music. The universities in the United States, in some places at least, have created their own academic ways of looking at music but then on the other hand it's possible not to have anything at all to do with a university and still have an academic view of music, just as it's possible to work in a university and not be so influenced by the need to maintain the respect of one's colleagues. In any case, it's something of a marriage of convenience that composers are in the universities in the first place."

At one moment or another in our conversation it's possible to detect the merest hint that teaching might have got in the way of composing, but Crumb is not going to make a point of it. In any case it's clear that teaching gives him

a perspective that might not be available if he spent all day, every day in his workspace. "We get a lot more foreign students these days, especially from Asia: almost more foreign students than American students, who these days all want to become investment bankers. The Asian composers are bringing something distinct that feeds into the stock of possibilities, not just the instruments but the Asian concept of time. That's going to prove very interesting, but in the United States at the moment there's a kind of hesitation. I don't know whether it has to do with the approaching millennium and people wanting to see what's going to happen. Most *fin de siècle* periods seem to throb but in the States there's a feeling of suspended animation and it's very strange. There are certainly some talented composers around. Technically they're all very well trained, much more so than when I was that age."

When Crumb speaks of a "hesitation" in American music today is he only hearing a distant echo of his own silence? Or might the different concept of time he senses in Asian composers provide him with a means to break that silence? He's not the sort to spend his time wringing his hands at the agony of the artist, yet it's clear he feels there are things he hasn't said that he needs to find a way to say. In the meantime there is a distinguished body of Crumb's work that continues to offer new ways of listening. It may not be easy for the composer to accept, but perhaps that's enough. □

some records

- Quest/Federico's Little Songs For Children/Night Music I (Bridge, performed by Speculum Musicae)
Songs, Drones And Rebars Of Death/Apparition/Little Suite For Christmas (Bridge, performed by Speculum Musicae)
Makrokosmos Vols I & II (Koch Schwann, performed by Christine Mihalek/Makrokosmos Vol III/Madrigals Books I-IV (BIS, performed by Musica Viva/Anne-Marie Mumford and others)
Black Angels (Nonesuch, performed by The Kronos Quartet)

THE CRACK IN THE COSMIC EGG

KRAUTROCK
KOSMISCHE MUSIK
PROGRESSIVE, EXPERIMENTAL,
& ELECTRONIC MUSICS FROM GERMANY



Written by Alan & Steven Freiman of Action magazine, "The Crack In The Cosmic Egg" features...

Extensive historical and back-ground info., articles on the major regional scenes, with a German city map, graphic "flow charts" simplifying Krautrock history.

More than just Krautrock, important people from the underground and the avant-garde are also featured!

All the main artist entries feature articles on the music, reviews of important works, and histories when known. Discography's include original albums, alternative releases, CD reissues, original material on compilations, singles, etc., with musicians and instrument details.

Producers, engineers, cover designers, record labels, etc.

320 pages A4 stitch-bound book...
1177 entries, over 2500 albums,
180 singles, lots of rare photos,
over 150 album covers, etc.

A bargain at only £20.00 + P&P

FPB rates: £5.00 (UK), £9.00 (Europe/Air, Surface Worldwide), £17.00 (North America/Air), £20.00 (elsewhere/Air)

From: Ultima Thule
1 Conduit Street, Leicester
LE2 0JN, England
0116 285 4545 □ 0116 285 4555



Julian Cope's "Krautrocksample" scratched the surface, "Cosmic Dreams At Play" took a collector's view. And now we have "The Crack In The Cosmic Egg".

Todays almost everyone with good taste in new-music has heard of Amon Düül II, Ashra, Can, Faust, Krautwerk, Neu!, Klaus Schulze, Tangerine Dream - as all these are innovators who've changed the face of modern music. But, that's not all, there's a mind-boggling wealth of other music, just as innovative (sometimes more so) waiting to be discovered by the curious listener.

Defined to be hailed as the book of the year, "The Crack In The Cosmic Egg" is the most extensive, most detailed and up-to-date book on Krautrock and related musics ever written. The wealth of information is extraordinary.

Written by Alan & Steven Freiman of Action magazine, "The Crack In The Cosmic Egg" features...

Extensive historical and back-ground info., articles on the major regional scenes, with a German city map, graphic "flow charts" simplifying Krautrock history.

More than just Krautrock, important people from the underground and the avant-garde are also featured!

All the main artist entries feature articles on the music, reviews of important works, and histories when known. Discography's include original albums, alternative releases, CD reissues, original material on compilations, singles, etc., with musicians and instrument details.

Producers, engineers, cover designers, record labels, etc.



Nick Franks

"Every once in a while you get an artist who refuses to be pigeonholed, not out of spite for anyone, but because he's talented enough to make a range of things work... Dark Andromeda will blow you away... synth music for synth fans... and Floyd fans... and space rock fans... and industrial fans... and beyond... a certified killer that has enormous crossover potential..."

Andy G.

Website: www.ridic.com with wav files

By mail order from C & D Compact Disc Services Ltd 776955
or through good record shops everywhere.

Warner Sisters Ltd, New Burlington Mill, Regent's Rd, Salford M5 4DE, UK
Fax: 0161 834 0593 E-mail: kernkult@iol.co.uk



creative
music
in a plain
brown box

ULTIMATE SENSUALITY

'sensuality' is the theme of UP08, the latest issue of Unknown Public, which features Ensemble Modern, Turnage, Andriessen, Hallett, Smith, Moses, Lane, Nois, Ramsden/Lodder, Gemini, Skempton/Tilbury, Audéoud, McGuire and classic Dolphy plus

At the curves of melody can an unknown public opinion poster that debates the idea of sensuality in contemporary music yes, yes, YES

I wish to **Subscribe** to Unknown Public starting with □ UP07, the netherlands connection, or □ UP08, sensuality: essence and nonsense

WV297

INSTITUTION	INSTITUTION
UK & Europe	UK & Europe
Four issues £6.00 or \$10	£5.00 □ \$9.00 □
	£90 □ \$150 □

*US dollars

All orders must be prepaid by cheque, money order or credit card (rates include postage & packing)

I wish to know more about Unknown public - please send information pack

PAYMENT METHOD: cheque mastercard visa

card no.

expiry date

signature

Name

Address

Town

Postcode

Country

You can't get UP in the shops — to get UP please fax or send this form to: unknown public, FREEPOST (RG 2558), P.O. Box 354, Reading RG2 7BB, UK (no stamp required if posted in the UK)
fax: +44 (0)1734 312582 tel: +44 (0)1734 312580

Stefan Jaworzyń is an opinionated motor-mouth stalking the fringes of taboo culture. He is also one

the scum

"Thinking is always the negation of what we have immediately before us" — GWF Hegel, *Logic*, 1B17

The scorching, ears-to-ashes guitar/drums onslaught of London's Ascension duo is currently the toast of nosecore's 'anti-community'. Their performances seem to burn a hole in the soul of anyone who catches them not throwaway experiences. As an interviewee, their guitarist Stefan Jaworzyń (drummer Tony Irving is the other half) has a forbidding reputation for negative judgments and undelivered expletives. But it must be the informed accuracy of his scorn that riles his targets in person; he is a charm personified.

Jaworzyń describes himself as an "avid consumer". He publishes a mail-order catalogue (called SCUM LIST), covering irresponsible rock noise, free jazz and lo-fi. His pithy consumer-guidance remarks have become legendary among the let's adhere. He has also organised exploitation film festivals at London's Scala and Electric Cinema and published a sleaze-culture zinepile, Shock XPress (a project that has resulted in three books). He now runs a label called Shock. First releases were by Coil, Nurse With Wound, Current 93 and New Zealand's seminal Dead C. The guiding line seems to be William Burroughs (a lot of Burroughs's handbacks line a shelf in Jaworzyń's East London home). B-culture anti-values and acid-punk disobedience — spiced with a wit sharp enough to be sociopathic.

"In Bradford of the 70s there was a fleapit cinema where if you paid full price they'd let you in to see anything, even if you were underage," he tells me. "So I had this agreement with my mother: I wouldn't go to any sex films but I could see any horror or trash or exploitation or violence — every Sunday, going to the double bill. When I was 11 I saw *Easy Rider* and that kicked me into music and cinema and sleazy alternative culture at the same time."

Musically, Jaworzyń started with Hendrix (the Hendrix cult is now so well established it is hard to recall that before his commercial resurrection in 1990 Hendrix was routinely dismissed as "macho guitar rubbish" in 'advanced' music circles); in 1974, Coltrane's outrageous *Live in Seattle* was an unfruitful contact with jazz, though Jaworzyń respected its "extremity". Listening to Ornette Coleman during an acid trip led to a purchase of the *Live At The Golden Circle* albums from his fellow tripper. "But he also frogged me some dreadful stuff like Brand X which threw me off the trail, thinking maybe there's only two good jazz albums and all the rest is this fusion crap. In the early 80s I bought two Company albums. They seemed pretty far out!"

"I always liked writing and criticism, particularly negative criticism," he continues. "What shaped me, to be honest, was the pre-punk NME Charles Shaar Murray, Nick Kent, Ian McDonald, Marc Bell — a whole bunch of those clowns, all of whom are horrible washed-up pseudo-celebrity farts now who make me sick. But at the time! There was that confrontational, wind-up aspect to it: the longest features and interviews were where they abused people!"

I finally inspired by Burroughs and Ginsberg, he started a "useless" course in American literature at Sussex University but dropped out after a year. "It was the beginning of the end of the left in Britain. The anarchist president got fucked over completely. The writing was on the wall. It was the first of the Tory machinations to topple desidence, then they applied it to the National Health and everything else."

Anyone committed to disseminating Burroughs and splatter movies will run up against the idiocies of official censorship. Jaworzyń attempted to supplement his 'exploitation' publications (fastidious tributes to David Cronenberg amid other provocations) with a mainstream response, but he couldn't find a publisher prepared to take a chance on his proposed and uncompromising collection of anti-censorship essays.

"The publishers wanted the 'big names', people who write about the movies as itva. They didn't want the heavyweights. I wanted to pay the contributors a decent fee, get proper research done to address the problems that were really disturbing me: the moral backlash and the swing to the right. It came about after the Jamie Bulger trial. I couldn't believe the stuff I was reading in the newspapers. A big fucking nail in the coffin for Tony Blair for me was that he rewrote David Alton's censorship bill for him so it would go through parliament.

"Snuff films are not commercially available" he continues, outraged. "Bill Clinton himself goes to watch some retarded guy get a lethal injection — what more of a snuff movie do you need? These moral panics distract people from what's happening politically. Throbbing Gristle and Whitehouse actually made extreme sex so banal and tame, they demystified it. I always looked on it as a dadaist confrontational art crack."

A rock autodidact, this confrontational spirit informs Jaworzyń's playing: every note choice seems to snarl at conformity (paradoxically, this can be very beautiful and Hendrix-like too). I relay a remark by the composer James Dillon, pointing out that Stefan's style of playing "is not easy to do". "I know it's not easy to do," he replies. "After an Ascension show I'm more exhausted than when I've had a fuck! But I have no idea whether I'm playing split sixths or inverted G-minor sevenths to the power of 666."

There are some who resent the incursion of Ascension's 'noise' into the holy temple of free improvisation. But along with Bill Frisell and Eugene Chadbourne, Jaworzyń has achieved one of the few really thought-through extensions of Derek Bailey's guitar aesthetic. Aided by John Zorn, whose Tzadik and Avant labels released Bailey's recent collisions with Jungle and Metal, he has helped Bailey rediscover volume and coherence (Derek's Incus label has just released a scabrous duel between Jaworzyń and saxophonist Alan Wilkinson, sarcastically titled *In A Sentimental Mood*).

"I prefer Derek's playing in the last two years to a lot of his 80s stuff, though there's some pretty scrunchy stuff earlier on, too. I've never listened to him and

half of **Ascension**, the world's most uncompromising free rock duo. Interview by Ben Watson

rises

thought I want to play like that. I listen to some free guitarists and I think this asehole has listened to too much Derek Bailey! My playing has come out of improvised rock."

As a fellow refugee from the restrictions of poprock (what a Shock Inmote once described as "the shackles of Peggy Lee-descended dogshit"), Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore is a fan. Last April, Jaworzyński's *Ascension* (Ascension plus improvisors Simon Fell and Charlie Wharf) caused a near riot at the last night of Sonic Youth's sold-out residency at London's Forum. Watching the beautiful, jagged noise split the audience into warring camps felt like one of the great countercultural blows of the 90s. The tension generated was a real shot of creative adrenaline, much less collusive and jaded than more tired avant garde events. Cans and glasses flew; drummer Tony Iommi left his kit to battle with a missile-thrower; a full-blown Modern Music ruckus. "Gee," said Thurston, rushing to the dressing room, "is that what seeing The Pistols was like?"

"A lot of people were offended, but it seems for different reasons, and a lot of people liked it, but again for different reasons. I really liked the low end for the first time I could actually shake the floor with the guitar. I think the combination of me grinding away at the bottom and Charlie really screaming on sax was really too much. There's nothing to get hold of for these idiots, who, even with Sonic Youth, are used to quite short pop songs. Sonic Youth give out frenzied vibes as they play, they talk to the audience and stuff. We come across as a bunch of cantankerous old men who don't give a shit. And I am a cantankerous old man who doesn't give a shit. So why should I care a fuck what those stupid 17 year olds think?"

With *Ascension* and *Descension*, I suggest, music becomes objective. The listener faces something alien and inhuman, but the change it wreaks is social, a collective mutation of the cellular structure.

"A good *Ascension* concert does that to me. I'm no longer aware of how I'm playing or what I'm playing. A bad *Ascension* concert I feel self-conscious, I think oh shit, that sounded too Baileyesque or something. With *Broadcast* [live radio transmissions recorded in the Bay Area of San Francisco and recently released by Shock as a superb double CD] every piece just took off. I never thought, am I repeating myself? What does this sound like? It just went."

In *The Wire* 153, Mark Smits chastised Ascension for the sin of anti-commercial "intransigence." Actually, this is their great plus. For those who want music to express social refusal (rather than decorate the alternative tea-parlour), intransigence makes Ascension more accessible. More than any other group, their music demonstrates that the generic distinctions between the visceral pull of Vanisa, Hendrix, Coltrane and The Pistols are divisions created by marketing. As the counterculture credentials of collision come adrift in an ocean of meaningless soundtracks, Ascension is just the righteous blast we need. □ The SCUM LIST and Shock catalogue are available from 56 Beresford Road, London E4 6EF. Fax 0181 559 3733.



SCRATCH

CH1120FEB/97

1000

Ronic
Total 2000 (2000)

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

Born in Gifu, Japan in 1966, Ryoji Ikeda is one of a generation of Japanese musical experimenters whose music is simultaneously global in its style and concerns yet also indebted to the specifics of his local culture. Groups such as Fushisusha are seen as extending the sound of Western psychedelia while submerging it in a peculiarly Japanese theatrical angst. The cathartic noise therapy of Masami Akita (Merzbow) may win fans across the globe, but its violent extremity is in part a reaction to Japan's exceptional social conservatism, as well as an outgrowth of a culture-specific fascination with brutal sexuality.

Ikeda's music is most notable for its ascetic electronic minimalism: pure tones and simple rhythms are frequently its only ingredients. The music has a lot in common with European sound explorers such as Thomas Koner, Bernhard Günter or Panasonic. Koner's evanescent clouds of sound find an echo in the multi-layered ambience of Ikeda's fragile "Luxus" (or 1000 Fragments, released on Ikeda's CCI Recordings). They

A love of architecture's ability to shape space in both concrete and subtle ways is evident from last year's installation in a Tokyo subway station. "The Halubutsukan-Doubutusen station is one of the oldest underground stations in Tokyo," Ikeda explains. "It has very rich reverberations. I installed speakers on one side of the platform, and Christopher Charles installed some on the other side. We blended sounds with each other. I used continuous sine waves, and he used very delicate signal and noise. Unfortunately I was out of Japan when it played, so I honestly don't know how good the result was, but the test was very successful."

Asked to suggest further inspirations, Ikeda expressively disavows any connection to well-known musical Minimalists such as La Monte Young, instead saying that "architects or minimalist artists (not musicians) may influence me a little." He mentions among others the painter Robert Ryman, whose all-white canvases might at first seem obviously analogous to Ikeda's frequent use of pure electronic tones. Ryman's paintings, however, highlight the brush strokes that

more accessible Techno forays too. "The next release from CCI Recordings will be the first album of the CCI Sound System. It will be a de-reconstruction of all my music... a dubTechno/Jungle-influenced self-remix."

All these strands highlight the border area in which Ikeda's music operates. Listening to both 1000 Fragments and +/- is like taking a journey outside culture. The way to deal with information overload isn't to retreat towards the pastoral fictions beloved of much Ambient music, but to find solace and repose in the gaps in the signal. These albums shift from media collage and rhythm to oscillating serenity, an escape from signal into noise. □ +/- is out now on Touch (through Kudos/Pinnacle). Night Passage (Demeter) is out on Dorcha (through Impetus). Ikeda and CCI Sound System also appear on the Indium label's new Atomic Weight compilation (through Impetus). 1000 Fragments is available in the UK via Touch CCI Recordings contact Sewio Building 3F, 4-7-6 Jingumae, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 150, Japan

PHOTO: KAZUO SHIBUYA

headphonaut

Tones, frequencies, pulses: the pure ingredients in the austere soundworlds erected by Japanese composer **Ryoji Ikeda**. Interview by Brian Duguid

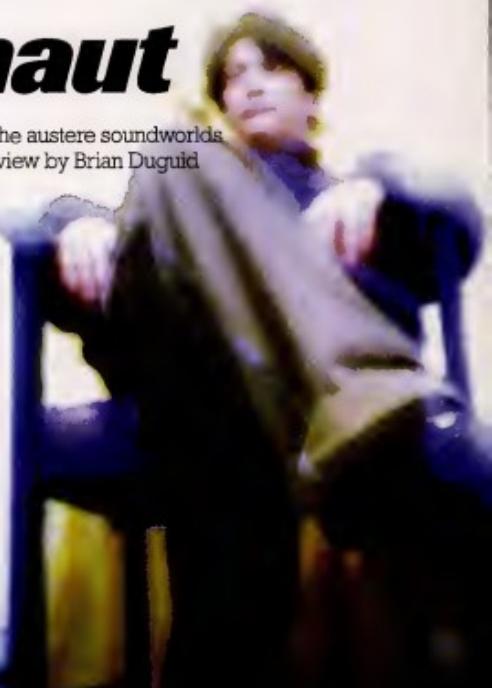
also bear comparison to the attenuated drones of Ikeda's recent remix of the Australian sound artist Alan Lamb on *Night Passage* (Demeter). Günter's barely audible clicks, buzzes and pops, the usually unwanted interruptions from recording technology, also appear in even Ikeda's most serenely minimalist pieces, while Panasonic's attempt to turn Techno into a science of pure frequencies and rhythms finds a cousin in Ikeda's "Headphonics" from his new album +/-.

Ikeda says, "Unfortunately I am not very familiar with Japanese musicians... I am completely isolated here." It's difficult, however, not to see something specifically Japanese in his music. Not all his music is of the minimalist variety. 1000 Fragments also documents several experiments with Techno beats and media collage (also shortly to be the basis of his third album, on the Staafplaat label). It's tempting to see these as reflective of his media-saturated society with the more minimalist pieces as a Zen-inspired retreat from the hubbub. Ikeda, however, resists all such comparisons. Asked what he finds so attractive about a pure electronic sine tone he will only offer, "It's beauty."

The famous dictum of architect Ludwig Mies Van Der Rohe, "less is more", is a clear and acknowledged inspiration for his music. Mies Van Der Rohe's architecture was devoted to simple, modern materials and regular, repetitive geometry. Ikeda likewise finds beauty in a music stripped down to its bare essentials

composed them, with the painter admitting to being something of a romantic. Even when Ikeda's music seems at its most simple, just one or two tones stretching into the distance, the sense of reverie provoked by minute variations echoes Ryman's Romantic streak.

If the serenity of Ikeda's tone-drone music is refreshing for being so utterly straightforward, he's more than happy to branch out. Much of +/- reads like a binary translation of hexadecimally encoded Trance Techno. Some tracks take very simple pulsating rhythms, with careful, gradual variation still somehow sufficient to retain interest. Other pieces play out the same drama at high speed, the pulsations translated into layered, drifting frequencies. It's gloriously hermetic, although Ikeda plans





Fade In Reindeer on the streets of Sheffield: red flesh and blood render, branches sprouting from their heads. A trad jazz trio materializing in and out of the crowded streets tooting Christmas tunes for the throng of happy shoppers. Music pumping from shopfronts, building sites, churches. This ain't no industrial hole; this is Disneyland.

Fade left This is where Autechre live: the road out of town, shoo flogging dodgy electronics, Boatworld. Past nosy builders, iron steps, door double locked for protection. Sean Booth, grinning, brewing up, Rob Brown mucking around in Photoshop. Conversation evolves slowly, sprinkled by a gunging mixtape from Miami.

For the past year and a half, this small room in Booth's flat has been the hub of Sean and Rob's daily life: it's here they crunch sounds around, burn tracks, absorb music from all the tapes, discs and vinyl they collect or receive, banter and smoke with whichever friends and associates drop by. The tools in this genial workshop are on display: assorted keyboards old and new; a mixing desk's studded plateau; Apple Mac devices apparently caged from the army; a battered autocaranger turntable used on a *Kinesesthesia* remix for Replexx ("That Grundig's fuckin' hardcore", says Sean when I spill water on it). On this array of electronic components the pair recorded their fourth album, *Chlorotic Slide*, the title a cryptic reference to the mercurial qualities of the crossfader. On the DJ panel or the mixing board, this little

entertainments, notes, and restaurants. The daily grand parade seems to come from nowhere, off the central plaza with dancing and music, and then simply disappear. The parade's apparently effortless, "magical" appearance and disappearance is central to its overall effect — Bruce C Caron, "Magic Kingdoms" in *The Sacred Mountains Of Asia*

Fade left "Analys is pretty cool, innit?" says Sean with a smirk. "It's got it's place. We like to dissect things, definitely. I think the trick is not to let the detail become the main..."

"Attraction," says Rob, picking up the baton. "We just enjoy doing that so much I think we're both very easily distracted, and we'll just keep moving from one element of the track to the next until we can't do any more. We throw things in that are like cars with square wheels."

"It's pretty extreme sometimes," says Sean. "It does get to the point where you're like, how far can we take this? And it's something that most people would think was totally limits, but we always manage to squeeze something out of it. All the best tracks that we hear are the sort of tracks that tweak you, by almost distracting you when you're listening to a part of it, and then something happens and you're forced to move around within the track."

Rob: "You're forced to focus on different levels."

The pair's involvement in the Manchester HipHoptagging community in the late 80s

Via their releases on Sheffield's Warp label, the **Autechre** duo of Sean Booth and Rob Brown are searching out new dimensions in electronic sound. Meanwhile, their *Disengage* radio show has become a community news bulletin for fellow digital denizens. Interview by Rob Young

transformed, by sound

slider acts as the magician's curtain, swishing from side to side to reveal marvels previously hidden. Only now, the way Autechre have engineered things, the curtains have multiplied, there are boxes within boxes, screens hiding screens hiding screens. *Chlorotic Slide* harbours a maelstrom of fizzing detail, smudgy beats, shredded pulses, church organ, toxic noise hurtling towards the end of its half-life, pumice stones rubbed across the skull. Autechre and sound can't keep their hands off each other.

Fade right "Disney-osity" is... crafted by hiding the mechanical, electrical, and labour-intensive production of the

has been well documented (including an honorary mention in the Manchester Constabulary's files, allegedly), and the influence of HipHop — its ninja aesthetics, on-the-fly tactics, insistent transformations — remains pervasive.

"The whole idea of transforming sound is HipHop, to us anyway," says Sean. "Taking something that almost already exists, and doing something fresh with it, fucking it over and doing something new, taking it somewhere that we'd like it to be. Rather than the emphasis on it being different for the sake of it, it's more that it's different because we're different. We allow the fact that we don't quite fit in to be a positive thing."

"It's about sleight of hand, where you're revealing things and then putting them back. It's that sort of dynamic. But I think that's HipHop: the whole attitude of wanting to do people's heads in a little bit but also give them something that they'll really appreciate comes from that — Mantronix to early Bomb Squad — where there were little tricks in there, and you knew the producer had stuck them in there because he knew it'd do people's heads in. And it'd be like fucking hell, how did he do that? Or, that's a totally mad thing to do with your track. But it didn't suffer because it wasn't..."

Rob: "Wasn't a showcase for those ideas."

Sean: "It was part of the flow and it worked. That's it really. That's how we've started describing it now."



Fade right: "Detailed modern maps exist for all the spaces and machinery above and below ground at all the Disney parks. These are reserved only for the eyes of those who engineer the Disney magic. Above ground, the pathways within the Kingdom have a centripetal, Moebius effect, always bringing the visitor back from the edge to the centre... The entire park feels much larger than it really is (no scale is provided on the map!)" — Bruce C Caron, "Magic Kingdoms"

Fade left In the conventional language of music there are few maps to guide the listener around the textural chasms and plateaux of a sound such as Autecine's. It's not that it's intangible, because it seems to reach into your mental machinery and turn cogs that have lain unused since the dawn of evolution. But in the manner of all sound that inspires awe through immense, alien beauty, from AMM to Brian Ferneyhough to Sean's current favourite Tod Dockstader, there are few fixed stars to guide you through its universe. Track titles are a kind of refracted technical English ("Retra", "Ochi", "Recur") Old rhythms run like clockwork, but slyly shift gear on "Cipper" a tense breakbeat shuffles into 3/4 swingtime before you've realised it's happened. "Calibrus" tricks the brain into thinking it's speeding up imperceptibly across four minutes. "Tewe" is a jungle of bleached, dry wood, the flesh of drum 'n' bass stripped down to a tree of nerves. Throughout, Rob and Sean shepherd their sonic flocking patterns with increasing confidence.

"I think a lot of people, when they're constructing complex music, have this idea that for something maddeningly complex to change into something else that's maddeningly complex you've got to do it suddenly," says Sean. "But there are millions of ways you can do it, because you can have your entire track changing piece by piece as it rotates, and that's what we're into. We like things like a puzzle where it's revealing itself and changing. And you can almost follow it, because it works the same pace as your brain works. The trick is not to get it to work faster

or slower, but to get it in tune with yourself! And obviously there are some people who work faster than that, and they'll hear it and think this is boring, and there are people who work slower than that, and they'll think this is too much. For us it's the right pace."

Meeting Rob and Sean, you get the impression that they are rarely idle. Their first album, 1993's *Incurve*, was a distillation of the tracks they had produced over the previous two years; at the same time, they'd been DJing on a Manchester pirate radio. They still have a regular weekly broadcast, but now it's strictly legal: their *Desengage* show which goes live in the wee small hours of Sunday mornings on Manchester's Kiss 102. They treat this two-hour window like a regular bulletin to their followers, friends or random tuners (one night, apparently, the show commanded 100 per cent of the area's listenership). "It turned out we managed to get total creative

freedom," says Rob. "It's just so awesome because it's a direct link to people's thought. It's first hand, without having to go through someone's filtration system."

"It's like doing a tape for shitloads of people," adds Sean. "They don't see it as being any more than that, either, don't see it as being a new release or anything — none of that judgmental crap comes into it."

The duo evidently treasure the construction of close personal links with kindred spirits, and during the conversation we listen to various mixtapes that have reached them via friends and musicians — "proper labcoat stuff." Sean calls it. Remaining at ground level and in touch with their audience is their way of keeping ahead of the game — a hefty preoccupation in a climate where, as they put it, "there's shitloads happening and it's way under the surface." Wide audience reaction doesn't enter into the equation. "You don't want to think about the way it's going to affect other people, but you do because there's that element of wanting to get inside people's heads and fuck around with them," says Sean.

They hit at a brief period of crisis, around the time of 1994's *Amber*. "We went through a really annoying phase a couple of years ago," recalls Rob. "It was like is that?"

"Is that all there is to learn, do you know what I mean?" adds Sean. "But that's wrong, obviously. You basically have to come right out of yourself and realise what it is that drives you in other people's music and in your own music. There's obviously learning, but you've also got to allow for the discovery of new things even if you might not be prepared to acknowledge that they exist, and new tricks will become evident. No matter how much you think you've learnt, you can't have learnt everything. That's what we've realised now. We listen to a lot of our new stuff and it seems to be coming from somewhere other than what we can understand. That's probably why it seems slightly magical, I suppose. It does to us, in a childish sort of way."

"We listen to a lot of our new stuff and it seems to be coming from somewhere other than what we can understand. That's probably why it seems slightly magical, in a childish sort of way."

Fade right "Far from the violence of the Tri Repeto, Ae as Gescom combined forces with super-Ambient

sophie and franz, to provide about 1.5 hours of total head fog. Gescom's subtle beats and rhythms empowered the ambience suggested by sophie and franz's organic sounds, sliding sand, echoed and filtered whistles, hand claps and weather reports. The set was one continuous piece that had the whole crowd undeniably screaming for more" — From IDW newsgroup, www.hyperreal.com, April 1996

Fade left For an outfit that claims, "We literally spend all our time up here in this room," Autecine are surprisingly well-travelled. A comprehensive tour of the UK's less salubrious indie backrooms in 1995 laid the groundwork for longer jaunts around the USA and Europe last year, by which time their sets had become fully improvised affairs, unsequenced and unpremeditated. They also found time to link up with Ben Porton of Newcastle's zoviet/france for a couple of low-key but highly rated

collaborative performances. The experience changed them. "I don't think [zovetfrance] are afraid of anything when they're in front of their equipment and there's an audience," says Rob. "Even if something went wrong they'd totally exploit it."

Sean was impressed by the ease with which the Newcastle schemers were fusing elements of free improvisation and electronic manipulation. "They've got such a clue about composition and when to do things, it's almost totally based on instinct. It's almost like gamelan; they just feel that it's all in there and all you've got to do is tap it, get the timing right and bring it out in front of people. Whether it was good or bad doesn't matter. We just came back and felt different. It was like somebody giving us license to basically do all the things we'd wanted to do."

There are still technical limitations when they play live, but they're more enlightened about ways of getting round them. "It's just like DJing," explains Sean, "but with 30 tracks and FX and all the other shit that we've got up there. But you couldn't really write your next drum pattern while you're present one was running, which is where we want to go."

"We could if we had different equipment," Rob amplifies. "But we opted for a really simple approach to the set-up we have on stage, but gave everything so many branches of branches of branches; you could virtually reshape the structure of what we were doing as long as we put enough there in the first place. What I'm trying to say is, we have so many loops all ricocheting around, if you know what you want in a certain place you just select it from a certain area of a certain loop, and you're thinking about maybe five or six of these simultaneously. You've got a really amorphous set-up."

"And we don't talk to each other any more," says Sean, "which is well smart. We're pretty on it, aren't we? I'm really into live stuff because it's the only time when you're subconsciously trying to make the track go the right way — that keeps us in sync. It's like DJing times 100, because there are so many options, so many ways you can take it just from your small area of work. People think that because it's electronic, it has to be as tight as you can get it. It's not the point at all. The point of the electronics is just to give you extra pairs of hands so that you can do more than you can do with your own hands. And you should still be doing the maximum that you can do. Otherwise there's no point in being there you might as well send a fucking disk down."

It's refreshing to hear him say this, at the end of a year that was — how to put it? — trumpery by the anal fraternity. Anal, that's the word frequently employed by musicians such as Richard James, Tom Jenkinson, Mike Paradas and Luke Vibert to describe the painstaking programming of micro-incidents — beats, fermi, slurs, squeaks, you name it. While the process undoubtedly created some of 1996's most dazzling records, it threatened to push the content and representation of the music into a kind of playground humour, fart-gag aesthetic, culminating in Aphex Twin's farcical "Smink milk from the milkman's wife's tits" Benny Hill update on his "GrinBoy" EP. Autechre are by their own admission and to the max, and revere Richard James as "the most state of the art musical scientist there is". Yet they are searching for ways to incorporate complexity into a broader vision of self-transformation.

"We totally love and respect what he does and respect him," says Sean, "but it's different to what we do, because he doesn't allow his soul to show through as much. I think there's not enough emotion in music at the moment. There's a lot of people our

age who are making music that I think is absolutely stunning technically, except for the fact that the emotion's been somehow lost in the process. A lot of people are getting on a complex bp, but I think they've kind of forgotten where it all came from. The reason why they wanted to make music in the first place goes out the window. It's that scientific approach: it's knowing you can do things, and that knowledge that you're capable of producing certain results is actually really negative, because it makes you forget that you have to discover things still."

"Feelings are cheezy, when you break it down," he goes on. "I think people see feelings, or emotion, honesty or integrity as being cheezy things. That's probably quite a high contributing factor to this."



Photo: S. GARNETT

“The point of the electronics is to give yourself extra pairs of hands so you can do more than you can do with your own hands”

maximum effect. Even the secreted (their word) language of their track titles softens the hard-consonants Ks, Qs and Zs of phatphrases into Celtic-sounding vowels: "Dael", "Tewe", "Pule", "Nuane". Their vision of the UK's political future is bleak, to say the least, and leads them into bitter silence. Yet their imaginative future, the one they are constructing in this little square room, is more optimistic than the Thatcher generation's Dark Age visions of not police, 24-7 surveillance and Euro-conspiracy.

"It's just started, late this century, there's a quest for something," says Sean. "God knows what it is. Quite a lot of people have started to come full circle, and — maybe it's because of the key configuration we use at the moment — they're starting to resort to what was considered to be music three or four hundred years ago. You're almost programmed to believe that's the

absolute. I think that's dangerous. I mean people who are going back to a classical approach, where things get a bit more technical and a bit more considered, and almost completely step-time programmed. It's completely to do with control, and very scientific and cold. Instinct isn't chaos, for us anyway I think it's what most other animals rely on, and we've forgotten how to. More ancient music is the way we want to go. It'd be nice to get to the year dot. I think that's the whole point really to find out exactly where it came from, because once you've found the base, you can explore new territory."

Far left Embedded in the fabric of the south wall of Sheffield Cathedral: a complete set of standard measures picked out in the city's steel, from the medieval rood and perch right up to the European metre, calibrated correct at zero degrees centigrade.

Far left "Make them think what you want them to think," Sean is saying as I switch off my tape recorder. "It isn't for any other reason than you'd think they'd enjoy thinking it." □ *Chaotic Slide and a single, Envane, are out this month on Warp (through RITMOSO).*

Fine Art – Sound – Phonic Art

Lecturer/Senior Lecturer (0.25)

Salary (under review): £12756 - £26223 pro-rata, according to qualifications & experience.

A practising artist working with sound is required to teach initially on the BA(Hons) Fine Art Course and also to assist in the development of a new BA(Hons) Phonic Art Course. This position is expected to become a permanent post (subject to a probationary period) and as such requires a commitment to the administrative, professional, and research duties regarding the practice of Fine Art within the School. Fine Art at the Hull School of Art & Design is concerned with contemporary art practice in all its diversity.

Further details from Rob Gathrop at:

The Hull School of Art & Design

University of Lincolnshire & Humberside
Queens Gardens, Hull HU1 3DO.

Tel: +44 (0) 1482 440550

steve martland

the Horses of Instruction tour band



"Martland has the potential to become one of the 21st century's great performers." *Time Magazine*

The Steve Martland Band was formed to play Martland's uniquely exciting music. His work demands mental and physical stamina and extreme rhythmic precision, and creates a thrilling emotional surge.

We do not write of his Royal Festival Hall appearance, rather Martland's music is played, behaves rock and art music, with elements of each overlapping each other.

The programme features some major works written by Steve for his band, including *Musica for Warband*, *Ashes and Re-Mix*, plus work by Louie Andriano and Steve Reich.

The 6 Month FARNHAM Maltings 8pm (01252 782324)

Sun 9 March CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange 7.30pm (01223 551051)

Mon 10 March BRISTOL St George's Brandon Hill 7.30pm (0117 923 0359)

Tue 11 March MANCHESTER Royal Northern College of Music 7.30pm (0161 273 4555/273 9554)

Thu 13 March LEICESTER Phoenix Arts Centre 8pm (0116 255 4854)

Fri 14 March NEWCASTLE The Stables 8.15pm (0191 233 0329)

Sat 15 March NEWCASTLE Playhouse 8pm (0191 233 2151)

presented by Northern Stage

Fri 21 March LIVERPOOL Queen Elizabeth Hall 8pm (0151 708 0492)



CalArts School of Music

Innovative Programs for the 21st Century

Composition shared learning, experimentation, writing for ensembles of the world.

Composition/New Media leaders in multi-media composition, interactive systems, computer music.

Performer/Composer for the musician whose creative work integrates performing and composing.

Multi-Focus Performance emphasizing flexibility, mastery, and new techniques.

Jazz and African American Music performance, composition and improvisation.

Interdisciplinary Art Making collaborative strategies involving various disciplines in performances and installations.

CEAIT Center for Experiments in Arts, Information and Technology World Music/West African and Indonesian music and dance and Indian music.

Special Resources new music ensembles, computer music and new media studios, digital recording studio, and more.

BFA, MFA, Certificate, and Advanced Certificate programs offered through the School of Music or World Music Performance, Instrumental Music and Voice, Composition and New Media, Jazz and Musical Arts, along with our Schools of Art, Design, Film/Video and Theater. Scholarships and financial aid available.

CalArts

Office of Admissions

24700 McBean Parkway, Valencia, California 91355 805/255-1090

<http://www.calarts.edu>

New Music Commission Support Scheme 1997/98

■ The Scheme is intended to help professional composers and creative artists to commission new work in a wide variety of musical fields, including Contemporary, African/Caribbean, Asian, Jazz and Electro-Acoustic music. Applications involving women composers would be particularly welcomed. Composers who are full time students are not eligible for support under this scheme.

■ Commissioners of new music are invited to apply to the Arts Council of:

- 1) they are regular clients of the Arts Council and/or
- 2) the proposed performances take place in two or more different Regional Arts Board areas.

Regular clients of a Regional Arts Board should approach that Regional Arts Board for commission support.

Application forms and guidelines are available from Louise Rutkowska, Music Department, Arts Council Of England, 14 Great Peter Street, London SW1P 3NQ. The closing date for the scheme is 20 March 1997. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope marked "COMMISSIONS".

THE ARTS COUNCIL OF ENGLAND

The music released on the **No U Turn** label is carrying breakbeat culture deep into the realms of extreme noise terror. Will Montgomery meets the label's irrepressible owner, **Nico Sykes**

The dark rings of 12" vinyl which emerged from the No U Turn studio in 1996 described uncompromising slabs of sound, shifty digital noise machines that spawned a hundred imitators. Laden with drones and snarled sampled snippets, the tracks became mini-soundtracks of fear, riding on a suspension of fuzzed bass. They hit where it hurts, and it felt good.

"I call them 'half-records,'" says engineer and label founder Nico Sykes. "It only comes right when a DJ gets two of these things and blends them together the right way. When you buy the record you're buying a tool, a little capsule of change to bring in at the right time. Some DJs get it right and others don't. But I'd say they were a bit sparse. They are naughty though! And I swear this music is on the edge."

'Charge', 'buzz', 'exorcism' – such words recur frequently in Nico's conversation. Perhaps the most thrilling of these grime-encrusted missives was 'Droid', a collaboration between Nico and both of his main associates in that shadowy sub-sector of breakbeat culture known as Techstep, Trace and Ed Rush. It flitted with the nastiness of noise, as swirling washes of malevolent electronic sounds welled up to the surface of the mix again and again.

"There are a lot of times I say this isn't music, this is a good racket, a good noise, this is exciting. Whatever it is it might pin you to the floor in shock and horror. I'm a big Phil Spector fan and I think a lot of things that made those records very big was not just the music, and the great songs and everything, it was this very serious attitude to how things could be balanced, just to sound itself."

No U Turn's trademark hoovering bass noise — made with "attitude and a distortion pedal" — is now ubiquitous. But not many of the imitators achieve the purity of the No U Turn house sound. Take a track like "Input" by the 18 year old DJ

Fierce. It pummels the ears with the simplicity of its weight. Sykes backs up his belief in a truly DJ-centred music with a serious studio background. He started working in recording studios 12 years ago as a teenager. He worked with all sorts of conventional rock groups (witnessing, incidentally, the arrival of the sequencing package Cubase), before chucking it in, bored with the slowness of 80s technology. He then headed off on a bizarre sequence of travels which included a job catching crocodiles in Zimbabwe. Back in London again trapping skids were of little use, but a burgeoning interest in an emergent hardcore club music was fired by the enthusiasms of near neighbour Ed Rush (most of the people connected with No U Turn come from within a few hundred yards of each other in Barnes, South West London).

"I had a flat and a sampler and this guy Ed Rush was coming round playing me these great Hip-Hop records and then what I thought were really awful nasty noises. They were very fast. He was about 18 or something and the excitement on his face when he put the needle onto these records — I didn't see anyone else like that in the rock world or the House world. The real energy was coming from people who were into this very, very weird kind of thing."

The duo began making records together, really hitting form in late 1992 with the colossal "Bladeflat Attack". It still sounds great today. Their sharp take on the unsettling combination of paranoia and euphoria typical of so much drum 'n' bass became a blueprint for what was to follow on No U Turn. Next step, four years ago, was borrowing some cash and setting up the No U Turn studio, a bare room in an Acton industrial estate which Sykes got a friend to spray with graffiti-style murals.

"I'd never set up a studio before but I could see the environment was to be focused around two record decks for a start, which you don't find in any studio. It just seemed to me that we could set this room up where people who were really into this mixing thing could come in and we could make one of these records. It's so quick, I like being in this room where we could be halfway through a mix and someone's coming back into the room with what we've done a few hours earlier on a bit of plastic and putting it in the mix with what we're now making. It's fresh and it's fast."

The idea that 'communication skills' might have something to do with making great drum 'n' bass records might sound strange, but Sykes is convinced that being sensitive to his collaborators' ideas is vital to the way he works. This has nothing to do with cheesy music biz bonhomie and everything to do with knowing how to extract the noises going round in peoples' heads.

"What I reckon I do that not a lot of guys do is that I sit here with a DJ and I understand where the DJs are coming from. I don't feel this bug the DJs feel to do with blinding records. I don't get that hit. But I appreciate there are guys who really do it means having an immense amount of patience from my point of view. When we made "Squadron" I wanted to throw Trace out of the window. I broke two of my chairs I threw out 100 records into a skip. I melted some. I broke a fader on the desk. I really was wound up. You would be too if you listened to that for ten hours loud. It's about that incredible state of tension."

"I'm a big Phil Spector fan and I think what made those records big was not just the music and the great songs but this very serious attitude to how things could be balanced, to sound itself"

In the pipeline may be work utilising real-time musicians. Sykes has also been travelling to Germany a lot, bugged by the possibility of a meeting point between Techno and drum 'n' bass. But for now he is observing the progress of the No U Turn

CD Torque, an odd format perhaps for those light-shunning sounds so suited to vinyl 45s. Unlike many breakbeat compilations, however, there's a real congruence to the release, thanks to the strength of the in-house sound. All the tracks seem to live in the same so-so-future-present, shuttling between intense utopian and dystopian charges.

"It's fear of the future, you know this whole feeling of 'Where the fuck are we?' Everyone's lost when it comes to the tech and the fear of not knowing what gear you should buy. Everyone's on edge about it. It is like some new animal that's just turned up and it's evolving so much quicker than what we're used to."

"I get excited when I think of what's coming to the table — what's being cooked up in bedrooms around the place. Like it or not this time next year there's going to be ten really great records. Are they going to be coming from the big names? I don't think so. It's going to be two kids in Chelmsford. These accidents are gonna happen all over the place." □ Torque is released this month (through SRD).



distortion



invisible jukebox

Every month we play a musician a series of records which they're asked to identify and comment on — with no prior knowledge of what they're about to hear. This month it's the turn of . . .



The Orb

The Orb's Alex Paterson

Tested by Mike Barnes

Alex Paterson's first brushes with the music industry were relatively auspicious. A spell as a drum maid for Kiling Joke was followed by an A&R job at their label EG in the early 80s. Evidence of Paterson's creativity began with The Orb's birth in late 1988 when he and Jim Cauty produced 'The Kiss EP', a mash-up of samples culled from New York's KISS FM radio station. The duo then landed a DJ residency in the chill out room at Paul Oakenfold's Land Of Oz club at Heaven, London. The edgy, beatless collages that would greet exhausted club-goers effectively spawned a new genre, Ambient House. After the innovative samplerole of 'A Huge Ever Growing Publishing Brain That Rules From The Centre Of The Ultraworld' in 1989, Cauty left to work with Bill Drummond in The KLF. The Orb then ostensibly became a collaborative unit based around Paterson. Youth, Paterson's former employer in Kiling Joke, joined briefly for the third single "Little Fluffy Clouds" and the debut album *The Orb's Adventures Beyond The Ultraworld* (91), which also featured Kris Thrash Weston, Thomas Fehlmann and two ex-members of Gong, Steve Hillage and Miquette Giraudy. The track "Backside Of The Moon" was typical of Paterson's irreverent sense of humour. The second album

was a remastered version, Aubrey Miles' *The Ultraworld Emulsions*, followed by a single "The Blue Room" which clocked in at just under 40 minutes. Hefty commercial success followed with the *6/00b* album (92) which captured a huge rock/dance/Ambient crossover audience without compromise. Nick Burton and Simon Philips joined in time to be captured at various shows on the album *Live 93*. The resolutely uncommercial *Pomme Fritz* (94) barely broke the momentum. *Oriens Terravox* released the next year was the album that broke the group in the US. An important sideline for Paterson came in 94 when he, Weston and Fehlmann collaborated with guitarist Robert Fripp on the *FFWD* album. Weston departed and Paterson, Andy Philips and Fehlmann put together the new album *Oblivion*. The title demonstrates that Paterson's capacity for bad puns is virtually inexhaustible. The Orb's remix work is massive, taking in all points between The Cranberries and Mindless Drug Hoover, and Paterson is still actively DJing, which he refers to as his "recursion". The interview took place at Island Records London HQ. Paterson was suffering from a mixture of jet-lag and party-lag which he attempted to rectify with a pre-Jukebox herbal tisane.

TONTO'S EXPANDING HEAD BAND

"Jetset" from *Tonto Rides Again* (Viceroy Vintage)
It sounds like it's German, Kraftwerk influenced. Is it New?

It's actually Tonto's Expanding Head Band from the early 70s. Have you heard them?

No I was never into stuff like Tangerine Dream. People always think I was. The first record I ever bought was Electra Warmer by T Rex, then in The Court Of The Crimson King and then Stooges And Black [both by King Crimson]. I was only 11 or 12. I liked Alice Cooper as well. Then I got into club, then punk, with The Pistols and The Clash, but when The Clash put out their second album [Give 'Em Enough Rope] I thought it was the biggest pile of shit I'd ever heard. I think one of the best albums that ever came out was White Noise [David Vorhaus's pre-sampling Electronica classic from 69].

Coincidentally, Malcolm Cecil, who was one half of Tonto, produced Steve Hillage's *Motivation Radio*.

Steve Hillage? Who's he? It's through working with Killing Joke and then going to work over in Connery Plank's studio in Düsseldorf that brought those connections together. And being a DJ I djed with Cluster recently. To be in your 50s and doing what they're doing still is something I can look up to and know that I could achieve stuff in 20 years' time.



KING TUBBY & THE AGGROVATORS
"Dub Fi Gwan" from *Dub Gone Crazy (Blood And Fire)*

Almost like "Jammie" by Bob Marley, but I know it isn't. It's earlier than that for sure but it's got the same intro. Do you want me to guess who this is then? [Alex claps his hands and rubs them together.] Who knows? It's a bit out of context after Tonto's Expanding Head Band. It's really obvious I know this tune like the back of my hand. It's a toss-up between Scientist and King Tubby.

King Tubby, with The Aggrovators laying down the rhythms.

From 1977? It's not really got that 70s feel because it hasn't got enough brass on it. The early Aggrovators he did with The Revolutionaries as well. It sounded a lot like Culture without the vocals and that brass section — I think that's lacking on here. Because it's dub they've taken the brass out. But it's lovely bass, which could be the man himself, Robbie Shakespeare. It could be him or [Raval Holt]. [It is Shakespeare] Holt came in '78 or '79. There's loads of vocal takes of this as well. [Looks at the CD] The track was produced by Bunny Lee. That would be those mad little drum scampering noises — he was a drummer.

You were saying that dub was an early influence. What did you particularly like about it?

The speed, the fact that the bass and drums were to the fore as opposed to the guitar and vocals. That

shows very much in The Orb in that sense, even now. The rhythm, it's such a brilliant rhythm, reggae. And the space, probably. It's intuitive in that sense, it's not something you think about.



FRIPP & ENO
"Healthy Colours I+IV" from *The Essential Fripp & Eno* (EG)

This is annoying actually, I know it. Phew! Next. That's why I don't go on TV, actually — I'm too slow.

When people ask me questions, I get them about three weeks later. Well you can put me out of misery, but I'll listen to it. It should be very obvious.

It's Fripp and Eno. I think it was recorded a bit before you worked at EG. It was on *The Essential Fripp & Eno* compilation.

I've got it, yeah. That's that guitar that was really annoying. It makes more sense now, because we've done a Fripp album, *FFWD*, and I knew the guitars he was doing are a lot better than those guitars there, that are just picking. I think I've listened to this once, actually. It's not as good as it should have been. "The Heavenly Music Corporation" from *No Pussyfooting* — this doesn't compare to that, I'm afraid to say.

I've only listened to it once or twice myself.

If you put that in the interview as well as what I said, that's fine, I'm happy with that, then you can take just as much of the brunt. When you first put it on I thought it was someone trying to copy Art Of Noise really badly and then it dawned on me that I knew it. It's a bit Talking Heads-ish. But Robert Toppanus Burton. It was like a dream working with him. I got to know him so well at EG anyway. I was the only one he could come and talk about music, which I thought was quite a compliment. And he took it as far as to come and do a project with us. I'd like to do another album with him [Adapted Fripp's Dorset burn] "All right boy?" No, he's a lovely man.

How did we approach the *FFWD* project?

With a very open mind to what we were doing, whatever we were doing. He just gave us what went into his head and we turned various little loops into tracks. We actually started off with the idea of him doing it live and we putting noise and effects over things live. I've got over 70 minutes of these live outtakes we were doing in the studio in Devon — Dorset, sorry. We thought, "This is really good," so we went into a big studio and did it and the outcome was to me the best Chris-Cold-related album we've ever done, including Orb as well.

"The Heavenly Music Corporation" is one of my favourite tracks ever for playing out. In Ambient rooms you can put so much underneath it or around it. It's a bit like [Steve Hillage's] *Rainbow Dome Music*, which was the connection between me and Steve. He heard me playing it out, I never knew who he was. I was a punk in '77. I decided then never to have any more heroes [Referring to the track's juddering, speeded-up voice]

That! That's the sort of thing we used when we used to do our Sunday afternoon experience at Trancentral where we'd been up all night. With our noses! [Alex rocks his head back activating an imaginary sampler] I wonder if Brian Eno could DJ? That would be an interesting experience. It's interesting to do it. You're on one-to-one with people. They come and talk to you — if they don't like it they'll tell you. I've had that loads of times, especially in Ambient rooms, because people come in really ready to dance rooms: "Wheeeeeeht! Got anything we can dance to, mate?" [Muttering] Fuck off. Get in the other room!

VIVIAN STANSHALL

"Rawlinson End Part 37: An Entrance Of Trousers" from *John Peel radio session*

[After a few chuckles] Well I can say quite safely I haven't the faintest idea.

It's Vivian Stanshall from a 1978 John Peel session.

This is? Excellent. Have you ever read [Clive King's] *The Land Of Green Ginger*, the follow-on to *Aladdin's Lamp*? I got to do you that one day. Have you got any kids? Well maybe you're a big kid anyway. Loads of mates of mine have got kids. I make them up little nursery songs, put music underneath. There are some very odd characters in there. Ben Nag Nag, Thid Thee Bonk or something. And magic carpets.

As you said, there's a lot of whinny humour in The Orb, which is what made me play you some Vivian Stanshall. I thought you might have heard his stuff.

Probably round people's houses, other people's records, my brother more than anybody else. Anyway you thought you'd get me and you did. Well done! [Claps] I'm only good at reggae, you know that anyway, fuckin' hell. The only thing I listen to at home is reggae. Really. I've got stacks of it.

There are a lot of spoken word samples on the new record. Where do they come from?

I can't tell you where they come from or I'll get into trouble. You have to cover your tracks. It's where the voice doesn't sound like the original voice, or maybe cut the words up — just taking different words to become... there's all different ways round it. I suppose it's just how much time you want to spend on the spoken word and what relevance it's going to have to the track.

How actively do you look out for speech samples for your records? There's one rant about barcodes and the apocalypse on "S.A.L.T."

That's taken directly from a film which we virtually had permission to use. [Mike Leigh's] *Naked*. That's David Thewlis. He's talking to a security guard about He and everything. I played that out on Saturday night. People were stunned by it because a lot of people hadn't heard it.

They come along, it's like the thought of doing another Orb album at the moment is quite funny. I need to think about it for six months before I start to actually get going on it. But we've got an idea of what we're going to do already. We're going to try and do some film music.

Invisible jukebox



BILL LASWELL
"Wind" from Oscillations
(Sub Rosa)

[Before the track starts] Are you going to put Killing Joke demos on? You've got something worse instead? I always used to

come bottom of the class anyway so there's no surprises here for me [Track starts] Do you want a first impression? It's a bit like one of those North American Indian albums of flutes that come in gradually. I've got a few albums of North American Indian music. But this is synthetic as well. It's got all the Ambient noises and bird noises. But that's my first impression. I do like some of that stuff, natural Indian stuff. [At this point the breakbeats kick in. Alex laughs] Hm, I was just thinking it was going to be someone really electronic doing an Ambient beginning. Yeah, Mad, brilliant.

The bass is played live, and it's the bass player's record, which might be a slight clue.

Sight clue? Don't like the bass part but I like the drums [Laughs and rocks back in chair] I'm not even going to say it, I'll keep my mouth well shut. The names that go through my head now are unbelievable.

It's Bill Laswell, a drum 'n' bass album that came out last year on Sub Rosa.

Sub Rosa? I've been trying to get all of Bill Laswell's records out of Island. It's weird because I'm being asked loads of things about music and to be honest, in the last year and a half all I've been doing has been thinking Orb. This is really nice, the loops are brilliant. I can see where they're coming from but the bass is in a completely different hole. It doesn't sit, it's not right in there for me. But that's unfortunate. That's just my feeling, and honesty is the best policy.

I see you've got a track on Laswell's new Axion dub compilation.

We took it as a complete joke at the time. We called it "Cookville USA". He asked us if we had any spare tracks and that was a particular track that we'd done with Kris Needs, Simon Phillips, Nick Burton, Andy Hughes, myself and anyone else who happened to be in the studio. Anyway, we got loads of chink in and decided to do a vocal track. And Kris Needs was so pissed he was doing vocals. He was doing The Funky Cock [makes chicken noises], so that's why it's called "Cookville". It was all done so tongue-in-cheek as usual. They're the best things that we can do as The Orb, there's a bit of humour in there. Alcohol used in the right way can be very invigorating.

Some of the tracks on Orbivision sound like they're influenced by drum 'n' bass.

A lot of these things were recorded a long time ago. We finished the album last May. It comes out in March, which will be almost a year since finishing it, when it should have been out two months after. So that in itself is a hint at what we were doing at the beginning of the year, and if we were doing the album now we would be hell for leather in there. But I think

also that we would be taking it to another extreme. The intro was really beautiful. I can see Bill Laswell's influence in there.

When I was out in America a lot of people came up to me. "Hey man, I hear David Bowie's doing Jungle, man." He'd been working with A Guy Called Gerald, but no one's heard of A Guy Called Gerald, so everyone assumes that David Bowie's been in the studio doing Jungle tracks. Again, because Bill Laswell's associated with so many things people assume he's doing them all, but other people are doing things and giving them for people to put out on their CDs. You've got to realise that it's not all him, but he's giving everyone the opportunity, that's what I think is so brilliant... I'm doing an 11 till 8.30 in the morning DJ spot on Saturday. If I'd brought all those records along, I'd only play things that were two months old. See how you got on with my record collection, you bugger! I've just woke up as well, that's the thing.



JOHN OSWALD
"Fault Forces" from
Greytoilet: Transitive
Axis (Swell/Artfect)

This is a bit of a wild card.

Like the others weren't wild cards? Can't you just give me a normal card?

[After a minute] Did you take any mushrooms before you came, or what? It's curious, that's all. I don't think it would go down very well with my reggae mates. It conjures up lots of things, but it's not something my mum would listen to. Probably someone really famous.

It is, but it's been reworked by someone else.

I can't stand that guitar. What is it?

It's John Oswald's reworking of The Grateful Dead's "Dark Star". Obviously he got permission from the group to do this but he got into trouble with all the uncredited samples on his Phoneyphones records. I interviewed Steve Reich recently and he apparently told his record company not to sue you for sampling His Electric Counterpoint on "Little Fluffy Clouds".

[Laughs] That was done in our bedroom. We never even thought it would actually get anywhere. Those days we were selling 1000 records with Robbie Lee Jones, at the end of the day it was a question of 5000 dollars just for using the vocal, because of the fact that we took it completely out of context. And she was just talking in an interview similar to this, but I haven't got a very nice like hers.

You used that Minnie Riperton sample from "Loving You" on "A Huge Ever Growing Pulsating Brain", as well.

We're waiting for consequences. What Jimmy (Cauty) was doing with The Timelords and KLF, that kind of rubbed off on the Orb in that respect: use it, abuse it and wait for the consequence. You'll get more news out of doing that than if you just do your own stuff.

I heard "Loving You" out in Manchester a couple of months ago, the dance version. Cor, dear oh dear. Have you ever heard of The Rotary Connection? That was the band she was originally in. Minnie Riperton

They were like a fusion of jazz, disco, Heavy Metal. Really weird stuff.

So you don't like this track?

Never got into Grateful Dead. They're well respected in San Francisco but it doesn't float my boat. I never really was a West Coast hippy for a start. I had a manager once who wanted The Orb to become the new Grateful Dead, in terms of visuals and stuff, which was a bit weird. He kept showing us all these videos they'd done. I hate guitars like this. I'd probably get shot if I played that out.

We played three gigs in their gig hall in San Francisco, probably won't do any more gigs after this! We did a gig there in 1993 on my birthday, one of the best Orb gigs I ever remember. They let us use all their visuals. The visuals were outstanding: it was like being in a time tunnel on stage. That's all I remember. It might be something else but it was my birthday, I was allowed to be like that!

Did you meet the group?

We might have done, but they were a bit "San Francisco". They talk really slow and you get bored after about three seconds. Go on, bang another one on, or is that enough torrent?



COLD CUT
"Atomic Moog 2000" (Ninja Tune)

[After a minute] Turn it up. This really reminds me of something from the 80s, but if it's really brand new as well, it's crap.

It's the new Coldcut single.

It's the vocal that's putting me off it. It's like the Reagan sample, the four minute warning. They're all right. That "Berana Walk" sample they did was brilliant, the reggae one that got to number one. But I was a bit disappointed with them when they did some "[Lime] Fluffy Clouds" remixes for Big Life. It wasn't their fault; I was never entirely happy with those mixes and yet Big Life put them out. He [Matt Black] was doing stuff with Youth, but me and Youth just changed directions together.

Do you listen to their Kiss FM sessions?

Been on and done the sessions with them. It was really good fun. As people they're really nice people, but... It's the first time I've heard this. I'd probably have to hear it really, really, really loud in a club in a different context. That's why I like DJing listening to stuff at home then play it out at fucking mate-level and it's like a different track. And that's how I work in the studio half the time as well.

[The interview is abruptly brought to a close earlier than planned.] Patterson plays the next track on the Coldcut record at floor-shaking volume and turns the tape recorder back on. Is it on? OK. The second track [The Herbalists' mix of "Post Nuclear Afterlife Lounge"] is a lot better. But it's only my humble opinion. You played something inadvertently that I liked, then. □



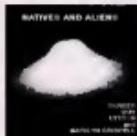
LEO RECORDS

Music for the inquiring mind
and the passionate heart

NEW RELEASES FEBRUARY 1997

CO LR 235/236 STARDUST FROM
TOMORROW
SUN RA & HIS INTERGALACTIC
ARKESTRA

This double CD is a highlight of Sun Ra's performance in Ulrichshögl, Austria, on April 29, 1989. The first part of the performance was released by Leo Records in 1995 under the title "Salute to Walt Disney". A must for all Sun Ra followers.

CO LR 243 NATIVES AND ALIENS
PARKER/GUY/LYTTON AND MARILYN
CRISPELL

As Stuart Brooker writes in his liner notes for this release, an added voice of Marilyn Crispell is never simply additive. The piano changes the structures of the trio's music, and the quartet gets a mind of its own. The CD was recorded in London in May 1996. On the way from Belgium to London, Marilyn, Barry and Paul saw a huge flying object hovering in the distance. Needless to say the recording session was significantly influenced by this event: 11 improvisations, over 29 minutes of music.

CO LR 244 11 COMPOSITIONS (DUO)
1996
ANTHONY BRAXTON - WOOOWINOS;
BRETT LARNER - KOTO

"Braxtonian adventure in time and space" – this is how Graham Lock subtitled his liner notes for this CD. It takes 79 minutes to journey through the music, with Braxton playing the cello, congas, vibraphone, electric guitar and soprano clarinet, soprano sax and French horn? Braxton has always wanted to record with the special instrument. The CD is very different from the recent Leo Records releases where Braxton has been playing jazz standards.

CO LR 245 18 COLORS
LAUREN NEWTON/JEOLIE LEANDRE

18 colors are 18 compositions exploring the link between sounds and colors. Two dozen of the new music take an almost impossible task of attempting the "rapprochement" of different art forms.

Having seen the performances of this extraordinary duo, the fans of Lauren Newton and Jeolie Leandre have been waiting for this CD with impatience. 65 minutes of sheer delight.

MAILORDER PRICES:

One CD - £10.00, Double CD - £20.00, Two CDs - £18.00; Three CDs - £25.00; Four CDs - £32.00 P&P £1.00 with every order.
Payment by Cheques, Postal Orders, International Money Orders,
Eurocheques to:
Leo Records, The Cottage, 6, Anerley SE19 2AA.



harmonia mundi

JOHN ZORN
Dene Douglas, Greg Cohen, Joey Baron
Hassida 1-2
DWY CD 001 VARIOUSNAKED CITY Bill Frisell, Wayne Horvitz,
Fred Frith, Yamashita Ieyoshi, Joey Baron,
Hassida, Grand Guignol, Absurdo, Radio
AVANT CDs VARIOUSZD RIMMORYTIZ/DRUMHD HD/PREVITE
Sonny Clark Memorial Quartet
BLACK SAINT CD 126105-2ZDRIM/PRIESTLEY/LEWIS
News For Lola
HAT ART CD HATCD0065ZORNBAILEY/PARKER
Harpes
AVANT CD AVAN056JOHN ZORN Bill Frisell, Zembs Perkins,
Elton Sharp, Anna Louisville, Christian Marthaler,
Carol Bernick, Anthony Coleman, etc.
Cobra HAT ART 3CD HATCD040VARIOUS
Features 18 releases Zorn college pieces,
Gofard Co You Chante?
NATO CD 112127STEVE BERESFORD
The Deep End Industries
SIGNALS FOR TEA
With Guests By KRISZ BUDROW
HAT ART CD HATCD040

Available from the VIRGIN MEGASTORE, 14-16 OXFORD ST and TOWER PICCADILLY plus all serious specialists.

Harmonia Mundi, 1921 Nile Street, London NW1 7LL
Info: 0171 608 2787, Fax: 0171 253 3237, Orders: 0171 253 0863
E-mail: info.uk@harmoemundi.com

the primer

The degree to which John Zorn — composer, saxophonist, jazz musician, label organiser, conceptualiser — has polarised opinion is remarkable even in a field where polarised opinions are hardly rare.

For over 20 years he has been writing and performing music of astonishing breadth, with various areas of interest (to name some: film music, free jazz, hardcore thrash, Yiddish folk music) explored almost obsessively. The records recorded under his own name or by groups he has led and co-led number at least 50, and records to which he has contributed at least three times that. In addition, the two record labels he has headed through the '90s — Tokyo-based Aavant and New York's Tzadik — have been responsible for always interesting and often indispensable releases, their eclecticism naturally reflecting Zorn's own tastes, mapping the occult lines from Japanese noise to contemporary composition to Ambient atmospherics to sampling collage to trash pop. At a time when the musical underground prides itself on an openness of attitude which so infrequently bears fruit, Zorn's labels provide a remarkable and genuinely all-embracing fund of new music. (They have also been the source of some of the most stunning cover art and graphics of recent years.)

Yet Zorn attracts as many detractors as he does staunch advocates — indeed, probably more ignored by the mainstream contemporary art music establishment (see Knoblauch below), his methods and concepts are yet deemed too highbrow by a musical underground too often concerned with attitudes and posturing to see beyond their own nose.

To a degree Zorn is to blame for this accusation which can never be fairly levelled at him is that he's gone out of his way to court opinion. Quite the contrary, in recent years in particular, his attitude to standard music business practices generally and the press in particular has become increasingly entrenched. (*The Wire* is not exempt from his scorn; he once claimed to keep a stack of this journal in his toilet, and it plainly wasn't there to be read!) He not only refuses to give interviews himself but Tzadik remain notoriously reluctant to promote its releases, and a recent rumour had it that Zorn refuses to let the musicians in his Masada group talk to the press while on tour with them.

In the end, though, Zorn's body of work makes him one of the most vital musical assets we have, and his reluctance to be more open only make his achievements more intriguing.



An occasional series in which we offer a neophyte's guide to the must-have recordings of some of the names we like to drop a lot. This month, Simon Hopkins grapples with the genre-busting output of **John Zorn**

First Recordings

(Tzadik 727304 CD)

With an increasing (and rather Zappa-like) sense of self-reliance Zorn has realised that you're better off performing archaeological reclamations of your own work than letting someone else do it. One of Tzadik's projects is the "Archival Series", an opportunity to release long-forgotten tapes, reissue crucial but now unavailable recordings or record previously unheard compositions. By definition *First Recordings* is barely among Zorn's

genuinely most important work, but if you want to get a hold on where he came from it's pretty essential.

Recorded in 1973 and 74, when their creator was, as his own oddly moving sleeve notes make apparent, a 19 year old coming to terms with his "sad lonely life of self-imposed alienation and exile", the pieces both form a picture of a prodigiously experimental mind and somehow set a blueprint for many of the records to follow over the next 20-odd years.

The music certainly explores techniques which Zorn would go on to truly make his own: "Mishkal Zoetrope" is



ILLUSTRATION: STEPHEN ZORN

a jump-cutting collage of screaming vocals, bashed found objects and soprano saxophone, "Variations On A Theme By Albert Ayler" and "Automata Of Al-Jarzan" reveal an innate skill for arranging sampled sound, the brutally hamfisted guitar playing on "Wind Kofa" hints at a kind of twisted love of the instrument later revealed in his choice of extraordinary guitar players as collaborators: Derek Bailey, Marc Ribot, Bill Frisell, Ken Hamo, Robert Quine, Fred Frith, Amo Lindsay.

What comes through most strongly here — in the music's influences and in the themes on which it is based (I mean, check those titles: this is a 19 year old, remember) — is a sense of wonder at the arcane, a need to explore something beyond the mundane. Zorn once described a youthful epiphany, watching the look of horror on his schoolfriends' faces as he played them a recording of Mauricio Kagel. These early recordings see him translating that impulse into his own art, and two decades on it continues to inform his work.

The Big Gundown (Elektra Nonesuch 979139 CD)

Filmworks Volume 2 (Zodiak 727306 CD)

Film music, both real and imaginary, is big news at present, of course. Not altogether untypically Zorn was there a decade ago. *The Big Gundown* remains one of the '80s' most crucial albums, and of all Zorn's massive output it's this and his other Elektra collage work, *Spokane*, for which he remains best known outside the circle of ardent followers. It's easy to see why. *The Big Gundown* is in every sense a totally accessible work.

A whole bunch of Zorn's contemporaries from New York's downtown avant garde community, as well as such notables as Toots Thielemans, Diamanda Galas and Big John Patton, crash through arrangements of the

compositions of Ennio Morricone. Morricone has, of course, become the name to drop when any discussion of cult film composers arises. Zorn illustrates why. His arrangements seek out the real weirdness at the core of Morricone's music — the bizarre juxtapositions, the unique melodies, the absolute melodrama — and then heighten it. Still essential.

Filmworks runs to at least three volumes, bringing together various aspects of Zorn's film music: work pieces for art house films, interpretations of existing scores, and imaginary soundtracks. The second volume of the series is a complete score for an imaginary Walter Hill film. Hill's films are already well catered for by Ry Cooder's scores, which at their best (*Trespass*, *The Long Riders*) are the finest in the medium, but...

Zorn's piece is more than up to the job, straddling jaunty folk music, tense atmospherics and oddly loping funk grooves, summoning up a world of contemporary urban drags deals and 19th century backwoods outlaws. Yet more evidence, as if it were needed, that today's best soundtrack work has yet to make it on to celluloid.

Voodoo
with The Sonny Clark Memorial Quartet
(Black Saint BSR0109 CD)

News For Lulu
with George Lewis and Bill Frisell
(Hot Hot Hot ART 6005 CD)

A constant problem for Zorn's detractors, or at least the more conservative of them, is that he can evidently play the ass off the saxophone. The fact that he's one of the most adept hard bop players to have emerged in the last couple of decades has been largely swept under the carpet, however. It's not difficult to see why. Mainstream jazz in the 80s was so massively about style as much as music — and specifically about a certain 50s' lissome retro-cool — that a geek with knee-length stripey socks and a Napalm Death T-shirt plainly wasn't going to cut it.

Except, of course, that he did. *Voodoo* features a quartet one might expect to turn in the usual downtown post-modernist mayhem: Zorn on alto, Wayne Horvitz on piano, bassist Ray Drummond and drummer Bobby Previte. Instead the group play through seven pieces by the 60s pianist Sonny Clark with an overt love of the material which never becomes reverential. Drummond and Previte are an exceptional rhythm section, both driving and playful, and around them Horvitz (on the evidence a big fan of Lennie Tristano) and Zorn hang knowing, sassy and impassioned soloing.

News For Lulu is more musing still, bringing Zorn together with AACM alumnus and electronics experimenter George Lewis and regular companion Frisell to play pieces by Clark, Kenny Dorham, Hank Mobley and Freddie Redd. It's an unlikely line-up to

the primer

play this material but like Voodoo the music swings fiercely (and without the aid of a rhythm section). All three musicians seem to have an intuitive feel for the music's exuberance, and as the pieces progress through blues swagger, funk grime and the occasional sublime ballad, what emerges is a refusal to reduce the music to contemporary jazz clichés. Hard bop is so frequently used as an arena for virtuosos to grandstand that it seems no one can find fresh life in it. With a fierce hatred of any such tendencies, Zorn, Lewis and Frisell instead find the music's heart; you can hear them grinning all the way. Pure enjoyment.



Zorn as ultra-nerd

PHOTO: PETER ANDERSON

Spy Vs Spy

(Elektra Musician 960844 CD)

Masada: Alef

(DW DWB888 CD)

Spy Vs Spy remains in every sense comic, from Mark Beyer's superb twisted comic-book art to the sleeve-note's declaration: "fucking hardcore rags?" God knows what Elektra thought they were getting when they signed Zorn but I doubt it was this. An all-acoustic twin-group — Zorn and Tim Berne on alto, Mark Dresser on bass, Joey Baron and Michael Vatcher on drums — play Ornette Coleman songs straddling nearly 30 years, from 1959's "Chronology" to tracks from 1987's *In All Languages*. The second half is played

pretty straight, though blisteringly well, but it's the first half which is truly shocking. Zorn arranges 11 Coleman classics as though played by one of the groups he cites in the album's credits: Napalm Death, Blind Idiot Go!, Lip Cream, what he refers to as the New York-London-Tokyo Hardcore Triangle. Which may sound like some kind of academic exercise, something this music plainly isn't. Omette's exuberant melodies are compressed into quadruple speed bursts of energy, Berne and Zorn sounding on the edge of immobilization, Baron and Vatcher like they're going through the floor. As exhausting and thrilling after a hundred listens as it is on the first.

Zorn's reinterpretation of Omette's own revolution has continued in the 90s with his ongoing *Masada* project, currently running to seven or eight volumes. Fans will want the entire work, but the series' opener, *Alef*, stands the case well enough. Thematically based on the defiant Jewish mass suicide at Masada in AD 73, the music merges traditional Yiddish melodies to the sound of Omette's classic 60s group. No jazz music of the last 30 years is so steeped in the cry of the blues as Coleman's, Zorn grasps this instinctively, bringing together two musics of defiance and exuberance. The musicianship is awesome (Zorn is joined by trumpeter Dave Douglas, bassist Greg Cohen and regular cohort Baron), but beyond the group's technical grasp of the material is an underlying understanding of its passionate energy. Unquestionably among the few important acoustic jazz records of the 90s.

Naked City

with Naked City
(Elektra Nonesuch 979238 CD)

Grand Guignol

with Naked City
(Avant AVAN002 CD)

Absinthe

with Naked City
(Avant AVAN004 CD)

Zorn debuted Naked City on Nonesuch in 1989. He denied that it was a supergroup, citing The Golden Palominos as an example of why supergroups never really work. But as *ad hoc* groupings of musicians go this pretty much brought together the cream of the 80s NYC downtown set: Frisell, Horvitz, Baron, Fred Frith on bass and, as occasional guest, Bodenham's extraordinary vocalist Yamatsuka Eye. Naked City marks out the group's tempestuous micro-colleges of hardcore, Country, sleazy jazz, covers of John Barry and Ornette Coleman, brief abstract tussles — a whole city crammed into two or three minute bursts. The album's points are its finest moments and somehow sum up all that the group seemed to do best: a 'suite' of ultra-brief thrashers which still manage to jump genres two or three times in the space of a couple of bars, and a gorgeous rendering of Jerry Goldsmith's untouched theme from *Chinatown*, which emerges magically from

a haze of free improvisation.

A series of albums on Avant quickly saw the group move on to other areas, albeit taking with them their customary verve. Absinthe lives up to the promise of its cover art's extremely disturbing Hans Bellmer photographs. Conceptually based on the inner experiences of *fin de siècle* Parisian intellectuals while tripping on their favourite narcotic trip, the album namechecks Mick Harris and Giacomo Scelsi in the same breath, strangely arriving at something which might have been termed Isolationist, were it not for its creator's distance from anything remotely post-war Whatever. Absinthe is a truly edgy listen with picked, resonant guitar chords layered on scratchy, uncomfortable electronics and percussion. Considering that Zorn is such a full-on, in-your-face composer and player, there's something remarkably peripheral about this music.

Grand Guignol is something else again, essentially bringing together three entirely discreet works. The title



piece recalls something of Absinthe's nightmare drones but is interrupted with violent outbursts and overall has an appropriately melodramatic horror-flick patina. There follows a suite of remarkable interpretations of Debussy, Scriabin, Lassus, Ives and Messiaen. In all the several hours of recorded Naked City this has to be the most unexpected. The pieces are quite megical, rendered with sumptuous arrangements and details bordering on the kitsch. A friend once commented that these tracks made him think of Tonite, and I have to say that Frisell's reverberating translucent chords remind me of BJ Cole's interpretations of the French Impressionists on *Transparent Music*, an album which similarly flirts with kitsch. Spy Vs Spy was homecoming the likes of Esquivel long before the largely insipid Easy Listening revival, and his ear for the exotic is as strong as his ear for the violent, the chaotic or the outrageous. The album closes with all 34 of the slash-and-burn vignettes partially premixed on Naked City and collected together previously on the largely impossible-to-find Torture Garden. Anyone who doesn't enjoy these pieces is simply thinking about it too much.

Cobra: Tokyo Operations 94

(Avant AVAN049 CD)

Harraswith Derek Bailey and William Parker
(Avant AVAN056 CD)

It's instructive to compare Zorn's free playing with his game theory pieces, and these two CDs exemplify both. In the early 80s, very much under the influence of John Cage (still his most obvious 20th century predecessor), Zorn developed various strategies for large groups of musicians to improvise with a collective aim. For the listener, any recording of these pieces makes it difficult to actually know what's going on thematically, although it's always apparent that some deep structure is at play. An earlier version of *Cobra*, released on the Swiss hut HUT label is a better, but this take, featuring bass, guitar and drums alongside sundry traditional Japanese instruments,

Kristallnacht

(Eve IWICX2050 CD)

The undeniable truth about Zorn is that, consummate internationalist tendencies aside, he is squarely in a tradition of maverick American composers that stretches from Charles Ives through Harry Partch and Conlon Nancarrow to John Cage. The rise and fall of Minimalism has, of course, rather horribly eclipsed this tradition, so it's hardly surprising to find Zorn left out in the cold by the mainstream of American art music; any more than it's surprising to find a lesser, but crucially more art music-friendly composer such as Ingram Marshall sing, "I don't like Zorn's music, and though I don't know him personally he seems like a loudmouth" (What a genius!)

Whatever *Kristallnacht*, Zorn's musical evocation of the event which forms the symbolic beginning of the Holocaust, is one of the major works of composition of the last 20 years or so. Liberal Gentle attitudes towards the Holocaust remain ambivalent, vacillating between a

Jewish Culture" and, of course, the continuing *Mosad* project is a massive work of Jewish art. But *Kristallnacht* is something else again: a search for roots but also a confrontation, a demand, a scream of defiant anger.

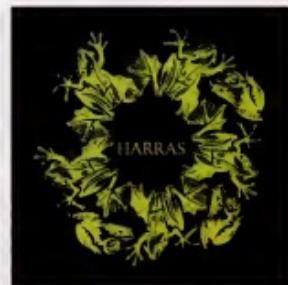
Execution Ground

with Pampliller

(Toys Factory TFCX8873 1 3CDs)

And for fun

Pampliller, Zorn's trio with Bill Laswell and Mick Harris, made a somewhat notorious debut in this country, the release of their *Guts Of A Virgin* album through Earache (about whose mastay acts, Napalm Death and Carcass, Zorn had previously waxed so lyrical) delayed courtesy of HM Customs and Excise's interest in the album's intended pathélab cover art. Subsequent albums — *Buried Secrets and Rituals* (recorded live in Japan and featuring the usual scorched earth contributions of Keiji Haino) — developed the debut's



only heightens the alien nature of this music, as one bizarre moment supersedes another over and over and over. As Zorn himself notes, "In a world of Cobras, this one stands apart".

It was free jazz, though, as much as John Cage, which provided Zorn with both an initial stimulus and platform. There are so many recordings featuring Zorn in free playing scenarios that it's difficult to choose one example, but this recent live Knitting Factory performance is outstanding, seeing all three players on colossal form. It's always a delight to hear Zorn and Bailey together, the younger player has a genuine empathy with the master's unique language, and here you can really sense the heightened levels of communication.

What emerges on both records is Zorn's uncanny ability to create order from chaos. On *Harras* he's inside the music, making its architecture unmistakably his own, even in the company of such distinguished improvisers, and a recording of *Cobra* is as much his own as that of a composer performed note-perfect, say, two centuries after his death. Two completely harrowing records.

clarity and entirely inappropriate sentimentality and a tendency to write it off as simply one of any number of 20th century atrocities. Zorn sidesteps both attitudes, seeing the Holocaust not as some clichéd emblem of man's inhumanity to man but rather posing it as a specifically Jewish event.

The beautiful opening evocation of ghetto life, all plangent Yiddish melodies played by trumpeter Frank London and clamenist David Krakauer, overlaid with German radio broadcasts, is soon overcome by the album's central piece, "Never Again", 12 minutes of high-frequency shattering (which the sleeve notes helpfully suggest might make the listener nauseous or cause hearing damage), literally the smashing of Jewish shopkeepers' and householders' windows on *Kristallnacht*, metaphorically the imminent destruction of several million lives. From then on, a coming to terms, sad but proud folk melodies wrung out of Mark Feldman's violin constantly pulled apart by dissonant harmonies and Mark Ribot's scratching, rasping guitar (Ribot is at his absolute best on this album).

Zorn's exploration of his own Jewishness is ongoing. Tzadik has its own sub-series investigating "Radical"

mixing of deep dub buzz, hardcore freak-outs and unfeigned sex screaming, but the triple CD *Execution Ground* remains the group's best jumping-on point, a kind of summing up of everything they do best.

The first disc features three 15 minute pieces with Zorn screaming hard bop lines, often heavily fixed, draped over sometimes hard, sometimes languorous grooves. The second disc features two long Ambient mixes of pieces from the first, which bear more resemblance to Laswell's and Harris' work throughout the 90s than to Zorn's, as such it's an opportunity to hear his saxophone in another universe from the many it already inhabits. The third disc is the real corker, the trio at their most ferocious, live in Osaka in 1994, ably abetted at times by Yamashita Eya. After four long, relentless, bludgeoning onslaughts, Eya and Zorn perform five tiny duets, each under two minutes, which sum up Zorn's work as well as anything in his canon: intense, hilarious, angry, they have you by the seat of your pants □ *Zodiak* through *Congo Elektra* (through WEA), *Hut Hut, Black Saint, DWI* and *Avant* through *Harmonia Mundia* *Eva* through *Toys Factory* through *Greyhound* and *Harmonia Mundia*.

charts

Playlists from the outer limits of planet sound



Sabri Brothers

Sausage Machine 15

- Navigator** — A Little Astronomy (Noisebox)
Various — United Mutations (Lo Recordings)
Pram — Music For Your Moves (Duophonic)
Jon Spencer — Get With It (In The Red)
Ganger — Hollywood Loaf (Series 500)
Bob Tilton — Crescent (Subjektion)
Blowpipe — Kucouy (Nedework)
Hood — Silent BB (Sumberland)
Tortoise — The Taut And The Tame (Wagon Christ Remio) (City Slang)
Novak — Silver Seas (Barwom)
Cornershop — Butter The Soul (Wijja)
Fuxa — Very Well Organised (Che)
Quickspace — Quickspace (Kitty Katty Corporation)
Third Eye Foundation — Ghost (Domino)
Various — Super Sounds Of Bosworth 2 (Trunk) 15 records by recent Sausage Machine guest groups/DJs compiled by Marcus, The Sausage Machine, Fridays, London Hope & Anchor

Body & Blood 10

- Panasonic** (@ Opa Club, Montreal)
Sale Redina Stimulants/Bloodyminded/Woe Is Me @ Pyramid Club, New York City
Sabri Brothers (@ Roy Thomson Hall, Toronto)
Tony Conrad (@ Music Gallery, Toronto)
Hariprasad Chaurasia/Zakir Hussain @ John Bassett

Theatre, Toronto

- Autechre** in Toronto
Rapoon @ Revk, Toronto/X-Club, Hamilton
Sankai Juku @ Hummingbird Centre, Toronto
Asha Bhosle @ Molson Amphitheatre, Toronto
Top 10 live performances of 1996 compiled by Prover Basit, Body & Blood Exploration, Oakville, Ontario, Canada

Metropolis 10

- Michael Moore** — Tunes For Horn Guys (Rambay)
Butch Morris/Le Quan Ninh/JA Deane — Burning Cloud (FMP)
James Plotkin — The Joy Of Disease (Avant)
Karl Blake — Answering Machine Solution (Staalplaat)
Ullen Bater — 2 (DS4)
John Zorn — Firmworks V (Zadik)
Derek Bailey — Guitar, Drums 'N' Bass (Avant)
Terry Riley — The Lisbon Concert (New Albion)
Phil Minton — Mouthful Of Ecstasy (Vicis)
Mark-Anthony Turnage — Dispelling The Fears (Argo)
Compiled by Rui Neves, Metropolis, Xfm, Lisboa/Porto, Portugal

Rykodisc 10

- Citizens Utilities** — Lost And Foundered (Mute America)
Low — The Curtan Hits The Cast (Vernon Yard)
Herbert — 100lbs (Phonol)

- Arte Lindsay** — Hyper Okwakido (advance tape)
The Infinity Project — The Mystery Of Yes (TIP)
Jackie Leven — Forbidden Songs Of The Dying West (Cooking Vinyl)
Underdark — Underdark (Bmt)
Jack — Pioneer Soundtracks (Too Pure)
Lal Waterson & Oliver Knight — Once In A Blue Moon (Topic)
The Eels — Beautiful Freak (Dreamworks)
Compiled by 'the droids' in the office of the Rykodisc label

The Office Ambience

- To Rococo Rot** — Veiculo (City Slang)
Various — Andola Sounds Of The Asian Underground (Mango)
Directions In Music — Directions In Music (Thrill Jockey)
Surge — For The Time Being (LJ)
Sam Rivers — Concept (Rivbeal)
Cube 40 — Cube 40 (Force Inc Music Works)
Michael Brook — Albin Aligator (MAD)
Dillinja/Lemon D — Violent 12.01 (Value)
Brian Ferneyhough — String Quartets (Montague)
Gescom — Keynell 12" (Skam)
Kevin Saunderson — Faces & Phases (Se6)
Lucid — Idylls And The Secret Roman (Aeterna)
Shantel — Auto Jumps & Remixes (INFRACOM)
Choying Drolma & Steve Tibbets — Chó (Hamra)
Various — Night Passage Demmed (Dorobó)
Compiled by The Wire Sound System

sound check

Through the night: February's selected CDs, albums and 12"s



PHOTO: UL WIPER

No jacket required: Keith Jarrett
reviewed page 49

Reviewed this month:

- AMM** Bernhard Ament
Autechre Badawi Han
Bennink & Dave Douglas
Biosante Bisk Bloodbath
Bowery Electric Glenn
Branca Michael Brook
Cassiber George Clinton
Coldout & DJ Krush Daboa
Choyng Drakma & Steve
Tibetts Michael Finnissy GP
Hall Peter Hammill Hidden
Rooms id battery David
Jackson Keith Jarrett Arthur
Jarvinen California Ear Unit
Kampec Dolores Kreidler
John Law Trio Loren
Mazzacane Lost In Space
Gary Lucas René Lussier
Mixed Thurston Moore Butch
Morris Le Quan Ninh JA
Deone Gary Moscheles New
York Soundscape OHM The
Orb Pavement Anthony
Payne Eddie Prévost Prince
Charming Rastafari Liveth In
The Hearts Of Everyone
Itinarily Return Of The DJ
Roots Control Jon Rose
Sonny Simmons Sunz Of
Anga Luther Thomas Trans
Am UMO The Unfinished
Unknown Public Urfaust Alan
Vega Yokota Satō Yumiko
plus critical beats and outer
limits releases in brief

AMM

Lammal
HATO/HUS 19CD 31 CD

Eddie Prévost

Locs Of Change
MATCHLESS PRCD 32 CD

AMM

AMM/Music 1968
REC'D/REMASTERED BY AMM CD

It seems incredible that AMM have been performing and recording improvised music for 30 years. What must have sounded

extraordinary in 1968 still retains the power to astonish, move and occasionally outrage 90s audiences who think they've heard everything. The recent Dead Tudor tribute concert was a fine example of this—drummer Eddie Prevost, pianist John Tilbury and guitarist Keith Rowe turned in a beautifully balanced performance that seemed to suck the oxygen out of the hall and leave the audience breathless. Lammal (a huge three CD set of live AMM recordings from 1968, '82 and '94) has the same captivating effect. Attention to each moment is imperative, to be distracted for even an instant while the music is playing runs the risk

of missing some vital section of group interplay, the key that will make this seemingly formless music suddenly rear up into an identifiable shape.

If AMM ever had a star then it was the composer and pianist Cornelius Cardew, who is featured here alongside Prevost, Rowe, saxophone player Lou Gare and Christopher Hobbs on "The Aarhus Sequence", the first of these three discs which was recorded on 16 December 1969 in Denmark. Cardew's presence at this stage of AMM's development would become the blueprint for later performances and recordings. Although he never lived to appear on the accompanying

**Michael Brook**

Alfonso Alliegator

MAD CAD 7003 CDLP

The soundtrack album — purine, majestic or “enhanced” — has become something of a new musical form, one that may come to rival the dance mix, the song cycle or the symphony. Recent albums as diverse as Shaun Davey’s mesmeric score to *Firelight Night* or Rob Ellis’s magnificent *Soundtrack To Spain* have used the soundtrack concept to yoke together sound, speech and song and a wide variety of timbres that wouldn’t necessarily work together in a concert work or regular album.

The latest album by Michael Brook, the talented Canadian guitarist and producer, comes into the enhancement category: “music from and inspired by” the movie *Alfonso Alliegator*, the directing debut of actor Kevin Spacey. There’s much of the rich, carefully layered guitar sounds we have come to expect from Brook, but also some effective grooves — slightly unrefined funkish jems such as “Sew Town” that add some Country music clatterphobia to the score. Brook’s soundtrack style is closer to Ry Cooder or Jack Nitzsche (with a touch of Angelo Badalamenti) living on “Preparation” than James Horner or Richard Robbins. Brook must have had a fair amount of freedom and time to put his wise palette of timbres to work. Outstanding moments include the tense, folksy-driven “Macabreole”, the quiet, spare inventiveness of “Tunier” and what sounds like one of Jonny Greenwood’s ladder limeres behind the cool-dude narration of “Albo Gato”.

The final, high-concept vocal track, co-produced by Peña, bassist with The Red Hot Chili Peppers, is a cover of “I’ll Wind” by Jimmy Scott and Michael Sipe. It would be nice to hear an instrumental version of this ingenious arrangement.

JOHN L WALTERS

ducks that make up this set, Carlevaro is most definitely in the wings, his creative spirit gently guiding the remaining members towards new improvisational discoveries. Uto Gere is the other creative catalyst; his occasional injection of sise-wailing prods the impressionism in unfeigned directions and breathes fresh life into the rest of the group’s playing.

After Carlevaro’s death (by a hit-and-run driver) and the departure of Gere, their roles were taken over by pianist John Tilbury. The third disc, entitled “Comediant”, is a 1994 New York performance and a example of how the two of Gere, Rowe and Prevost sounds today, forever pushing out territories of invention. Their collars around each other only to spring back and take another form. Sometimes the music is loud and seemingly

disappeared, sometimes it’s subdued, minimalist and oddly threatening, the calm before the next sound storm.

Lormino’s masterpiece, however, is to be found on the second disc, “The Great Hat”, a 1982 concert recorded at Goldsmiths College, London on 20 February. This was a particularly magical night for AHM with Keith Rowe’s trademark radio/audiocassette summing from the ether the ghost of moptop Badalamenti and a brassy reversion of Martha Reeves And The Vandellas’ “Heat Wave”, which are sucked into the guts of a massive miasma. This chance meeting with pop beats all the hamstrings of John Lennon and Yoko Ono’s wildest “Revolution No 9” event: rock fantasies, only in the hands of Rowe and company something far more accomplished

and complex emerges. A fantastic moment.

Drummer Eddie Prevost’s solo *Loq Of Change* album is subtitled “Sound And Sensibility” and Prevost proves that he is an expert in both by giving his chosen instrument its own voice — the drums seem to speak a universal language, but it’s one that only he can articulate fluently. It’s easy to hear him bow cymbals, hit his kit and bring forth thunder from inside the belly of his beloved barrel drum, a home made instrument that gives Prevost almost Harry Partch status.

Those new to AHM should also pick up Peña’s newly remastered *AHMthus 1966*, the unit’s first recording (again with Carlevaro) which was originally released by Elektra UK in the 60s and has now been reissued with extra material and a booklet that traces their early history. AHM aficionados will have this already, but it remains one of the cornerstone of the entire UK improvisation scene.

EDWARD POUNCEY

insistence of the rhythms on *74 Repeal* made it painfully edge and unsettling. The new album is slightly less tame, but no less chilling.

PETER SHAPIRO

Badawi

Bedouin Sound Clash

KORR RUSCO 8229 CD

Roots Control

Dread Western

WORLDSCAPE WSCD008 CD

OHM

Grounded To The Inner Current

WORLDSCAPE WSCD011 CD

Just occasionally the expansion of electronic music-making and its wider dissemination seems a bad idea. The slew of desktop music issuing from people with cool record collectors tends to result in more and more aimless-but-not-quite-sounds issued to widespread indifference. Narrowcast music with plentiful attitude but neither structure nor urgency. If that’s easy, why bother? The dodger end of New York’s liberal scene feels like this, though thankfully not all of the New York music sounds so obvious — Sub Dub, We and Paul D Miller are making some killer sounds but who can be bothered with all these sample-bananas over head-nod beats when the soles of recombinant practicality in the popular field in the UK have a fiercer, less knowing edge?

The OHM album is a case in point — lightweight pop-dub with weedy synth and numbersball basic. Music from the four corners of the hipster’s bedroom is thrown on top, of course. There’s also an over-reverence for the catch-all work of Axion-era Material. It fails to repeat the (laudable) successes of that group’s work, which always seemed more like sex messages than finished music, in the context of such understanding stuff. The Wordsound label’s radical posturing grates.

Dread Western is a more precisely directed effort. The album picks up the loose connection between 70s Jamaican and Spaghetti Westerns, and fashions some lovely, sinfully groovy. Like much of the scene’s music it’s a kind of freeform dub, and the usual sub-beat sounds and grindingly slow Ho-Hop-influenced beats dominate. In the wrong hands this blend could be excruciatingly tedious, but the record is far more coherent than some of the label’s earlier releases. Rather than heading for dub excess it makes great use of simplicity. On tracks like “Theme From Dread Western” the mix is leavevened with a hint of playfulness, and then there are some winningly mischievous voice droning over the tunes.

The best of this bunch is the Badawim album. Batwah, aka Raz Hasana, is an Israeli who spent a lot of his childhood living with Bedouins in the Sinai desert. At the age of seven he learnt about Hebrew Eastern drumming in a Palestinian refugee camp and went on to learn the bendir, zarb and

darbukka instruments. Now a member of Sub Dub and a key NYC DJ, the work he makes under the Baseline name is a kind of dub with Middle Eastern percussion, a lot lighter than Sub Dub's brain-bending outbursts. *Balkan Sound Clash* was recorded with a four-track cassette recorder but, like a lot of first-wave dubs, makes a virtue of these limitations. This is a rich slice of echo-cooked music. The bass rhythms are adjusted to suit the percussion and the resulting tracks cohere in a way that most similarly ambitious fusions never get near. It cuts a clear path out of the forest of dead sons, and weird material that has accumulated around dub. Again, instead of going for ostentatious sampled hood-and-winkery Meena dedicates herself to working out some really vital rhythmic ideas and making his effects do more than simply problem themselves.

WILL MONTGOMERY

Han Bennink & Dave Douglas

Surpeme
SONGUES 961. 1510 CD

A set of duets between the very Dutch percussionist and the highly rated US trumpeter of Masada renown. Douglas seems to enjoy space (cf the freedom of his "Tiny Bell") and working only with one percussionist gives him plenty — not that a musician like Bennink is ever going to take a back seat, of course. These three inward-looking improvisations score high when it comes to sweet playing but demand a lot of patience from the listener. Despite the fact that Bennink is an immensely alive percussionist and Douglas is among the most resourceful of contemporary trumpeters, the music doesn't speak very clearly outside itself. Whether reworking "Overexposed" or playing completely free, these two communicate happily; the question is whether anyone else is left in on the game. Douglas plays with his usual unfeignable depth and Bennink rises in his humour but spans fly only very occasionally. It may be that a third voice would have made things gel. The duos work best on the title track, a buoyant piece of throwaway jazz written by Douglas. Occasionally brilliant, but it's a long 55 minutes.

WILL MONTGOMERY

Bisk

Time
SUBLIMA 941.12 CD

Sato Yumiko

Elfish Echo Presents Sato Yumiko
elfish 002002 CD

Yokota

Cat, Mouse And Me
HARVEST HCD 222 CD

When you have that much technology to hand, what are you going to do with it all?

Revel in it, sing its own praises — or use it as a means of escape into your own personal empire of the James. Both Bisk, aka Hayashi Fujikawa, and Sato Yumiko opt for the former, attempting to encapsulate their homeland in musical terms. Unfortunately, Japan is such a dichotomy success can only mean failure. Susumu Yokota avoids such pitfalls by sidestepping reality completely.

Time takes full advantage of the sampler, perhaps the perfect musical device for a country that has built its reputation on transforming existing materials. Lutes jostle with Guitars, Horns at or of Wagner's, a cocktail lounge piano glides across a rain-swept urban street. Bit 21's state-of-the-art digital rock shoulders with a mixed 505 trumpet ("Groovy"). But there's little thought of confluence, leading to a muddling hotchpotch of musical ideas. This scatter-garage attitude allied to a sense of harsh, one-dimensional Trip hop beats, makes for a singularly arid experience.

Yumiko works in a similar, albeit more insular way, comparing fractured Electronica from tiny shards of rhythm and melody. He uses the DAT almost as a sketchpad, seeing which sounds work. In together best. As such it could almost be seen as a work in progress, but it still doesn't make for a particularly fluid listening experience. It's too episodic. At times this works to Yumiko's advantage. "Lost Track" combines the sonic eccentricities of modern industry with an atmosphere of Shinto-like tranquillity, reflecting the Japanese paradox of tradition and technology. For the most part, however, it stays too hard to reach beyond allocated boundaries at any cost and exhibits a fascination with technology merely for its own sake.

Susumu Yokota uses his technology to go back to the future. Got, Please And Me is a shiny, squeaky-clean homage to the edifices of Detroit Techno circa 1990, complete with relentless 909 rhythms, keening synth lines and a complete trust in the power of technology that only total isolation from the rest world can bring. As a musical approximation of the ideal of Tokyo, it's unerringly accurate. As an immersive listening experience it's pleasant if a little sterile. But how ironic to be able to evoke nostalgia for an age that, theoretically, hasn't even happened yet.

PETER MONTGOMERY

Bloodbath

Live
PHENOMENON PH002 CO

This is the living thing, jazz that's forgot its name, avant garde innovation that doesn't give a damn about being art rock without all the pathetic posturing, improvisation so tight it's sickly. Bloodbath's collage of a diverse range of eclectic musical fragments is as infectiously inventive as John Zorn, but without Zorn's somewhat cerebral subtlety. This is what we've been waiting for: something like Zorn but *so* vinyl. Even though I'm infatuated with all things

Tokyo-ish, the recent glut of Japanese noise imports has been a bit bewildering. But this is one that has just been crying out to be released since being recorded live in Tokyo in 1992. The wonder is that it has taken so long; the unfortunately named Bloodbath were a temporary combo centred around Western guitarist John King which included an array of Tokyo's finest — most notably Otomo Yoshihide on turntables and what King has described appropriately as "home-made guitars from Mars".

The first track, "Bed Dreams", brings Hendrix's "Wild Thing" into delightfully uncomfortable collision with throbbing funk and trash-noise. "Waiting For Tanya" is a slide guitar lamentation as sad as any deserted heart or highway in "Blues For Hammer"; the immortal line "I wanna be led by you alone, Bop-pong-bo-pong" is wedded to King'soller of "Here we go" as he thrashes the pulsing melody apart with a guitar riff that's as heavy as it is seaceous. Vocalist Makoto Kochi joins the group for a piece called "Solo Vs Lead" and introduces a sound-poetry splutter of abstract ejaculations sounding like Charlie Chan meets concrete poet Bob Cobbing with a bottle of Glenlivet thrown in. Later King even turns his hand to a straight blues but it sounds far from straight the way the Noh-band Bloodbath does. This adds up to one of the most evocative things I've heard in a long while. As King sings over and over "The only thing that really matters is what junk you got," I back off.

ROBERT CLARK

Bowery Electric

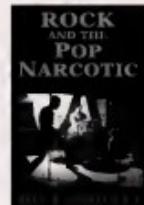
Beat
DEGAS BANQUET BB002 1.65 CD

This second album from the splendidly named Bowery Electric comes close to being genre-defining in the amorphous sprawl of current post-rock releases. Beat has recognisable structures among its more esoteric samples. Ambient drones and sheets of guitar noise, and on tracks such as "Feel Of Flying" and "Trade Out" these disparate qualities come together with a heavy intensity. Bowery Electric are not the most experimental of groups but their music has a sense of completeness suggesting a firm sense of identity. This, plus a successful incorporation of breakbeats and other samples into the group's sound, gives Beat a superior edge. Bowery Electric, still clinging to some song-based ideals — the murmured vocals of Martha Schwendener and Lawrence Chandler weave themselves around half the tracks — but with nothing particularly recognisable as a traditional verse or chorus.

The rhythmic work keeps the music satisfactorily focused. "Without Sleepers" has thudding drum samples, and "Under The Sun" is a rumbling low-end dalliance much in the spirit of the recent Third Eye Foundation remakes, while the title track is a sort of mutant

ROLLINS 2•13•61

Henry Rollins
Do I Come Here Often? (Black Coffee Blues Part II)
New clothbound hardback book featuring Henry's interviews with the great and the good of American music.
Published February 97.



Joe Carducci
Rock and the Pop Narcotic
Amazing photos from the heyday of one of America's most popular rock bands. Includes record labels - SST, KRS, This Is the revised, updated edition Available now.



Henry Rollins
Everything
A special-price, double vinyl word CD/DVD. Reunited after a chapter from Henry's best-selling book 'Do I Come Here Often?' this track is by Rollins All and Charli Eight, renowned US jazz musicians.



Matthew Shipp Quartet
Critical Mass

With review disc '96 - the whole album is apocalyptic.' Shipp explores the harmonic possibilities of the piano, with the piano, while deftly evoking elements of both jazz & classical music. Free press as to most elemental.

For Colour Catalogue, telephone:
0181 966 0046.
Email: two.13.61@aol.com

soundcheck

drone trip-hop crossover "Black Light" and "Coming Down" are more formulaic, relying on layers of sound compressed into a sort of dreamlike fuzziness, but "Postscript" showcases Bowery Electric's ability to take on a more abstract identity. This is a subdued epic of repetitive bass, electronic pulses and phased drones which ebb and flow, accompanied by minimalist note clusters that gradually distort into abstraction. On the strength of this album alone you feel that Bowery Electric have an enormous amount of potential. Best is a benchmark album, a definite post-rock signifier.

TOP RIDE

Glenn Branca

Songs TT-'79
KRAMATRIC ALP93 CD

Glenn Branca

Lesson No 1
NEW TONE ROC 5016 2 CD

Glenn Branca

Symphony No 2 (Peak Of The Sacred)
KRAMATRIC ALP93 CD

Glenn Branca

Symphony No 5
KRAMATRIC ALP93 CD

Glenn Branca

The World Upside Down
KRAMATRIC ALP93 CD

These five CDs span 14 years of Branca's musical output and provide a picture of his developing concerns as well as the foundation from which they grew. Songs is Branca The Punk Rock Years — a mere 30 minutes' worth of material, comprising the only recordings of Branca's songs for his early group The State and Theoretical Works that he considers "even halfway listenable." This includes the two single releases, some audience cassette recordings and a home cassette demo. In the spirit of the times these remnants hint at a youthful, energetic workload of a variety of ideas. This release and the EP length Lesson No 1 (For Electric Guitar/Dionysence from 1979 — resued by the Italian New Tone label and shoddily mastered from the original vinyl — are of curiosity value only. Lesson No 1 has the repetitive, gradually building euphoric form that is a feature of more later works distilled to pop song length.

Three years later this form would become angelic in the excellent Symphony No 2. Branca was now developing ideas further, in depth and over longer time frames. This piece is performed on the mallet guitars he built specially for the piece, along with "harmonic guitars" on tape, by an ensemble including Lee Ranaldo and Thurston Moore. Recorded in a New York City church in 1982 it also features

Kreidler

Weekend
EMI 55457 2CD

Weekend occupies ground lying somewhere between Torosso's exploratory rhythms and UK's earlier funk. This Duisburg quartet produce some strong grooves, deceptively simple minimalist melodes, and a fully integrated sense of the studio-as-instrument. There's a tendency to view much rock/rock instrument work with a marked preoccupation towards improvisation — a legacy of psychedelic junks and "Sister Ray," of seeking legitimacy through incorporating alien elements usually from jazz and the avant-garde. Of the whole notion of open-endedness achieved through improvisatory means, Kreidler represent the hostile to all this, with a marked emphasis on composition and the fitting together of key components to produce music which retains a sense of freedom and openness, but which also possesses a methodical integrity. This isn't a better approach, but it's a different one.

Most interesting is Kreidler's use of editing and samples as instrumentation. On "Shawn," for instance, the samples are used quite freely and set down as percussive elements which complement the live drums. Elsewhere there are clipped beats allied with squelchy electronic sounds and a propulsive in-har in "Polaroid" that maintains a long, unresolved tension, producing a kind of hypnotic tension. Each successive track seems markedly different from its



predecessor, and while Kreidler undoubtedly play to a formula of sorts (they have a recognisable identity), they have the kind of assurance and self-awareness to make this work in different ways without the need for gratuitous experimentation or an overly academic strategy. Weekend engages the body as much as the head, and there's an attractive functionality about all this, as if by so seamlessly integrating edits and loops into their music, Kreidler abrogate the whole issue of remaking.

TOP RIDE

Cassiber

Beauty And The Beast
RECORDED CO

Kampec Dolores

Zigzag Taped
RECORDED CO

Timely pairing from ReR, a reissue of one of Chris Cutler's best projects of yore by his ReR supergroup Cassiber which united his reducible talents with those of fellow noise compatriots Christofle Anders, Alfred Herdt and Josel Goeddeles, and an outing for Hungarian group Kampec Dolores, who prove that the decade plus between the creation of these two recordings hasn't dulled ReR's knack for producing some of the most consistently intriguing music around.

Cassiber's improvised suite, which as the sleeve reminds us beligerently was recorded live and with "very few overdubs," is a thing of Neural beauty. What impresses most is the dialogue which this music creates between conventional rock/pop syntax (such as the bugaboom bounce of "Vengeance Is Dancing") and experimentation prepared cassettes and endings, blends of solos and exultate musicianship. It should be nonsense, but miraculously it never is. Another great period is the sense of virtuosity that results from a complete absence of exemplary instrumental firework displays.

This isn't so apparent on Ziga by the formidable Kampec Dolores, who have subtly remastered Major and Transylvanian folk acoustics (in magnet) to produce an album of immense promise. It begins in sonic disarray with what sounds like hammer-on bass throb and the slides and glissades of violin/vocaliz-

Gabi Kenderez The real star of the show, however, is multi-instrumentalist Bela Agoston — a woodwind player with ferocious energy, stamina and imagination, veins of steel so extreme are some of the sounds he draws from his instruments. Provened by the 40 minute "Zigzag" suite the music also derives its energy from jazz and rock, but unlike the norm European penchant for using jazz as a starting point for folkish excursions (Jan Garbarek et al), this raw-edged Czecho-Hungarian folk music, gathering jazz as though it was invading Dracula's castle ("Csend" ("Silence"), which is 12 minutes of exactly that, is a bit penitent through it is a welcome respite from the roller-coaster dynamics of the foregoing suits). I guarantee, though, that you won't hear any more feelgood music than the natty romp of "Vörösrág" ("Water Country") this year. After years of jazz rock for the brain-dead, perhaps these Central Europeans can offer us some jazz rock for the undead.

PAL STUMP

George Clinton

Greatest Funkin' Hits
EMI 55456 2CD LP

Although the unapologetic greatest hits package from the Paraphunkadelic thing, is certainly in line with George Clinton's legendary hubris, it is also one of the most utterly redundant records ever released. In his heyday Clinton may have re-recorded songs like "Maggot Brain" or "Bed Hot Mama From Louisiana" several times whenever he ran out of ideas, but this project perpetrated by producer Louis White with the help of George himself was nothing but zip-zining from its

inception it's one thing to try to bleed the music industry dry, quite another to prey upon the apparently dead pockets of recessive music.

The concept behind *Groove Funky* fits well to have some of "the top hip-hop names in the business" remix some of (Clinton's) classic tracks". In other words, great marketing play, terrible music. What makes Hip-Hop original, radical, revolutionary and just plain good is the way that producers reconfigure existing music with as much creativity as rappers twist and turn linguistic. Dragging in megastars (at least in the US) like Coogi, Ice Cube, Vanesa Williams, Busta Rhymes, A Tribe Called Quest's Q-Tip, Wu-Tang's RZA or Dirty Bassard and Digital Underground is a bit like getting some schmo like Billy Preston or Al Kooper to do some keyboard noodling on your 70s solo to rock star laury. The music may be different, but the results are the same.

Tracks like the Dogs Of The World remix of "Atomic Dog" featuring Coogi, or the two mixes of "Not Just Know Deep" with Digital Underground, are eminently as much as they contain pointless raps, when straight-ahead tracks, like Fully Equipped's mix of "Fathership Connection", merely pummel the groove by streamlining the beats (they all sound like the rhythm track from "Atomic Dog") to agree with the West Coast's easy-on-the-head production style. The biggest travesty here, though, is the hatchet job on what may be the greatest groove ever committed to wax, "Flashlight". The sound has been inexplicably thinned out, the bassline turned way down and the raps, especially of Dirty Bassard's, are stymied. Sounds to me like Sir Nose D'Voidfoot won his battle to the death with Star Child.

PETER SHAPIRO

Coldcut/DJ Krush

Coldcut Food

Fight! Over! ColdKrushCut

NINJA TUNE 12H 26 CD

These two mix CDs of material from the best label of the blunted beat brigade, Ninja Tune, represent a soundscape between the two opposing schools of moxyology: that of the smooth, almost imperceptible segue and the more immediate virtuosity of juxtapositional scratch 'n' patch.

Krush's mix of the more Hip-Hop-literate wing of the Ninja Tune stable is a classic expression of the first methodology where the beats are aligned flush with one another to prevent bumps and bruises. There are no crossfader antics or whiffs of steel balances acts on display here, just a long string of withdrawn, fuzzed, faded, shaded, fugged tracks of down-tempo disengagement. There's some great music on offer from DJ Vadim, The Herzelites and London Rock Allstars (a group whose records don't stand on their own two feet, but the mixed context, especially one as hubristic as this, brings their DJ tools to life), but tellingly, Krush's 19 tracks feature only six artists (three of whom contribute only

one track each) and the one-sidedness dulls its impact — like being hit over the head with a blunt instrument.

Coldcut, meanwhile, unlike 23 tracks from 16 artists in their well-executed turntable collage of scratches, stripped and decapitated beats. Tracks like DJ Food's "The Breaks Of Wrath", EVA's "Oddly Gody" and DJ Vadim's "The Breaks" have been hacked at and scraped dry to re-route rhythmic body convection towards parched texture. Although not as wistfully imping as their Journeys By DJ, now, Coldcut Food Fight goes some way towards justifying their "breakedit beats in London" claim by moving from Coldcut's own ultra-Amber version of "Autumn Leaves", through acoustic Squashpuke-style drum 'n' bass from Cabbage Bay, to the cut-up jazzercise dynamics of The Herzelites' "Mr Chombe Has The Flow". Despite the fact that the beats are more brittle and less funky and the sound even sparser than Krush's, Coldcut manage to inject a sense of levity into the proceedings. The only problem is that the frothy isn't as much fun as the promised food fight.

PETER SHAPIRO

Daboo

From The Geldsp

TRIBE (ARTHUR 115 CD)

Suns Of Arqa

Aztecian

ARTKA 2110 CD

Choying Drolma/Steve Tibbetts

Cbo

MANHATTAN HN 1404 CD

The first sound to be heard on Daboo's album is that of corn being mashed in a large Venezuelan monsar called a pilon. Over this rhythmic base Maria Marquez sings "Canto Del Pilon", a traditional Afro-Venezuelan work song in a cunning arrangement which drifts gently into soft-rock, splashed with the colours of horns cackling and children laughing. The track was a hit in Venezuela for Daboo — the vehicle for California soundtrack composer Frank Harris and his friends.

The rest of the album feels tagged on to the hit. Harris, working very economically, does most of the playing himself and adds a range of tropical exotica to his Latin-injected ditties, from steel pans or a chattering Brazilian tribe to the laughter of the Dala Lam. It's a bittersweet handiwork of a record, evocative and unpretentious. But on some of Clinton's own songs the crossover from pop to pain is too eagerly embraced, and all the stars, tebas and thumb pianos can't cover up Daboo's unhealthy love affair with MOR rock.

If Frank Harris shakes you by the hand, Suns Of Arqa thrust a split at you and idiosyncrasy all over your personal space. It would be easy to dismiss Amnon's live album, as a bunch of sprawling jams by a collective of

hippies nouveau. In fact, that's how I will dismiss it. After this seemingly endless laggard of reggae-meets-reggae I felt as trampled as a field after the festival has moved on. Rambling stars, half-heard, teaing, a guest, dodegong player — you name it, the Suns have tossed it into their claustrophobic mix. Occasionally the music heaves into life with all the rhythmic subtlety of a bouncy castle. But once vocalist Angel starts howling "Feel the cool, let reason flow through you" all you can do is hide. A Home Secretary's worst nightmare.

Choying Drolma is a twosomesomething Tibetan exponent who lives in a small run-down in the Nepal hills above Kathmandu. She has a fabulous voice, relaxed and perfectly centred, like a lower-pitched Mana Selenayén. She sings solo songs from the Tibetan religious tradition, and chants contemplative Vaises along with her fellow nuns. It's a gentle sound, like a more airborne Gregorian chant.

Or is it the result of Steve Tibbetts adding instruments, mainly guitar, to his recordings of Choying's singing. Tibbetts appears courtesy of ECM, apparently, and there are similarities with Jan Garbarek's ECM collaboration with The Hibari Ensemble (Ogurum). Tibbetts uses his guitar with immense delicacy, like a paintbrush in fact, creating washes of colour and shadow behind and around the singing. As the musical scenario shifts around them, the nuns seem to sound different — sometimes Irish or East European. Once your ear becomes accustomed to the oddness of accompanying Tibetan chanting with an electric guitar the music starts to feel quite natural. Tibbetts always strives to enhance the singing and not draw attention to himself. I can imagine another album in which the low, raucous chanting of Tibetan monks plus their bellows horn engage in head-on collision with loud, distorted guitar. But this is not that album, and is far more refined than anything I would imagine.

CLIVE BELL

Michael Finnissy

Red Earth

MRC 0065 CD

Anthony Payne

Time's Arrow

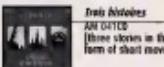
MRC 0075 CD

NMC's CD singles aren't designed for FM airplay, and Michael Finnissy's Red Earth features some of the loudest music on the contemporary music label. This is-in-your-face New Complexity, that it's dense, forbidding and often violent goes with the territory. Yet both composers on these latest singles tend to define themselves in relation to the user-friendly English "pastoral" tradition. The catalyst for Finnissy's 1988 composition was his vision of the "raw landscape" of central Australia, while, as gauze Ian Pace's sleeve notes, is at odds with the cosy view of nature portrayed by the

René Lussier



on Ambiances Magnétiques



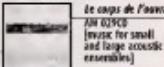
Trois histoires

AM 015CD
[Three stories in the form of short movies]



Fin de travail

AM 016CD
[Last albums of Reid Lester released on cd]



Le corps et l'âme

AM 017CD
[Lyrics for small and large acoustic ensemble]



Le brevet de la langue

AM 018CD
[Surprising word creation as ostentatious. Most of music and spoken words]



R. Lussier/R. M. Lepage

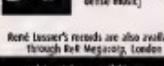
Chants et danses de la grande aventure

AM 019CD
[Released on cd, the unique album includes 30 minutes of newly recorded music]



Les Granules

AM 020CD
[An acoustic duet selection]



complete catalogue available on request

RCR Megajazz, 120-122, 2nd floor, 1000 Brussels, Belgium
Tel (32 2) 247-2499 Fax (32 2) 247-2499
Montreal, Quebec, H3C 2A7 Canada
T (514) 842-2499 F (514) 842-2499

Trans Am**Pavement**

Brighten The Corner
(Capitol/Capitol)

Trans Am

Surrender To The Night
CD (Sony Music) \$12.98

Looking back on Pavement's sloppy beginnings — and middle-aged alcoholics drummer — few would have bet much on them becoming a big group on the edge of the mainstream. The slowed momentum of their water work is still preserved on *Brighten The Corner*, but now it or the oblique edges are smoothed out and nicely buffered. The songs sound better with a frame around them. Whereas they used to loll over the edge of the canvas, they're now held in check. The *Cloak* Reprise to these approach of the last few years — showing how a bit of effort the square peg can be jammed into the round hole. And the sunrise highlight here is the melancholic, melodic-ironic "Transport Is Arranged".

Vocalist Steve Malkmus's freewheeling stream of non sequiturs, the metric meander, over from one line to the next, gives the tenses their irregular shape. At times, like mid-'60s Dylan, he just uses anything as long as it rhymes, occasionally resulting in stinkers like "Let's think the Head You've been such a great host The roos! Mos-

jut so perfectly prepared Now I know you care" But he can throw in some great touches as on "Stereo": the lines "What about the voice of Gacy? Let's How did he get so high? Does he speak less on ordinary play?" are interpreted as though he was so distracted by memories of Rush's former king of prog rock catastrophe that he just had to tell us mid-song.

Competent instrumentalists the Trans Am have changed luck since their inception, and more radically, too. They were once a mere rock group, but are now a merger between Kraftwerk-influenced Beatz groove, bags of rock grit, and the grooves of Can via Tortoise. Many years ago, "Techno rock" would have been a derogatory term for excessively technical displays of musicianship. Now exemplified by Trans Am's strutting of genres, it means something very different. And it's a very accurate description. They're just as comfortable with real drum, snare, bass, electric drums and synthetic drums and they apply this all-embracing ethos to the other instruments. This ability to cross over is exemplified by the inclusion of their 12" "Kali"/"Negev" Asym in the Electronica category of The Nones' records of 96.

Trans Am music is all about shape and structure, with both rhythmic pieces and their near-instrumental rock taking their rhythmic form from layered, grid-like patterns. It's intriguing to think where they might go next — they could cover a wide musical area as that they'll progress even if they stay where they are.

PIKE BARBES

dance commissions. Four soundtrack pieces for Michel Sironi's *Immune*. No doubt Hammill's distinctive feel for brooding, batshit-clever melodies encapsulated here by the violin and viola playing of Stuart Gordon. They all work splendidly as mood miniatures independently of the visuals. Elsewhere, "Dark Matter" manipulates Hammill's free electric guitar playing, compressing it into a narrow dynamic band and recorded at a level lower than the treacity of the playing would normally suggest. Hammill has long been a fan of Hendrix and there are hints of this here. "Four To The Floor" suffuses relentless pulsar with peripherical voices and subtle distortions, while "Exercise For Louis" invokes an eerie processional mood. On the lengthy (26 minutes) "Labyrinth Dreams", fragile thematic material — a gentle play of canopies — is intermeshed with polyrhythmic MIDI player-piano sections, but it's a touch too obviously in the manner of Nancarrow and Reich. Originally written for dances it seems overextended without them. Nevertheless this is a stimulating and revealing collection, and Hammill does exceptionally well to bring an overall album-cohesion to the disparate strands of his instrumental work. It should suit a variety of tastes from industrial through Beethoven to Ambient.

Beyond the small but dedicated Hammill/Van Der Graaf Generator larvae, David Jackson is still an appealingly under-recognized sopranoist and faulst who blends inspiration from rock and folk idioms with seamless ease. *Fractal Bridge* showcases the subtle gestures of his improvement. The emotional clarity of tone and cool elegance of phrasing are sometimes reminiscent of Jan Garbarek, especially on "Eco Soundbeam", "Nocturne" and "Songline". Jackson's duo partner is the interactive, ultrasonic MIDI instrument Soundbeam is a sort of computerized descendant of the theremin which he began working with several years ago in the field of Music Therapy. Soundbeam emits sounds in response to Jackson's movements within the beams. Jackson then responds to Soundbeam's soundscapes, rhythms and tone-clusters. Advanced programming determines the degree of unpredictability and complexity you want from this instrument. Repeated listening reveals the depth of Jackson's understanding of its sophistication and versatility. It's one of the most poignant and absorbing dialogues that I've heard between man and machine.

CHRIS BLACKFORD

id battery

Lily Everett
UNIQUE ANCIENT TAURIN NO NUMBER CD

I have a photograph of a ten million volt electron accelerator in Berkeley, California. It's a vast tunnel full of glowing bronze pipes, and in the distance stands a man in a suit, listening perhaps as his electrons accelerate. I think it was built around 30 years ago, but listening to

English pastoralists (true of the minor ones, maybe, but Tippett, Vaughan Williams?). But its meaning is more universal. The "faint sound of the defunct" makes a compelling appearance near the end, though a Rolf Harris cover of Red Earth looks unlikely.

Finnissy's enormous output is very diverse, and he has become an outspoken, even angry, modern composer. Anthony Payne has a lower profile, but though Tene's Arrow is more in the modernist tradition its vision is even more apocalyptic. Payne, a near-contemporary of Maxwell Davies and Bartók, is a generation older than Finnissy

and has tried to reconcile avant-gardism with the pastoral tradition apparently despised by the latter. Tene's Arrow from 1990 is a Proms commission. The concept is the "Big Bang" — the universe expands, slows down and finally contracts. In complete contrast to Finnissy they are underlying themes — a persistent blues motif, swaying patterns on woodwind — and the music is much more accessible. At around 25 minutes in length and retailing at budget price, these releases continue NMC's welcome and ingenious promotional strategy for new British music.

ANDY HAPILT

Peter Hammill

Sociax
nr nr 9114 CD

David Jackson

Fractal Bridge
PR RE 9113 CD

The CD review of *Loops And Reels* (Fei) is 1993 served as a reminder to those who needed reminding that Peter Hammill's compositional talents stretch beyond songcraft into studio tapework. Sonix, a similar collector of instrumentalities (1994-95), includes film and

id battery made me search out the picture, because this album feels like field recordings from some California netherworld of tangible electricity rattles and hums from the cutting edge technology of a previous generation. The recordings have an aura around them to do with real large-scale locations, as opposed to studio-created simulations. The musicians have largely absented themselves from the stage, and their activities are mysterious, but the results are a range of seething textures, the aural equivalent of a Northern Lights display hanging miles above you in thin air.

id battery is a project started in 1994 by two artists/producers/tuners: Brandon LaBelle in LA and Loren Chisholm in San Francisco. They connect with Steve Roden's *In Between* Noise journals Ear Ink and Errant Bodies, and groups Farfug and Ohm Reviver. Both are drummers, both use contact microphones, and they have worked on art installations where buildings themselves are employed as instruments. In Britain a similar terrain is explored by David Jackman's Organum and sound sculptor Max Eastley. But id battery have this particularly poetic attitude to the sound of electricity. Occasionally the machines overheat, and how above deadly embedded rhythms, more often there's a gentle atmosphere, metal percussion hovers on the brink of feedback, like a dream of jazzy. Or a deep, pulsing voltage — the sound of turbines making love.

CLIVE BELL

Keith Jarrett

Mysteries: The Impulsive Years 1975-78
Intrada intro-4-189 4CD

Jarrett enters the archives. This is, as far as I know, the first fully documented, acetate-takes-included set of recordings by the pianist and composer. It includes some of the finest Jarrett on record, with the greatest group he has led, Charlie Haden (bass), Paul Motian (drums) and Dewey Redman on tenor, at the days before he was better-known as "father of Joshua Redman" (sign of the jazz times — the gruffly individual Dewey is a far more radical stylist than Joshua). Of the four albums in this set, *Spiritus* and *Mysteries* were recorded in one session in 1975, *Mythic* and *Pop-Be* a year later — the first two adding Guillaume Franco on percussion. The group broke up shortly after, and Jarrett formed his "European Quartet" with Jon Garbarek (the useful sleeve notes point out that these bands didn't overlap, as was sometimes thought).

Though I've always loved these albums — *Mysteries* was the first jazz record I bought — creased sleeves kept me from pulling full regard to Jarrett's genius. But if his undoubted egomaniac can sometimes tip into excess, there are many other occasions where he triumphs. The hallmark of his compositions is an intensely rhythmic lyricism which his improvisations seamlessly develop. The Steeplechase rightly drew attention to the Ornette Coleman connection. Charlie Haden

and Dewey Redman play for both leaders, of course, and there are times — for instance, when the piano drops out on "Dewey" — when the music has the clear sound of Ornette. But there are limits to how far that influence can convey itself on the piano, and Jarrett draws together many styles, from rock and Country music as well as the jazz pattern of Bill Evans, in a unique synthesis.

It's been a long wait for these albums to appear complete on CD, but they now come with the bonus of several alternate takes. Jarrett comments: "It won't be that one take is that much better, but they really are quite different." Of course, part of the problem of assessing the new material is that the ear is so attuned to the original. But in most cases I reckon they chose right first time round. "Everything That Burns Lives On," a poignant fragment of melancholy in Latin rhythm developed beautifully over many choruses, has a less lyrical and coherent alternative take. But in the gorgeously lyrical, waltz-time "Rainbow" the alternative version approaches the issued take in quality. Resuscite of the year?

ANDY HAMILTON

Arthur Jarvinen/The California Ear Unit

Edifice: Black Ink
Ear Ink 12-10076 CD

The California Ear Unit is an appealing group of virtuous concert musicians with a clean, almost folky sound. The basic seven-piece line-up consists of piano plus two each of winds, strings and percussion. The Unit has worked closely with Elliott Carter and Terry Riley and commissioned new works from John Adams and Louis Andriessen.

This album is a showcase for work written over the period 1988–1991 by Jarvinen, one of the percussionists, and his certainly used plenty of black ink in its creation.

The composer also plays bass guitar and harmonica, and three of the pieces, including the title track, are short duets for bass and guitar played by Jarvinen with non-unit member Peter Zafrene. Ensemble pieces include *Clean Your Gun*, full of repetitive, jerky melodic lines, and *The Voices Of You*, a sparse percussive-dominated 19-minute opus that recalls American experimentalists of an earlier generation. Best of the bunch is the four-part *The Virture's Garden* which kicks the album off with spectacular unison ensemble playing, branches into well-crafted counterpoint (with a hint of the Soldier's Folk), a slow, drum-heavy third movement and a final section with extensive counterpoint — neat, interlocking systems figures and interruptions from a politely brutal arviel figure.

Murphy-Nights is a potentially thrilling tour de force, a piece made of overlapping, asynchronous riffs and long melodies undermined by some poor improvisation and, like most of the set, antless production. *The Queen Of Spain* is a "clever" writing exercise for keyboards and percussion that uses more

throbble home-synth patches without any apparent irony. The overall sound of *Edifice* Black Ink is a puzzle: is the audio quality the consequence of a regrettably tiny budget or a deliberate cultivation of miff sounds? Musicians such as Andriessen, Aphex Twin, Tim Wicks and John Carpenter have found ways to use ugly sounds — sometimes as a kind of policy statement — but this work cries out for neither funkier textures.

Jarvinen has crammed a total of 66 minutes on to this disc, but the impression is of a collection of songs dumped to tape — of publisher's demos rather than a set of performances. Maybe he just wanted to get the stuff out into the public arena, but his reputation would be better served by a smaller number of better refined pieces. Perhaps there was a touch of red-light anxiety in the recording and mixing studies.

JOHN L. WALTERS

John Law Trio

Giant Leaves (Autumn Steps)
PRIS 12-10076 CD

Two releases from the tiny (even by UK jazz-promo standards) Future Music (FM) label. Jazz purist and composer John Law has

an unusual background: disillusioned with studies in Schoenberg and Stockhausen his career was reborn when he abandoned classical music for jazz (see Box). The *Wire* 155) Yet his jazz playing in a number of contexts — free piano trio, structured solo improvisation — carries signs of his classical origins, in a concern with form and exploring new sonorities. *Giant Leaves* follows on from *The Orient*, a Brahms tribute with the same personnel: Tim Wells is on bass and Paul Jarvis on percussion — the latter best-known for his work with John Harle, especially on the heroic *Last Night Of The Proms* performance of Berlioz's *Prométhée*.

"Giant Steps" and "Autumn Leaves" really are decorations — lengthily, fractured, oblique — of these jazz months. But the most interesting tracks are the shorter ones with their sprung prepared piano effects. The heart of the album is the wheezing, clattering, eerie "Sargabande" for John Stevens, the British drummer who died much too young. I'm not sure of the connection with the baroque dance-form, but the concept is a brilliant one, maybe not quite fully realised. The out-of-tempo "Song Of The Whistful One" is short but very poignant.

GP Hall is not a name known to me. A session-jazz guitarist with a passion for flamenco, he reckons he pioneered "world or electric flamenco way ahead of its time". Yet the music from this hatch-patch of a collection is very much of its time. Tracks due



Sonny SimmonsTranscendence
OHP 113 CD**Sonny Simmons**Judgment Day
OHP 118 CD

Almost Sonny Simmons is a legend. In 1963 he appeared on illumination with Coltrane's classic rhythm section Gilmy Garrison and Elvin Jones). In 1965 he recorded two albums — *Stayin' On The Watch And Music From The Silence* — for ESP, the tiny New York label whose roster included Ornette Coleman, The Fugs, William Burroughs and Sun Ra. Since then his recorded output has been sporadic. Now OHP's Creative Improvised Music Project enable his righteous flame to burn again. Both discs feature Charles Moffett, drummer in the shattering Ornette Coleman Two of the mid-60s, and reedman Michael Marcus who sounds like a younger player. Both albums are recorded at OIMP's punt what-they-played-is-what-you-get vein.

Transcendence is a two recording. Moffett is a packed stereo-centre. Marcus plays straight, a straight alto with a whining Arabic sound. On "Manhattan Rejig" the complexities are mind-springing. The saxes engage in simultaneous ad lib dialogue with Moffett's deceptively simple New Orleans backbeats negotiating their fashionably-argued lines. At first Marcus seems to outplay Simmons; his figures are briefer and more decisive ("Geraldine's



Dream") is uncomplicated Simmons, an affecting, melancholic reverie pained by a tough jazz sense of harmony. By "Nuclear Fusion" you hear Simmons thinking in his soul, the internal consoling of his logic. It pitchshifted craven inspiration. On the sax-drums duo "Last Will Of Dr Um" Tommey" Simmons is not much — he sound is nasal and sombre, the intervals between his notes resonated and obsessive — but the

long, persuasive solo transcends technical know-how. Simmons speaks to us, and there really is no greater praise.

Judgement Day adds Steve Red, the understated bassist who has played with Johnny Gault, Watson and Pharoah Sanders among others. His notes have the solid gravity that makes the bass a drum (he can also sound like a West African kora). On "Hawk Man" Simmons drives a trudging line into the heart of the ensemble sound we listen to the total music rather than merely applaud his chops. The statement of the tune catches the oblivious militancy and blossoming potential Coltrane achieved on his Free Jazz double-quartet album *pentimento with Pecks*. "Water For Elephants" sets up a lovely dissociated rhythm between bass, drum and cymbals; the tune itself is stated with nine changes. "The Call For Old Salt" uses Coltrane's key changes to divide the music into sections, but Simmons evades the temptation of musical bluster and stays true to its translucent, cobwebbed tone. On "Augmentation" Marcus has his most catalyzing groove, and Neil and Moffett are particularly hot and insatiable.

Neither track ends. Simmons plays tenor on "Judgment Day". He intonates, explain why: "The music here represents a virtue of Great Spiritual Depression. The world will be judged by the Sound of Holy Music." It has been said, among some musicians, I can't play. So I am settling the score to silence: these are boasts for all time? No bluster. Just truth. His mighty impressed

BEN MATSON

Cool Hand Luke share the disc with Lucas's own quirky, often wacky compositions which are equally likely to draw on acoustic blues styles, free psychedelia, Appalachian Country traditions, fast-on-blues, as well as his uniquely spacy sounds built up from loops, delay and other effects fed through a self-designed ring of circles and effects boxes. To call this album acoustic, which he does, is merely to denote that he doesn't use his trusty 1963 Statescaster this time. Electricity is an integral part of the sound, and nobody else has ever used a 1920s National Sunbeam or a 1946 Gibson J-45 quite like this. That one man can make the overture to Tennessee sound as full and majestic as it does here is sufficient demonstration of his talent. And his occasional vocals sound much less self-conscious now, not so affected.

Those longing for Lucas's Strat work have another option: the album with the Czech group Ulfraust places Lucas's virtuosity and some palette in a more conventional Prog rockish setting. Lucas rips off some shredding runs that would make any Heavy Metal guitarist proud, though hardly any would think of them, and adds his shimmering chord-clouds in spots. On the occasion at least, Ulfraust is a ten-piece group including horns and multiple vocalists singing mostly English lyrics. The music isn't particularly original aside from Lucas's contribution, but the overall effect is evocative until the supremely annoying cut-ups of the final track, which are best skipped.

STEVE HOGUE

René LussierTros Históres
BAPE M1041 CD**René Lussier**Fin Du Travail (Version 1)
BAPE AH-000 CD**René Lussier/Robert M Lepage**Chants Et Danse Du Monde
Inamidié
BAPE AH-001 CD

The flute can have a hard time in new music. The pleasure to discover "Les Hants Horés" ("Canny Hands"), an interesting, clever and musical piece that flaunts Jean Devron's command from Canadian guitarist/composer René Lussier and which is included on *Tros Históres*. This work bursts with ideas and shows off Devron's skills while keeping up the interest. There are synthesizers and turntables and strange, beguiling sonic details in addition to the more obviously identifiable flutes, speech and guitars (I guess we should call it an electroacoustic work, for it's unequivocally the product of a recording studio, but the 18 minute piece sounds a lot more fun than the tag often implies).

René Lussier is best known as a guitarist, one of those indefatigable characters who

from 1974 to 1995 — which proves too broad a span to generate much coherence. The most interesting work by all other players — notably saxophonist Lol Coxhill, who would sound better without the clattering or impressionistic guitar and percussion background. With the first track, "Saw Hill Adagio", Hall moves into free improvisation with Jeff Cynne on bass and Paul Rutherford on tom-tom. Maybe I'm missing something but there just doesn't seem a lot to grab the attention here.

ANDY HAMILTON

Edvard Graham Lewispre-HIE
who wins co

My perception of Graham Lewis will forever be distorted by the strange behaviour of a former flatmate and fellow group member. He was a Wimpy nut and so obsessed with Lewis that he dressed similarly, bought the same basic guitar and played in the same style, was convinced he looked like him, smoked the same brand of cigarettes, drank the same kind of beer, even ended up killing like him. We were warned. No doubt he'd have liked this album.

Although it would have caused an uncomfortable personal fist-bash, it's a shame that Lewis's amateur, acoo vocal tones aren't featured for more than short snippets on this record. As the title suggests, the record features recordings which precede Lewis's *We Said albums*. In 1986, three years after the music, Lewis' *He Said* came up with Holt, an excellent record with Lewis going sympathetic, producing a cacophonous, kaleidoscopic avant pop album. This is altogether less digestible.

The 18 minute opening track, "Dobbs Whipter", ostensibly an experiment in loop modulation is simply boring. It sounds uncannily like one of Aphex Twin's more outre experiments and beats a length that also suggests an Aphex-like bloody-mindedness. Especially when set against the stark, sepulchral beauty of the following "Front, Back And Profile" and the restless timbres and trebled voice of "He Said 'Aagh'". Where Lewis is truly original, as with fellow ex-Wimpy inmate Bruce Gilbert, is with his processing of sound into grotesque untempered patterns. The unsettling "Lyng In State" was music for an installation project with Gilbert and Russell Mills but it sounds like a processional forbidding and utterly alien.

PIERRE BARNES

turn up all over the place — improvising with Fred Frith, Tom Cora or Chris Cutler; playing with electroacoustic composer Gilles Gobet (who helped out with "Gummy Hand"); writing theater music, fronting groups. It's hard not to be impressed by his talent and energy. He reminds me a bit of Billy Jenkins. Like Jenkins, Lusser manages to keep serious musical intent, musical humour and plain silliness in a nicely tuned equilibrium.

Tosz: Histories is a collection of three biggish "concert pieces. In addition to "Gummy Hand" there's another epic, "Art Brut," a sort of homage to an unknown artist," which includes some dazzling acoustic guitar playing among all the dramatic "dagdagang" noises and spatial transformations. The third piece, "Black Rock," commissioned by fellow Canadian guitarist Tim Bratley (it has already turned up on one of Bratley's own albums), has a strong documentary thread which ends with a stadium snatch of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" sung by Brian Mulroney and Ronald Reagan, while Bratley comes over all Jimi Hendrix. Yet guitar histories never dominate the sound world of *Tosz: Histories*. Lusser's musical generosity and originality shine through every segment and the pieces whizz by in a flash.

Tim Drissel (Version II) hoovers up some old recordings of theatre music (1980-1983) and casts an interesting light on Lusser's later work. The cues are surprisingly disciplined, with a European flavour and a touch of 1970s art rock played by a medium-sized and relatively low-tech ensemble that again includes Denorme. An interesting bit of tape-cupboard cleaning.

Chants Et Danse Du Monde Insomne features Robert M Lapage playing clarinet and also sits in (I think) largely improvised duos with Lusser's guitar. There are seven pieces from 1984 and nine from last year with titles such as "Tutu Frotte" and "L'Art De Remplir Des Boîtes". The lengthy sleeve notes by Lapage look as though they might be very funny, but my French isn't good enough.

JOHN L WALTERS

Loren Mazzacane

Long Nights

Table of the Elements 30 CALUMO CD

While no one could really accuse them of taking any risks, *Table of the Elements* are certainly doing a great job of documenting the best of the decade's sound-thinkers and outward-bound musicians. With Kev Hanno, Richard Youngs (a resuscitation of Advent is apparently on the cards), Gata, Faust, Zona Perkins and Tony Conrad releases under their belt, Loren Mazzacane seemed an obvious omission.

Mazzacane is an American original in much the same sense as John Fahey or Jandek, in that he's chosen a classically American form, in this case the blues, and in true pioneer spirit taken it off somewhere else, crossed it with other forms (improv, even Krautspace rock)

and shaped it into a uniquely individual vision of the modern American myth. *Long Nights* consists of five pieces for solo guitar, the highlight of which is the first track, an exquisite and tremulous reading of what sounds like a beautiful old Scottish folk song, each note aching and ringing with the quality of true speech and genuine soul-communication. Mazzacane's guitar attack ranges from righteous plucking to the sadness of damp tweaks — the breadth of his vocabulary is almost homo-erotic, such is his command of his instrument.

While every Mazzacane piece implies the working through of a certain idea or concept, it's hard to pinpoint what *Long Nights* is all about. Its desolate, sad passages and fast chanson feel all contribute towards the atmosphere of a relationship ending — it's all late-night conversations and reminiscences, desperation and bite.

Elsewhere, hawt night feedback sees Mazzacane's solo guitar heading for the sound horizon via epic sustain and stutter-note leads, and everything less forgetful/forgetful with the forlorn refrain of the last piece All in All. *Long Nights* is a startling achievement and a supremely moving experience. Mazzacane has created a singularly expressive and unique musical vocabulary; in short, he still sounds like no one else.

DAVID KIRMAN

Thurston Moore/Tom Surgical/William Winant

Piece For Jatsun Dolma

VICED VCD003 045 CD

Thurston Moore with Tom Surgical

Not Me

FOURTH DIMENSION FOTEN 57 10"

Jim Sauer/Don Dietrich Thurston Moore

Barefoot In The Head

ROBOT REX001 015 CD

Three releases that highlight Sonic Youth guitarists Thurston Moore's parallel career in the field of Improv. *Heads* For Jesus Dolma is a semi-improvised work which Moore performed as part of the Musique Actuelle festival in Victoriaville, Canada, accompanied by long-term sparring partner (and Blue Human) Tom Surgical and new collaborator William Winant on percussion. Winant himself brings some pretty heavyweight credentials with him, having played with the likes of Anthony Braxton and John Cage in his time, and this recording was apparently the first occasion the two ever played together. Not that there are any teeth problems, from the get-go everything falls into (or out of) place. Beginning with the bone-sounding sound of a bowed cymbal, Thurston's guitar attack comes in spurts — his playing seems so gentle, rubbing the strings into a dissolve of sparkly guitar tones beneath handdrop percusion. On

the whole Moore's playing remains stark and horizontal — shorn of a fallback on conventional dynamics, the "bullets" are much more levitational in intent and effect, lying in nicely with Thurston's dedication to Jetsun Dolma (Tibetan Buddhism's sole female deity) with all its devotional, intuitive and magical reverencies. Also of note is the crowd's response, with people screaming and cheering all the way through the piece (someone even shouts "I love you!" in Thurston); it's like momentarily entering some alternative Utopia where all the kids go wild over hardcore improv.

It could happen, and if the kids need any more convincing then they should search out the *Not Me 10"* on Fourth Dimension, the latest instalment in a limited series which has already featured the likes of Simon Webbe-Smith, Richard Youngs and Ascension's Syston Jaworsky. Here, Surgical and Moore are back at it, naked and alone, surrounded by the hum of distant feedback whine, punctuated, as it should be, with sudden string-slap and machine gun share action. Refreshingly out.

Barefoot In The Head is a resuscite of an early peak in car-crash aesthetics and arm-dynamic guitar moves for the NYC underground. Thurston seems to be doing more actuel 'playing' than he tends to these days, but then again, caught in the virtual wind tunnel summoned up by the horns of Sauer and Dietrich (of Borbetomagus), sounding like a train is perhaps the only sensible option.

DAVID KIRMAN

Butch Morris/Le Quán Ninh/JA Deane

Burning Cloud

VICED C077 05 CD

Biosintes

The First Take

VICED C080 00 CD

Bernhard Arndt

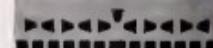
Inside Insights

VICED C080 0005 CD

Butch Morris is perhaps currently best known for his *Conductors* open-conducted compositions for large groups of improvisers. He is, however, a fairly impressive comet player with a history of pushing the jazz tradition. This CD brings him together with electronically-expanded timbalist JA Deane and the French-based Korean percussionist Le Quán Ninh. All these players employ extraordinary sonic palates. Ninh, who doubles as a performer of contemporary classical works (Krenek, Cage and the like), plays largely metal percussion in a way that emphasizes textures rather than metre. Smilery, Deane's electronic contributions act as multi-coloured backdrops. Together they weave a shifting canvas of time, space and timbre which is open and expansive. Whether or not intentional — and the track 'Miles Hunt at the possibility — *Burning Cloud* with its

Harold Budd

LUXA



The Sunday Times'
Record Of The Year
(Mark Edwards)

'Gorgeous'
— Mojo

'Budd deals in beauty.
It's that simple'
— Select

'Luxa speaks volumes'
— The Daily Telegraph

'Effortlessly
lovely pieces'
— Q (****)

'A beautiful affair'
— The Wire

'Simple yet
emotionally charged'
— Future Music

'It's beautifully simple
and simply beautiful
— buy it'
— The Sunday Times



ASCD390

ALL SAINTS RECORDS

PO Box 2767

London NW1 8HU, England

Various Artists

Return Of The DJ Volume 2
HOME HI-FI/HOME 2-CD UP

It's tempting to use this energetic album as an unadvised log-in to tap the festive clerks of down-tempo beats; but that's not a charitable impulse and I don't think it should be indulged. It's hard to pick on Headz, who fall by loving original Hip-Hop too much and don't feel like they can get their hands dirty with it. *Return Of The DJ Volume 2* is a global symphony of dirty, dusty tracks from San Diego, Oslo, Paris, South Hampton, Manhattan and all points funky. The records that are shredded and revoiced in these mixes aren't treated as holy wits but as water balloons; the more you throw, the wetter you get.

The cutting is to Swiss standards, the transitions often sawdustishly unpredictable and the sets of looped rhythms are actively fuzzy; restoring some of Headz's oddly exchanged physical essence (Why did son-of-fury replace fury as the syntax for beats anyway? So that the guys who stand around at rock shows could stand around in clubs?) Where DJ-producers like Shadow emphasize the wisecracy of it in cursor, stacking layers of samples which they ornament with scratching, these DJs flip the balance, making their major formal gestures with the stylus and leaving the looped samples to simply hold up the table. *Fat Crested* is a following fest for DJ Butthead, who digs straight for the synths with his shtick, setting for the perfect 32nd-note "muzak" dialogue. "X-Pain Style Beats" showcases Roc-Roc's crisper chops; using just two turntables, he loses a beat, opening up its spaces and changing its time signature (sometimes with his eyebrows, in live settings). It's a good-natured trip to the spooling head of the sequencer and a nice way of returning slackness to Headz's sense of smacking. Rada edits begin in an eerie back song the bands-only technique, but other tracks also feature strictly any breakpoints like the clever morphing of a Run-DMC record from 4:16 to 3:14 in Kid Koala's "State's Water".

There's a childlike glee in scratching and many artists can scratch phenomenally, sometimes bringing to mind achievements in sports rather than music. Koal-EQ sums it all up with a catchier version of "Head Your Wires Back When We Come Through"; the prupic "Private Parts" makes us the bleeps "Give It Up Turn It Loose" break, with a loop from My Bloody Valentine's "Soo", of all things, rolling sharper and clearer traffic with a vocally phrased scratch of something

completely beauty, sense of space and frequently plaintive quality can be read as an elegy for the natural world. Highly recommended.

The First Take is a recording by Iavan three-piece band of their last concert during their short touring life (1991-94). It combines elements of Tibetan, Buddhist and shamanic tradition such as folk tunes, overtone singing and charmed, gentle mood pieces descriptive of the rural landscape with the stylistic disjunctions and chaotic free associations of improvised music. If their crude, bare, minimalist improvisations which make up part of the dated try the patience of the active urban mind, they also speak of a simpler culture where communication is localized and less mediated. On one track the group is joined by the remarkable Tuvali singer Senhiko Namchylak, already familiar to many from her integration into the global improvising fraternity.

Bernhard Amrit's solo piano album is a showcase for his variety of electronic extensions and manual sound explorations. Perhaps there is just too much material on this album after a while you feel Bernhard is having to pull the same tricks and the amplified ghostly resonance of the piano's insides has a space-reducing effect. There's no denying Bernhard's amply command of the keyboard, the deft deployment of preparations and interaction with his electronics. But the music has a limited

emotional range and depth. For my taste it's too romantic and too comfortable.

PHL ENGLAND

Gary Moscheles

Shaped To Make Your Life Easier
STAR CRASHED 558111 CDP

Gary Moscheles is yet another cartoonish genius like Mike Paradinas, the man behind *g-Zing*, Tusken Raiders, Jake Stagger and Kid Spatula. *Shaped To Make Your Life Easier* takes the same grating, spoilt brat, I'm-not-capable-of-taking-anything-seriously approach and the same milky-dark keyboard sound that he uses on his Electronica records and applies them to jazz funk samples, disco soundbytes and Easy Listening motifs.

When he's not using his trademark crunching drum sounds or his once refreshing, now humdrum, analogue ambience, Paradinas sounds like someone who's trying way too hard to be funny. *Shaped To Make Your Life Easier* is no exception: most of the time the jokes fall flat on their faces, when they do work the attitude is so amrogram that you don't want to laugh. The brunt of most of these jokes is an (unfunded) composite portrait of a smirking, perched-up polyester-dad '70s swinger lounging around or dancing in the mirror to his Roy Ayers and Isaac Hayes records. Of course, the character has been parodied to death recently (by everyone from Henry Rollins to



homie and noisy). Regulate naughty samples will tickle shuffles but don't do much for the ladies (in my tiny random sample).

Old School references abound, with tracks like "It's Your Rock" and "Change The Beat" popping up in the bates. Beyond Thelon's "The Positive Step" even gives a nod to Genesis, Verse 1 — "Good Times" and "Adventures On The Wheels Of Steel" — with its closing loop 2-Tops' "Rockstar" featuring Black Sabbath, AC/DC and "King Of Rock" via Needepand scratching to kick-off effect. Nowadays a track like this wouldn't be saved enough to get a summertime, but once upon a time such records were fair game for sampling. Puzzling Louie's Of Today's Hologram Number 23.

SASHA FREE-JONES

The Beastie Boys and the credit sequence in *Beavis And Butt-head Do America* and Paradise's creation just doesn't match up.

That said, some of the tracks did make me want to stink my tush ("Walk It Like This", "Johnny Heres Jazz"), which made me wonder if Men actually wants people to dance to this record, or if he's just taking the piss out of the whole process. The timbres and textures may be different than usual, but the tone remains the same.

PETER SHAPIRO

The Orb

Orbitarian
ISLAND ON CD/2LP

From their early days, sharing a roster with art-pranksters The KLF, The Orb's orbit has led them ever closer to mainstream success. A story which itself charts the shift from experimental ambience to "Ambient", and the rise of their version of Ambient House on the dancefloor. Along the way their music has lost many of its rough edges — a looseness in the approach to sound collage, illegal dancin on the sample front, and the snappy Stevie Reich-on-couch touch. This is their second album to stand and sound engineer Andy Hughes replaces Kris Weston as Alex Patterson's partner.

Patterson once said that "there is a way of making music by putting in the reggae, the

ambience, taking the House, and then taking a few classical ideas and then putting some World Music over the top". However, with increasingly seamless arrangements and a touch of cosy accommodation The Orb have always managed to avoid the enormous excesses of many of their followers on the club scene. Having reached a neo-classical plateau of accomplishment their sound journeys are expertly arranged, spongy and bright, evoking like a succession of day-glo synapses.

The conceit behind *Orbitarian* (we're all heading for...) is that our modern calendar is out of sync with Christian time and 1997 should really be the year 2000. Thus the opening "Delta Mix II" plunges the listener into orbitonal swells and lesser voices, swooshing shuffling hi-hats with pounding global beats. The Orb still use long sampled monologues instead of vocals, but Robbie Lee Jones' dreamy reminiscences on "Little Rusty Clouds" have been replaced by David Trimble's millennial rant about barcodes, the mark of the Beast and subconsciously satyros (from Mike Leigh's *Naked*). However, paranoia seems superfluous in this fluffy, jaunty universe, and the track in question, "S.A.L.T.", spins kochi sprangles of sound with a rambling self-assurance before launching into more bonkers dance territory.

There are snatches of drum 'n' bass and weirdness on Detonix ("Matten Love") runs into the tick-tock of a grandfather clock), but in

keeping with the sense that the world might be ending, the album is generally bostorous and upbeat. "Ubiquity" is carried along by tuneful whistling, "Tenebryne" lays "dub-a-dum" chuntering over thumping beats and slyvene feelgood sonals. Apocalypse aside, these sounds were made for a summer of buoyant chug-a-lug prancing on the road to oblivion.

PAUL PYTHCH**Jon Rose**

Perkins
RBC 103 CD

Jon Rose/Laboratorio Di Musica e Immagine

Rosenberg's Revised Timetables
EBC094 EBC 004 CD

Jon Rose

Techno Mt Starungen
PLAG DICH HCHT 002 CD

Four experimental composers or improvisers (or even well-known) divide opinion as sharply as British-born, Australian-grown Jon Rose. Devotees regard his numerous satirical multimedia pieces (commissioned by Australian and European radio) as judicious and highly inventive amalgams of spoken text, structured Improv and composition, often incorporating a radical use of electronics and studio recording techniques.

Others regard them as overlong and structurally undisciplined, and find his surreal humour risible. Clearly Rose's feverish eccentricism is an acquired taste: its hyperactive complexity can make listening to an album in its entirety in one sitting a mind-numbing experience.

Rose may be an erratic talent, but when he hits the mark he takes you to places other composers wouldn't even dream of. Rose is arguably his finest multimedia piece to date — certainly one where the many facets of his work achieve a really exhilarating coherence. It's based on the life and music of Australian composer and pianist Percy Grainger (1882-1961), best known for his short orchestral pieces and as an avid collector and promotor of folk songs. Rose's useful sleeve notes also remind us that Grainger was a pre-Cage pioneer of aleatory music, an inventor of non-harmonic music machines and an early (pre-Nancarrow) composer of "unplayable" pieces for piano. In his non-musical life Grainger was obsessed by badminton, S&H, racial bigotry and incest fantasies — nich pickings for Rose to weave into a work that stages this kind of psychodrama as an "Interactive Badminton Game". The swirl of rackets controls tempo, rhythm, panning and volume. Heavy breathing, the ecstatic cries of flagellants, left and right brain quarks (performed by Elise Lorrain), manic keys, keyboard and vocal sequences, plus distinctive Improv from

Steve Wozniak (hurdy-gurdy), Butch Morris (comedy) and perfectly demented vocalizing from Phil Minton create an inter world as freakishly hilarious as it is disturbing. Textual humour is better paced, less pushy, than on most other Rose projects. Grainger's themes appear fleetingly, while his 1908 cylinder recordings of folk songs provide a ghostly counterpoint to Rose's superb hi-tech sound manipulation. A work of extraordinary imagination and originality.

Rosenberg's Revised Timetables is back on more familiar territory with the fictitious Johannes Rosenberg (see Rose's and Rainer Linz's books *The Pure Violin and Violin Music in the Age of Shaping*). The CD is based on a satirical alternative world history (1993-1983) in which so-called "major" and "minor" events are jumbled together to refute the idea of history as linear progression, and to cause information overload in the mind of the listener. It doesn't take long. The overlapping of narration (in Italian with English translation) and Improv, by Rose and an Italian ensemble, makes this a particularly demanding work, which bristles with sudden shifts in dynamics and texture like a John Zorn game-piece. Take your time with it.

Techno Mt Starungen (Techno With Dissonances) sees Rose as project director of an Austrian festival assemblee piece constructed from fragments of numerous leading improvisors. The turntables and samplers of Frank Schüller, Christian Manday

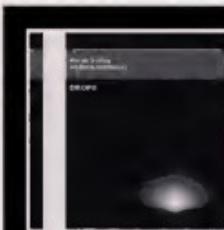
and the ubiquitous Ottmar Yoshida produce weird Techno pulse sequences, where density frequently militates against clarity. These are interspersed with a succession of "disturbances" by Rose, Phil Minton, Chris Cutler, Peter Cusack, Evan Parker, Stanislaw Namyslak, Fred Frith, Iva Bitova, Conny Bauer and others. Not the most inspiring way of using this rich source of improvised material.

CHRIS BLACKFORD**Luther Thomas**

BAGM 21
CPR 112 CD

Last time Luther Thomas was in London he was playing classic soul baritone behind James Chance. The king of punkjazz lounge nihilism doesn't use just any saxophone player. Luther Thomas emerged in Missouri in the late 60s where he joined the Black Artists Group (the acronym explains the word album title). This was St Louis' answer to Chicago's AACM, a self-help organisation committed to musician-defined music and free play. As Joe Bowie's Deathless attest, AACM players have a strong feel for street-level grooves. In 1981 Luther had his own shot at No Wave funk with a group he called Dizzazz.

This is pure acoustic jazz but Luther's aesthetic imbues every note with soul. Much as it offends the catagorical mentality, which



DEREK BAILEY
ANDREA CENTAZZO
DROPS
Rdc 5037

ICTUS REISSUE SERIES # 5



ROVA SAXOPHONE QUARTET
ANDREA CENTAZZO
THE DAY
Rdc 5038

ICTUS REISSUE SERIES # 6



BRANCA
SYMPHONY NO. 1
RDC 5026

Fy 7007



JON GIBSON
TWO SOLO PIECES
plus Melody II part 1, Melody III, Seq 1
RDC 5796



IM PETUS
DISTRIBUTION
PO Box 1324
London WS 2ZU
tel/fax 0181-998 6411

for full catalogue of these and other independent releases
send an 89p-SAE or 4xIRCs to Impetus at the foremost address for new music

soundcheck

would like acoustic music to be tasteful and timeless, free jazz is as much about bringing the vertigo of punch chords and gospel into the public sphere as it is about aspirations to highest abstraction. The group consists of Luther on alto, Ted Daniel on trumpet, Wilber Morris on bass and Denie Charles on drums; everyone plays with the character and weight that is specific to the Afro-American tradition.

"Swimming Lake Oliver" sets up an airy groove with the horns chattering at each other, and a hovering sense of expectancy is created by the openness of bass and drum. The solemnity of Albert Ayler is leavened by Ornette Coleman's playfulness. The way Luther breaks into Dame's solo is at once supportive and challenging — like coming upon a joke in a dense paragraph by Hegel: "Tag (You're It) is a game of pass-the-musical-word. It works better than many contrived concepts in both improv and classical music because all four players are so buoyant in their musical current (none of the blustery streaks of Steve Beresford's giddy *Fish Of The Week*, for example). "Don't Tell" is finger-popper and folky like a superior Dan Cherry tune, "Kool Aid" is hopper-for-the-hell-of-it with bright fountains of virtuosic tension spraying up between chunks of melody. "As If I Were Love" features plangent rhapsody from Luther's alto, a tender encounter unmeshed in contemporary jazz.

Art is symbolic politics, a mirror of social stances and attitudes. By playing acoustic harmonica with a dash of punk humour ("For Don C") or making sophisticated full-throated art out of the fractured music of the socially defeated (the broken blues of "Don't Tell"), the Luther Thomas Quartet recall the way Paul Klee and Max Ernst learned from the art of the insane. The builders of political correctness issued from the Lincoln Center by Stanley Crouch — a critical pointy who wants jazz to aspire to the cultural authority of opera — can only see such high-tech infatuation with humble acoustic hoodwinks as perverse and degenerate. To these ears, Luther Thomas's application of cutting-edge miscegenation to the pleasures of realms spontaneously and chance is incredibly moving.

BEN WATSON

UMO

Unidentified Musical Object
HOME ENTERTAINMENT/QUO SIY HE013 CD

Prince Charming

Psychotropical Hearwave
WORLD/SOUND WS013 CD

According to the press release (but revealed nowhere in the commercial packaging), *Unidentified Musical Object* is the first in a series of albums that were designed to create music for a living room in a UFO. What some guy banging on some cans on a New York street corner ("Unidentified Drummer"), or overhearing a Bobby Brown song from the john as someone shits, showers and shaves before going out ("Getting Ready"), has to do with the lounge in an alien spacecraft is beyond me. Conceptual quibbles aside, this project — instigated by the ex-pat German, Khan, and largely propagated by his brother Jammer Unit (moonlighting from Air Liquide) and Adel Dior — does occasionally produce music that is as intriguing as trying to refine on a chaotic line designed for a three foot Martini while drinking your way to Alpha Centauri.

Unsurprisingly, the album works best when it stays from the drab orthodoxies of Electronica and its dull-witted spaceoperatics. "UMO One," while superficially the most contry of the tracks with its bass drones and ponderous hums, is immersive and playful and seems to be the track that most lives up to album's alleged concept. Meanwhile, the gentle pulse of "Rainmaker," the unsettling synth pads of "Rainbow Room" and the slightly atrophied funk of "UMO Three" bring a strange warmth and intelligence to a genre that normally uses outer space clichés only to show off its atheism.

Similarly, Prince Charming's *Psychotropical Hearwave* contains mildly inventive music misappropriating as a concept album. Like Funki Porcupi's annoyingly smug 1995 album *Heil Phone Sex*, *Psychotropical Hearwave* is buried beneath a dizzying torrent of ludicrous wordplay which pictures the Prince as a Casanova for the 90s. A slow-motion Super B tidal wave of savory flavored jazz juice squeezed from the sweaty silk sheets of

Prince Charming's shoulderlength shadowy sordid seduced Sumerian subterranean sin city sub-cellular of seductive soundscapes.

None of the stringing scatologically suggestive, stream-of-consciousness stanzas of sybaritic seadolls would be a problem if either the album sucked or the music was as sexy as advertised. Unfortunately, neither is the. *Psychotropical Hearwave* contains some excellent reworkings of cinematic down-tempo clichés — Prince Charming has a way with Bernard Hermann song flourishes, film noir penises and spoken word samples. The result is a moody, edge, toothy strain of Dubstep that might get your head nodding, but won't get your grain germinating. At least you don't have to go to bed with the guy.

PETER SHAPIRO

Various Artists

Hidden Rooms
CERTIFICATE 1B CERT 1B0001 CD/LP

Various Artists

Lost In Space Drum 'N' Bass Phase 2
LACERBA CRIBAD 2 CD/2LP

Drum 'n' bass collectors tend to conform to one of two types. One is the small label retrospective, bringing together all those 12"s that have long since passed into obscurity; the other is the genre overview, an attempt to produce the definitive summation of the ever-mutating musical form. *Hidden Rooms* fits into the first of those frameworks, *Lost In Space* the latter.

Certificate 1B, the ipswich-based label, has long been revered by the drum 'n' bass fraternity for the part it played in launching the careers of both Phunk and Source Direct. Accordingly, it is their work that occupies two thirds of this collector recording as Studio Pressure and Sounds Of Life respectively. What's most interesting about these tracks is the relatively linear path they all follow (anciently Protek), a long way from the fractal-like complexity of their current work. Tracks such as "A Space Of Jazz" and "Presta" will acquire an added frisson of excitement as you hear in them the first strings of the breath-taking highwire percussive acrobatics

that has become the trademark of such releases as "The Hidden Camera" and "House". Musically, they've always painted pictures of personality — a process *Hidden Rooms* endorses in its remaining four tracks, particularly in the swelled-down tension of Kulae's relentless millennial chill thrash — but it's only now that they've learnt to use the beats as instruments of dolocation as well.

Lost In Space is a much coarser affair by contrast, concentrating on the lighter, airier side of drum 'n' bass. Ignore the major playboy remakes by the likes of PFM, Wax Doctor and T-Power, which never venture beyond the personal archetype Head instead for some of the lesser-known names Stink Sound System, One True Parker (insisted by Ray Keith), Nitin Sawrey and particularly the spectral breakbeat dusk of Amputee. Any attempt to cover such a wide spectrum of sound is bound to leave you in something of a pan-synthetic middleground where comparison between various strands becomes largely irrelevant. But as is the varied enough selection, at least of the more tremulous end of the drum 'n' bass spectrum.

PETER MCINTYRE

Various Artists

Mixed
NFC 0036 CD

My trouble with records of electroacoustic music — "serious" electronic/technique concert music — is that the stuff often sounds better live. The complete opposite to pop and rock music. For many electroacoustic composers, including the very best, the tape is merely the score. The final product, the performance, is in the successful projection of the tape, preferrably over a multi-channel system with good speakers in a big space and presided over by a maestro such as Alastair MacDonald or Iain Drury. And when you add a well-mixed virtuous player such as James Grubis, hea featured playing the draggy named "free bass accordian" on John Kelso-Ken's pally Mortal, the stage is set for a cracking performance. Both kinds of music, as they might have said in *The Blues Brothers*. Electro. And acoustic.

Roupe Entelechy

available on cd from february
(includes germ remix)

...cutting edge breakbeat...wicked bleeps...
beautiful jazz harmonies... (mixmag)

...oozing individuality...wires Thomas Dolby
into Africa-Bembeata's beatbox... (muzik)



resource records
tel/fax 01904 628 570
p.o.box 27,
resource@muzik.demon.co.uk

So you could view a release like *Mixed*, the second in a series of collaborations between the Sonic Arts Network and the NMC label, as a collection of study scores — more interesting if you have been lucky to hear the work in "widescreen" format, or if you're already familiar with the composers. As with much classical music, the dynamics and spatial qualities are difficult to capture within the two dimensions of regular stereo recording. Unlike more melodic or rhythmic music, the spatial, timbral elements are often what these pieces are all about. Little home hi-fis and personal stereo headphones can't tell the full story. (*Tme* Recording) have addressed part of the problem by using Roland's sound imaging system on all the releases in the series.)

Michael Rose's Cobain's Urbs #2: *Posing Moments/Riffs And Riffs* features talented Dutch cellist/narrator Henk Pijnenburg and, at 19 minutes, is the longest piece. Agustín Fernández's Wounded Angel features his own fine choral playing and a tape element that really digs in and engages with the shimmering. Of the two tape-only tracks, Forest Pece by Sarah "Schwarzenegger" Collins is made from a wide range of percussion samples, and Dreams Of Being by Raumlík Friedman has something of the soggy, Forboden Planet sound about it. Joseph Hydes In Songtime II: September Song is for soprano (Steve Hallyard), tape and live electronics, involving the aforementioned MacDonald as engineer.

I think you're likely to have to be there — to get your body between the multiple speakers, to let those souped sounds creeps around you and fly and zoom across the space around your head. At home, this is not a bad album, but not a great one. A bit mixed, really.

JOHN L. WALTERS

track, "Forward With Jim Orthodox" by Myself. This was certainly around in the UK in the 70s but it isn't common, and to this ears it's up there with Perry's finest work. Drenched in the full smoky haze of the later Black Art, it rides a leisurine groove, the vocal performances glide with the soul of The Impressions and the dub, though distorted, flickers into wild life towards the end of the piece. The tune's social-contract-breaking message — "Forward with Jim orthodox/ker get no of the income tax" — should find favour, too.

WILL MONTGOMERY

Various Artists

The Unmhmed

SUB ROSA 58 103 CD

Various Artists

New York Soundscape

SUB ROSA QUADRUM 153 CD

In a marketplace packed to the gills with compilations, Sub Rosa continue along their own peculiar path with collections built around unfathomable agendas. Not so much concept albums as notion albums, they have continued to up the ante in this area, with an increasingly unique concept and engineeing — if bewildering — packaging.

The Unmhmed adds to the label's Utopian Dunes series. If its theme is literally

unfinished work then it falls some way short of its aims, the least I can say about any of the music here is that it's the result of a lot of work. Scottn's Mick Harris contributes "Tap," it's unutterably Hams's work, with a no-nonsense melody spun out over a galvanising Techno rhythm which shifts periodically close to drum 'n' bass modishness but somehow steers clear. By contrast, the two pieces by Mark Van Hoen (aka Locust) and the three-part live tape performance by Lithium seem most concerned with peripheral, perhaps at times too self-consciously sonic textures and machine-driven stilted rhythms. We've heard this kind of work before, of course, and the words post- and industrial do come to mind (and even that pre-Industrial Word, Isolationism). But both Lith and Locust mine this territory with absolute commitment, and it shows.

The odd piece by David Toop crops up now and again in this kind of context, and it's always instructive to compare it with the music it stands alongside. "Bonework" is an outlier from the sessions that produced 1995's *Screen Commissars*. Its bursts of tremolo fuzz guitar rip out of a shifting landscape of barely glimpsed sounds characteristically spread across every microfacet of the stereo spectrum. In the midst of so much machine music — albeit machine music struggling with its human ambitions — Toop's has a rare, wild physicality. I'm torn a bit and a colleague but whatever it's worth the price for this alone.

New York Soundscape features four pieces by Scanner, David Shea and Nus recorded at a Sub Rosa event last autumn at NYC's

Cooler, interspersed with ambient recordings taken around the city. I have to say Scanner far dominates this collection, two of his pieces are featured, and while the screen-recordings aren't his, they inevitable recall his work. A reader's letter in *The Wire* 155 voices certain reservations about Scanner; a maniac whose intelligence keeps him ahead of a considerable proportion of the post-Techne pack, but whose aesthetics is perhaps starting to wear thin. Scanner's main piece here seems to grasp that notion, and almost entirely eschews scanning in favour of very now NYC Techne. Say what you like about Scanner, he sure knows the meaning of zeitgeist.

Nils' "Bass For The Devil's Argument" is without question the oddest piece on either of these two CDs, a medieval text sung in southwesterly over-gorgeous, ringing guitar chords. It's probably unimpressive, but the results are high kisch, and very enjoyable for it. New York Soundscaper's biggest

disappointment is David Shea's contribution, which lacks his usual virtuous jump-cuts and genre-compressions. It's possible that the piece was accompanied live with a film, so perhaps he's reserved judgement, but Shea is so impressive elsewhere. Overall though, an ringing and green NYC's fruitful embracing of European Electronica, very timely document.

SIMON HOPKINS

Various Artists

Unknown Public 08: Sensuality
Essence And Nonentity

UNKNOWN PUBLIC UP08CD2

Considering the appalling possibility that one or two *Wire* readers may yet be unaware of John L. Walters and Laurence Croud's ingenious audio-magazine, let it be said that Unknown Public (the phrase which Boulter once applied to his audience) represents a singular role in the dissemination of contemporary composition. Since its launch in 1992, UP has been consistently championing new writers and blending their work with that of established ones (John Adams is an enthusiastic supporter) and under-represented ones, and it has done so with a verve that makes the whole thing a delight. "Creative music in a plain brown box" is how UPs blurb describes the publication. Its accompanying magazine is bilingual (English, French, German) and its ideas span further still.

One of the reasons for Unknown Public's success is its ability to go places more formal recordings can't, offering space not only for 'whole' pieces but also excerpts. An open-access point for compositions lasting under 60 seconds is a regular feature. The 14 tracks of the current issue represent a typically diverse field: some intriguing work from Howard Skempton (the delicacy of his Cage tribute, *Of Lute*, deserves description), Mark-Anthony Turnage, what sounds like a Marin

Denny homage from Bob Moses and a wonderfully far-reaching Eric Dolphy transcription of Billie Holiday's classic "God Bless The Child" executed with languorous beauty by Henk Peetersburg's bass clarinet. As with previous editions of UP, there's stuff to take issue with, to ponder and to embrace wholeheartedly. Two of the most interesting contributors come from Sylvia Heilbrun (her Rimming Tongue for soprano and FX has a glass harmonica-like clarity) and Edward McGuire, whose Romances for cello and guitar deconstructs the Romantic tradition of virtuoso performance in a subtle and engaging manner. In all, a commendable issue from an infinitely commendable magazine.

LORRIE GRAY

Alan Vega

Dubbing Pratig

21381 2138000 CD

Two indelible images of Alan Vega continue to haunt me. The first is when I witnessed him and his group being booted off stage by an audience of impotent Pop Will Eat Itself fans, one of whom had actually gone to the trouble of smashing a toilet bowl in order to hurl a lethal sized chunk of wood glass at the singer. Throughout the odious Vega stood his ground taunting the crowd to do their worst, refusing to abandon his performance.

The second is in his rented New York hotel room where he was explaining to me his new song ideas. Vega raged up a set of FX pedals with a hand held microphone, performed a set of songs crooked down on the floor, hitting the pedals occasionally in his quest for the perfect beat.

That same determination to win through against all odds as well as his hunger for experimentation shine through on this latest set of songs, a combination which makes Dubbing Pratig Vega's best solo record since 1981's *Callison Tone*. To achieve this he has returned to the streets for inspiration, striding through New York City's darker zones, kicking up trash, eaves dropping on subway slang and mimicking the neon signs and slabs of spray-painted graffiti that need like lines of alien poetry. To these urban tides Vega adds monochromic machine beats, Liz Larmer's keyboards and Kuchi Guchi's guitar. For the first time in ages Vega sounds in control of his own destiny, coming across almost like a demented Mark E. Smith, standing on top of the world holding out such signs as the teasing "Cheenorka" which shows that he has lost none of his ability to come up with an offbeat pop tune. Like all his best songs this one is deceptively simple and street-smart smirks, backed by a female chorus that makes it sound like some show tune from hell. Much of the rest of Dubbing Pratig ticks over with mechanical thrusts and resonances with the pain and passion of previous attempts to get the message through. This time, however, that message suddenly starts to make sense.

EDWIN POWCZYK

in brief

critical beats

Rob Young tries to conquer a backlogged mountain of 12" vinyl

Basilica La Ploró/Good Times

coconino series 500 sets \$23 12"

Sparky Lightbourne Can You Hear Me, Folks?/Electricity Hit Me, Son! SENT 16 12"

Ronnie & Clyde better know for their bumping drum 'n' bass cuttings on Swns' deliver series of Heligood HePop "La Plork" shows that when it comes to Serge Gainsbourg drollery, the duo — masquerading here as Basilica — know their onions. Scruffy guitar chirps do to "Je T'Aime" soul add behind fleasty beats, all that's missing is Catherine Deneuve circa 1964 on vocals. On "Electricity Hit Me", Alex Mitchell, aka Sparky Lightbourne and a former member of indie-type Curve, also sounds indebted to the quipperimentation of French pop when it briefly comes within shouting distance of massive concrete in the mid-60s. Over switchback DJ beats, he spins in a variety of corkscrewing Moog sounds, guitars and voice samples. Notable also for a lockout run-out groove that actually plays in time.

Designer Vandal/Larson sou. STATIC SOUND SOUL 15 12"

Two-to-one drum machine manipulations from Tortoise sound engineer Casey Rice. "Lancer" is the stand-out, where Rice's psychotic twist of the FX controls causes the chugging monochrome beat to explode every now and then like a pack of enraged Dobermanns.

Dillinja Violent/Lemon D

12 01 12VLT/12VLT01 12"

The shared "12" is supposed to herald yet another new era in drum 'n' bass — ever heard that before? No paradigm shifts operate here, but both tracks borrow a rhythmic technique used by Haken Agenda to simulate a huge rotating gram- am, randomly selecting sections of breaks to drop into the flow. "Violent" beefs up the low end with a monster kick, but "12 D1" lacks focus or internal logic, means it fails to write itself onto the body.

Doppler 20:20 Art Electronique

05/05/01 12VLT007 12"

Drenched in Digital FM module obsessiveness, and clothed in a design by Matt Pyle (brother of Freedrom's Simon), the ought by rights to sit squarely in the Worm Interface/Sheffield Electronica camp. It does, only it's enriched by a genre of club which seeds itself in tracks like "Bed Spring" and "He Is Corruption". Since

"Gentlemen Please" is a transcendent take on Aphex Twin-style burp-beats, a tactic that's rapidly losing its appeal. But inventive, tactful musical vision make this worth seeking out.

Dunderhead Black Sheepish EP

worm INTERFACE 00010 12"

Four colourful lumps of squash from the bedroom-named Nagel Smith encased in a day-glo hand-painted sleeve. "A Floorless Soul" is what this is all about: sonor-slip noise drums create a dubbed-out, vocous mood, while "Dodd-Dub" is a more traditional 16-bit Studio One sounds. A worthy prelude to Smith's first full-length release due later this year. But will Worm Interface live up to the courage of their convictions and press up a decent number of copies?

Farmers Manual Does Not Compute

12 01 12VLT/12VLT01 12"

Further evidence of illegal additions to Vinton's water supply. These Hego label stalwarts have created an utterly unbeschreibbar drum 'n' bass track for new label True, an appendage of Ash International, skipping around but never entirely losing the plot. Like all the weirdly baffling Hego output, it manages to be both entertaining and completely pointless.

Gescom Keymell

12 01 12VLT/12VLT01 12"

The confusing world of Skunk's catalogue — all u-haul backtracks, delectos and reissues — is rapidly becoming a highly collectable one. "Keymell" by the Gescom incarnation of Autechre's Sean Booth and Rob Brown is a crunching, solemn affair, with few of the mental mapses which characterise their parallel Warp releases of the moment. That's not to say the track's four versions aren't worth attention: they reveal a classical, elegant side to the Autechre duo that's not been in evidence since their *Amber LP*.

Kosmos Koestnos EP

PURPLE 12"

At last the deep space emission — well, it's from Moscow, so might as well be — is received up in Western Europe. Made by a pair of Muscovite Space Engineering students, it's claimed, but even if that's a pack of lies, it's exactly what this sounds like. Four tracks of zero-gravity bliss make this Sankt's best for some considerable time, some beautiful real-time Rhodes and quivering, star-bright theremin sparkle

between the pure electronic pulsations, ensuring the life-giving warmth of this stellar Sankt sound.

Lexis Criminal Elements/

Hypnoticale exorcism

12 01 12VLT/12VLT01 12"

There's been something too nice about the bulk of CenT 18's output — Kula and Studio Pressure honourably excepted — to properly sully. Yet this offering from Rob Solomon, an Ipswich-based mucketeer of Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*, deserves to be mentioned in dispatches. "Criminal Elements" builds on an indescent orchestral climax as its hook-samples, and races for home with the aid of some teetering Latin-style triangle percussion. Bang the one to eight.

p-Zig Umrur Blle Thrax

12VLT002 12"

When the first sampled strains of Omerte Coleman's "Virgin Beauty" arrive in the early moments of "Umrur Blle", its extraordinary fluid guitar line flipping like a krazy manta ray, only to disappear as Mike Paradinas scrawls some trademark jettisoning Electro beats across the surface, it's tempting to think something's seriously amiss. But gradually, as the two elements are reconciled over the ensuing nine minutes, "Umrur Blle" reveals itself as Paradinas's most sophisticated work to date. "Let Let" is a hysterical Jungle in both senses. "IBS Saabstone" continues the interest in traffic noise, which surfaced last year in his contribution to New York's Art In The Anchorage event. And with radical reworkings of older p-Zig tracks including "The Phone Socks" (aka "The Sonic Fox") and the headlong hastiness that is "Horror", there's no reason to hesitate.

Panacea 1, & 2

12 01 12VLT/12VLT01 12"

If you thought Juggernaut didn't get any darker than No U Turn, Wurzburg's Hatchas Hosts just blew out the candles. I know what Techstep drum 'n' bass is: the 90s equivalent of adolescent Death Metal. Look at the facts: tube-screamer riff-offs, obsessions with fantasy imagery, nihilistic body horror, any repertoire of repeated musical gestures, infinitely sprawling syntheses. The wilfully unlively chord-shifts just happen to be triggered from a sampler, rather than strummed on a pentatonic feedback guitar. That said, "Iron's" pitiless spasms, "Torture's" teeth-grinding rampage and "Stommbanger's" sub-base sublimation sure will alter your heart-rate.

PIN Libel EP

12 01 12VLT/12VLT01 12"

Just when you thought Tim Wright, aka Germ, had gone under, he reappears with a new alias and a track on Macro Dub Infecton 2 "Libel" crops up again as the lead track on the EP, an understated, funeral affair compared with Germ's *Poros* album, which featured blisterng

snarky trombone from Hilary Jeffery Still, the title track's weepy 3D3 interactions and "Alive And Sentient's" cryogenic ambience will chase away the month's surfeit of "appy vinyl". Although these recordings are over a year old, the tentativeness and swinging time-switching on the breakfast track, "Remember", and the card-shuffling snare-rolls on "Pandit", when the palates new Germ-related projects upcoming in 97.

Porter Ricks Redundance 1 & 2

12 01 12VLT/12VLT01 12"

Porter Ricks Zebra sauson MAR 01 10 5x sets of vinyl along which Thomas Komer applies his saintly patience to pulse-driven Techno forms. After the icy endurance tests of such Ambient albums as Nunotak Gomnor and Penitentiary, perhaps it was inevitable that Komer would step back (or push forward) into an approach that assimilates rhythm however minimal. Like Sankt's releases, Porter Ricks tends to give pleasure or drive to distraction. But with the two discs of "Redundance", Komer shows himself an adept at manipulating the information between the marching 4/4 locks. His monkey-puzzle rhythms, constructed with subsonic squelches and strangely articulated beeps, are creating all the right vibrations.

Rob & Goldie The Shadow

Dom & Rob Distorted

Dreamtime hours shadow shadow 100 12"

"Deli-walls in shadow," murrays Goldie while riding deep down the grooves of this top-end of a ton of releases from Howling Shadow. Well, these days the prince of darkness infests perhaps one in every three or four disc that come flying out of their Soho offices, but this is a living centenary marker. No need for the soprano-squeals that sink around some of the label's jazzier grooves just heading parades and splatzy bashes from Goldie, and a sound from Dom Angus that's spartan from the mouth of a hellcat. Apart from the yucky gold vinyl, there's little sitting on laurels than to oversee Rob Playford up, bustle and out is the strategy.

Shantel Auto Jumps & Remixes

12 01 12VLT/12VLT01 12"

From the lauded cover photo and the name, I had Shantel down as a women, but apparently it's a bloke. Whatever, these ten tracks (six new and four remixed from a previous project) reflect generic synth waves into something refreshingly funky and freeflowing, with the aid of such tactics as superchromatic Miles Ahead-style chord voicings (on "Rebels" without a Pausel") and a surreal, but sweet-sounding female MC purring over the top at intervals. A nod-and-smile collection that never lets you dose off □

in brief outer limits

Paul Stump offloads another shipment of industrial waste

Christopher De Laurenti

Three Canvases For Orchestra

AMERICAN ARCHIVE RECORDINGS AAR 001 CD
The Inmetries for this curiosity consist of a self-advertisement of admirable chutzpah. Paul's Corner syntax and all the little self-signatures. Oh! genius and Harry Ranch acrylic! De Laurenti assault an unsympathetic world with his music. And beyond the inmetries' look-me-here-of-the-world posturing, this protege collage is brave, forthright and utterly committed. It's breathtaking in scope and energy but at times overeggs the puddling by drumming in one after another attack or decay, or one extra sample from a prodigious collection that doesn't mean the breakaway sequence of cutouts that's "Three Camels" — sounding roughly like an uneven record shop processed through a comment mixer — is anything but very very good indeed. OK then, let me hear you, we like you. Now follow it up.

Magma Concert 1976 Opera De Reims

I sense that Christian Vander will not be satisfied until every note ever recorded by him and his cosmic crew is committed to CD. There's a missionary air about the size and scope of his release schedule, not to mention a cult dimension that recalls the mystique surrounding one of his heroes, Sun Ra. This triple-set was recorded a year or so after the classic double LP *Magma Live* and boasts a similar line-up: keyboards Jean-Paul Aselane is replaced by Patrick Gauthier), but it's a leaner and darker work of heat, almost introspective in places, with less of the eccentric Prog understanding that was so many hearts. "De Futur," the 25 minute jam which grinds its way through the first half of the first disc, is minimal indeed for Magma, yet it's dark and deadly menacing in a way that Pink Floyd could never even imagine. This is one bad-mood group. Perhaps the presence of Gauthier, co-head of Heidton, that most grim-faced of all Burn noise bands of the 70s, has something to do with it.

There are inevitable longueurs — the descent into drum solo on the freeform "Sons Et Choros De Baritone" — and the remaining pieces, all 30 minutes plus, can lose their way if any one group member gets rives above their station. But for the most part it's a memorable outing, perhaps because with the passing of the years, Vander's once foregrounded cosmic stop has withered away and allowed the music to stand on its own.

Muslimgauze/Fatal Guerrilla

STALPLATT MUSICUM 009 3CD

The minimal and brooding desolation of Muslimgauze's last limited edition release (*Return Of Black September*) is here spread over three discs in a run of 700 copies. Getting down to fundamentals in more ways than one, the severely ascetic sonic polemic renders the guitars, dubby soundstage of its predecessor even more ungriving, with shifting hues of ghostly percussion and bass-booms that sound like distant artillery. Good enough, but 175 minutes of non-stop anything can get to be a bit wearying. Who's in the edit suite?

Namlook/Schulz/Laswell

Dark Side Of The Moog Vol 5 FAX 061723 CD

Spilt into eight parts and running for the usual 60 minutes, but only half-way interesting, I'm afraid. Minimalism all very well, but even the uneventful can be good or bad. Here three musicians who should know, and can do, better simply autopilot their way through the fifth release in a series that should never have got past volume two. Even the best bits — the desolate melancholic wasteland of part three and the zombie dub of part five — are more evocative for their nostalgia value than for anything innovative. "Dedicated to Bob Moog without whom this album would not be possible," reads the sleeve-note. Why pass the buck?

Genesis P Orridge & White Stains

AT STOOLMANNEKHOVAD 01000 CD

Without some really rather good cemetery beats and E&I shards of guitar sampled now, the mood-musical presentation of Omage's questionable poetry and gnostic mantras, rest in a deadpan murmur by Gun himself, would be one of the most pretentious packages this side of David Sylvian. Yet like the former Japan vocalist (whose recent work seems to be sliding remarkably close to Omage's own preoccupations) the psych one has always had an assured hand on his musical sensibilities, making packaging and textual matters secondary to an unflinchingly compelling sonic music.

Adam Shalik/Tim Floyd

DUFF INSTRUCT AMBIENT AMB 00062 CD

Some of the silliest inmetries ever written, describing the album as a "showcase of existence" and dealing on about noise pollution in the Pacific Northwest, prepares

the listener for the most meretricious New Age drivelng imaginable. These guys make Deep Forest seem bush. A shame, because while there's little new here, there is an appealing but unsettling link to the guitar-dominated drifts. Unlike all New Age productions this is never comfortable music, there's a sense that these two musicians aren't so much communing with nature as looking over their shoulders for grizzlies or sasquatches.

Test Department Totality 2

GENESIS REMIXES KK 119 CD

In the *Wire* 14/3 I wrote that "Genes" (a track from Test Department's last album, *Totality*) was "seven-league-booted Hip Hop, one of the most danceable tracks of the year." These four remixes are a nice vindication of that opinion. With the exception of the Techno/Trance inundation of "Tortured Genes" by Sympathy Nervous the breadth and invention of the new Test Department's soundstage is not upfront but winningly remastered. Even an unloved jungle reverb by JTF and Screens Team retains some of the original's textual excellence. "Genes" is 7 [Magic Number] and "Ingenious" are the bitters here: ideal introduction to a group that's going higher and higher.

Vance Orchestra Mellow Mood/Immortal Moments vinyl

HUSHUP HPH010 CD

Those wacky Dutch — so good at *Jazz Sans Frontières*, remember — they're a gas. You were expecting Mike Hawkes and all you got is racket! Apart from the ironic titling this is a run-of-the-mill piece of soundsculpting and electroacoustic Ambient. However, it's often interestingly organic in its choice of ambiences — there are, it seems, snurrs and interlaces at work in these edited tracks, and "Innocent Metal" seems to be a writing with a life of its own.

Various Artists Nocturne

CONCRETE UNIT CIRCLE RECORDS UK 021 CD
Just when you thought the world was already full up with drones, another skipload from the great Industrial plant is dumped on the turntable. What's really depressing is that much of this lot is just what people imagine Industrial to be: dull, grey musical scowls. Even the title could be a parody of the genre. Some light penetrates, but it's mostly the colour of smeared lipstick, with schizo-saturnine sub-PJ Harvey songs from the likes of Vassily and Fear Of Gods (through The Rotary Fields). "Red Sea" is a thoughtful enough antidote. Nothing here is what you might call remotely bad, but neither is it all that interesting. The Americans can't seem to help Steptonizing the personnel of every genre they get their hands on. If this is the New World's New Music, take me back in time. □

NEWSAGENT SHOP SAVE FORM



To make sure that you receive your monthly copy of *The Wire*, simply complete this form with your personal details and hand it to your local newsagent. You can collect the next issue when you are ready to do so, and you can cancel your order at any time.

I wish to place a regular order for **THE WIRE MAGAZINE**. Please save a copy for me each month until further notice.

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Telephone _____

NEWSAGENT PLEASE NOTE...

The Wire Magazine is available through your usual wholesaler and is fully 50% In case of difficulty please contact the distributor, UMD, on 0171 638 4666, or the publisher on 0171 439 6422

freefall

Clive Bell plunges through music's protecting veil and enters the realms of sonic absurdity. This month: a new star of gonzo music journalism

W hichever way you look at it 1996 was a great year for British music. 'Sir' Simon Rattle shouting and waving his arms about on TV, lovable wooly-hatted Django Bates collecting that prize for European jazz, erm, somewhere in Denmark, and Janis Cocker awarding the Turner Prize and waving his arse about on TV. So it's good to salute yet another fine British achievement — the award of the Bon Mot European Prize for Outstanding Music Journalism to our very own Boz Crapley.

The Bon Mot is a relatively new award, jointly sponsored by the Deutsche Bundesbank, Embassy Cigarettes and the Lithuanian Chamber of Commerce. This is the first time a British journo has won the award, and Boz was quick to dismiss suggestions that the Europe-wide panel of judges might not have understood what he wrote: "Music journalism is an international language, actually," quoth Boz, "and anyone who really understands what anyone is saying these days? My subject is like a bassline in a club toilet, it's gonna kick you in the chest whether you're listening or not."

So here's an example of Boz Crapley at his uncompromising best, an album review that we reprint by kind permission of *Lorge* magazine:

"This is not just another album by Bigears. Bigears doesn't 'make albums' any more OK, it looks like an album, it's in a CD box, and it's called Gnome by Bigears. Don't let that fool you. This is not so much a CD as a pained haymaker of a punch, straight to the bloated solar plexus of the consumerist beast inside all of us, and the beast is left heaving and sputtering in the gutter, wondering if he's ever going to breathe

again. It's Bigears vs The Beast, on your street, right, and all you can do is creep away indoors and twitch the lace curtains of your pathetic bourgeois lifestyle and whine. But it's an album, isn't it? Give me a break.

Bigears isn't just in tune with the zeitgeist, he's eaten the zeitgeist for breakfast and on this album we can hear him picking it out of his teeth. Gnome is so now, it's so 'us' that we already know all the words, all the tunes. You don't need the record, it's already inside you, it's already played you so many times it's worn down your grooves and you need replacing. If you can't hear Gnome right now, in your head, all the time, then you're so hopelessly out of touch that I can't believe you're reading this review. I mean you're so out that you just came back in again, you know?

Back in the era when Bigears still 'made music' and 'released albums' he played guitar, a bit like Buddy Holly. Then one crucial evening in the theatre, while watching a musical based on Buddy Holly's life, Bigears was possessed by a vision so powerful he calls it his 'out-of-Buddy experience'. With his next album Bigears took the critics' ears and quite literally nailed them to the floor. Swollen Babies was the record that really put the pins into pushchairs.

Whipping up critical furor like the froth on a cafe macchiato, like the sputne on a blocked canal full of detergent, like the ... er, anyway, Bigears' next project, Love Power, involved setting a baroque opera by Jean-Baptiste Lully (*La Pussesse De L'Amour*) to an Acid House rhythm track. Not so much 'setting' the opera, more like shoving a stomach-pump into Lully's rotting entrails and pulling very hard.

When it comes to *fin de siècle* angst, Bigears doesn't just put his finger on the spot, he picks off the scab and squeezes. Hard. Like a Frank Zappa CO box set stuffed into a back pocket, Bigears just doesn't fit in — his music rips apart the faded denim of the defunct counterculture, exposing the knees and legs underneath.

Don't expect to see Gnome in the charts — Bigears doesn't want you to 'buy' this record. He wants you to confront it, to measure yourself against it, to realize how pitifully inadequate your musical responses are compared to Bigears and the tiny handful of people who really understand him. And if only one single person feels inadequate, then maybe this review will have been worthwhile." □

Label distributors & contacts

Further consumer info: labels not named in this column should be available from good specialist retailers such as Depth Charge, Piccadilly, Rough Trade, These, etc. In emergencies, contact likely distributors such as Cargo, Greyhound, Harmonia Mundi, Impres, Kubo, Penicile, Recommended, RTM, SBD, These, Vital, etc.

2:13:51 through Pinnacle

4AD through RTM/01SC

Absolut through SRO

American Archive Recordings PO

Box 45655, Seattle, WA 98145,
USA

Arka through Vital

Atavistic through SRO

Baroomi through SAM/Vital

Beggars Banquet through RTM/01SC

Bomb HipHop through Greyhound,
Soul Trader

Certificate 18 through Vital

Chrome through SRO

CIMP through Impetus

City Slang through RTM/01SC

Dame Ambiances Magnétiques, CP
263 Succ, East Montreal, Quebec,
Canada H2T 3A7

December Dawn through DDR

Infamy

Indomie through RTM/01SC

EMI Premier through EMI

Erosia Via Guerazzi 20, 40125

Bologna, Italy

Etherworld PO Box 15374, San
Francisco, CA 94115, USA

Fax 00 41 69 450464

Fiel through Vital

FMP through Cadillac

FMR through Impetus, Cadillac

Forced Exposure PO Box 9102,

Watertown, MA 02454-9102, USA

Fourth Dimension through Cargo

Freedag Nuevo/GPR through

3MW/Vital

Hannibal through Rykodisc/Vital

Hathouse through RTM/01SC

Home Entertainment/Liquid Sky

through Cargo

Hut through Virgin/EMI

Impulse! through New Note/Pinnacle

Infrasound through various importers

Instinct 26 West 17th Street, Suite

SQ2, New York, NY 10011, USA

Island through PolyGram

Justice League through Koch

Kiff SM through Play It Again Sam

KK Records through Plastic Head

KM 20 Tel/Fax 00 49 6221

16211B

Lacerba through 3MW/Sony

Matchless through Impetus

Moving Shadow through SRO

New Tone through Impetus

Ninja Tune through Vital

NMC through Complete

OO Discs 261 Groovers Avenue,

Black Rock, CT 06605-3452, USA

Phenotype through Harmonia Mundi

Plag Dicht Nicht

Neuerleichenfeldstr. 11/IS, A-1160

Vienna, Austria

PUIU/Sakura through SRO

Re!d through Red Recommended

RDR through SRO

Seventh through Harmonia Mundi

Skam through RTM/01SC

Skint through 3MW/Vital

Songlines Box 421, B10 W

Broadway, Vancouver, BC Canada

V8Z 4C9

Soul Static Sound through SRO

SSR through RTM/01SC

Staalplaat through SAM/Vital

Sub Rosa through SRO

Table Of The Elements through

Cargo

Tray through Kudos/Pinnacle, These

Triple Earth through Stems

Unique Ancient Tavern PO Box

931124, Los Angeles, CA 90093,

USA

Unknown Public Dept W, Freepost

(IRG 255B), PO Box 354, Reading

RG2 7BP

Value through Vinyl Distribution

Victo through These

Warp through RTM/01SC

WHO PO Box 54, Hitchin, Herts SG4

7TQ

Wordsound through SRO

Worm Interface 4 Berwick Street,

London W1

print run

Brian Duguid flicks through a shelf-load of new music 'zines



Fourth Door Review

Grand Royal #3 (PO BOX 26689, LOS ANGELES, CA 90026, USA) Notoriously a vanity mag produced by The Beastie Boys and a few pals, *Grand Royal* retains all the purring licks you'd normally expect glossodom to edit out. At first sight, a kingly willow in analogue synthesizer nostalgia is the main attraction (featuring Bob Moog, Wendy Carlos, Dick Hyman, Stereolab and many others). Eventually though, it's the slice-of-life material that appeals — Speculux kudos for a report from Bob Moog infiltrating a guitar tournament while impersonating Beastie Mike D; and a truly frightening visit to the New England Synthesizer Museum, but there's plenty of logo-dad low-life hi-jinx to amuse.

Octopus #5 (147 RUE DES TROIS ROBINS 75011 PARIS, FRANCE 21, 1985) The cover lines make this French-language 'zine look like a mirror image of *The Wire*. Balalaika Quartet, Squarupusher, Jim D'Rourke, Jon Garber, Jorge Reyes, Plan, Wagon Christ, Barry Adamson, Pleathead, etc. Complex but reasonably accessible monochrome layouts house long Q&A interviews with most of the above as with many 'zines, the critical input seems to be kept to a bare minimum, letting musicians speak their piece unimpeded. But there is a fairly open-ended and up-to-date review section, a background feature on the Beats and even a Buckethander primer ('9').

Organised Sound #1 (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, THE TURBINE BUILDING, SWEENEY ROAD, CAMBRIDGE CB2 2EP, £2.25)

Noisegate #4 (1519 SCOTT ROAD, PMB#200, SHEFFIELD S4 7BL, £2.50)

Organised Sound, a recent addition to the ranks of academic computer music journals, represents a gradual shift in fashion among the electroacoustic music community. The editorial acknowledges that avant-garde developments in computer music are increasingly irrelevant given the ways in which popular music now exploits the same technology. Unfortunately, the journal itself does little to bridge the gap. The first article, a history of sampling by Hugh Davies, gives the game away, failing utterly to acknowledge both the ubiquity and diversity of pop sampling activity, as well as the intellectual issues raised by the more provocative sampling avant-gardists such as John Oswald.

Despite being a 'men' fanzine, Noisegate has a better handle on developments. If its critical vocabulary is sometimes a little limited, it's at least open-minded, with an interest in wider cultural issues related to sound and

noise as well as just music. This also leads to an interest in 'sound art' installations, etc., which is rare in a music magazine, with the two communities usually having little contact. The latest issue deals with audience noise, solar radio emissions, digital recording, frequencies (slightly misleading, this one), spatial perception of music, how to release a DIY record and plenty more.

Revue Et Corrigée #23 (ROUTE 200, 38100 GRENOBLE, FRANCE, 20 PPI) A long-running and always intelligent fanzine (in French, of course) of all forms of avant garde music, with a commitment to publicising artists whose exemplary pedigrees aren't always matched with fame and fortune. For this reason, that includes ultra-minimists Etienne Daudé and Bernhard Gunzen, as well as post-industrial noise-makers Achim Wohlleben and composer Iancu Dumitrescu. Their reviews demonstrate interest in a wide variety of contemporary approaches to experimentation too.

Rubberneck #23 (211 DEANSTON DRIVE, BASINGSTOKE, HAMPSHIRE RG22 6JL, FREE, 20 PPI, 28P, SIZE 3, 13 INTRUSIVE ADVERTS, REPLY COUPONS OVERSIZE) Funded by advertising, Rubberneck is a long-running and extremely admirable document of free improvisation, avant-garde composition, Progressive rock and related musics edited by *Wire* contributor Chris Blackford. This issue features Bill Bruford, Joe Maneri, Max Eastley and David Jackson (of Van Der Graaf), but it's the well-informed and increasingly broadminded review section that makes it an essential document.



The Sound Projector #1

ROAD, CAMBRIDGE, LONDON SE5 5BW
I get the impression that editor Tim Pirsing is something of a latecomer to many of the musical areas featured in his magazine. There's plenty of the gushy enthusiasm of the recent convert, as well as a great deal of speculation to annoy the well-informed

nipper. Fortunately, it's this occasional naivety that makes the magazine so refreshing. Ed and his collaborators have things to say about the music which simply wouldn't occur to a harder crew. The coverage is mostly in an avant rock vein — Paul Kep Hanno, Stereolab, Amos, Joe Bonomelli, with relevant sides in avant garde composition — Tony Conrad, Harry Partch, Le Poer Young — and occasional forays elsewhere, such as into folk music, but we could have done without the po-faced dismissal of all club culture-related musical initiatives.

The Space Age Bachelor #1

(1095 WINDHAM ESTATE, CALGARY, AB T1B 3K5, CANADA) A facsimile in the classic vein, which is to say filled with confused layout and bursting with ideas, not all of them well-considered. Despite the title, neo-folk Listening is only part of the agenda (Interviews cover Stereolab, Pulp, Pavement and Torso). If a dialogue with Jason Semen Reynolds is perhaps a little too precious, the 'zine's centerpiece is a rambling, independent dissection of the musicianography of Tricky and Michael Jackson, which bewilfers as much as it enlightens.

Tuba Frenzy #3

(111, NC 21214, USA) American fanatics often seem to bridge the gap between college rock and avant post-rock with uneasy self-consciousness, never quite sure where to pitch the inefficienct levels. With *Your Flesh* seemingly giving up the quest for a way out of lowest-common-denominator tedium, *Tuba Frenzy* remains the main forum for all things post-rock. Interests range between free jazz and post-classical via a host of emt-hip rockers. The latest issue features interviews with William Parker, Crawling With Tarts and Wraptit Skool. As with the all-funnies, the best elements are the most obsessive, with the lengthy, undated Trans Am interview the easy highlight here.

Yakuza #8

(PO BOX 26695, WILMINGTON DE 19899-0695, USA)
"Inspired by punk rock and travel", Yakuza is only peripherally a music magazine, although in every other way it's typical of an American fanzine: highly personal while still slick enough to pull in the advertisers. The obvious staple, a punk band tour diary, is present, but comments are otherwise unpredictable and diverse. Leonid Chops in with an account of his visit to Agouda in Morocco (a version of which appeared in *The Wire* 150); there's an anecdote about bizarre neighbours, the dog that wouldn't die, low-life fiction and a new convert's mania for alternative medicine. Far under vernacular ephemera □ Prices, where shown, relate to the country of origin. For further information send an SAE or a couple of International Reply Coupons to the relevant address.

Audion #36

(ULTRAMIA THULE, 1 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON WC1N 3JZ, 75P)

A mildly schizophrenic magazine, published out of Leicester's Ultra-Mia Thule record shop by brothers Alan and Steven Freeman, which covers all sorts of avant-garde composition and popular music, but which is at its best with Progressive rock and 'cosmic' electronic music of the Kraut variety. Even then, they're better at financial intention to than at offering cutting-edge criticism (see also their recent Crook in the Cosmic Egg survey of Kosmische Plastik). In other areas, particularly noise-based and jazz-influenced music, their critical ability varies entirely. The latest issue features Embryo, Santa Hammes Hamm, Peter Froehmader and others. It remains an indispensable document for dedicated Krautrock explorers prepared to live with its idiosyncrasies.

Fourth Door Review #1

(PO BOX 26689, LOS ANGELES, CA 90026, USA)

Fourth Door Review stands out among all the 'zines reviewed here both for its unusually high production quality and for its angularity of vision. Editor Oliver Lowenstein envisions a forum for the exploration of issues of technological change, particularly as these relate to the ecological and social environment. Much of the cultural focus is on music, with lengthy, intricate interviews with Holger Czukay, Tafinha Mackenzie and Mouth Music opening this issue, but these treat music as a focal lens on more general cultural developments, rather than as the central issue. It's unfortunate that the price is so high, since this is one of the most provocative and considered magazines available on the UK small press scene.

multi media

Rahma Khazam meets **Jacques Rémus**, hyperinstrument builder



A s technology prints electronic music in new sonic directions it is also opening up vast possibilities in the design of musical instruments. A bunch of inventors operating on the fringes of performance art, sound sculpture and computer technology are exploring these new avenues as they breathe musical life into the most unlikely inventions. North America and Holland have their share of these mad inventors, while in France Jacques Rémus is one of the leading exponents of a musical outgrowth that is carving out a niche for itself in spaces far removed from the concert hall and club setting. Rémus, an affable 50 year old who has nothing of the obsessive scientist about him, recently exhibited two of his machines at all places, a technical exhibition located in Paris' business quarter. "My installations combine music and sculpture," he says, "and I have performed with them in all kinds of places, from contemporary music festivals to theatres, art galleries and even a science museum."

The exhibition space echoed with the eerie sound of his computerised chimes, which were playing compositions by Ligeti and Rémus himself. Suspended in the air so as to evoke a bird in flight, this modular sound sculpture (it can be adapted to any spatial or acoustic environment) consists of 25 tuned metal tubes. Solenoids strike the tubes producing notes which are enhanced by some spectacular lighting effects. Equally striking was Rémus' musical video camera, a sophisticated motion-analysis system that uses electronic interfaces developed in Canada and France to translate video images into MIDI data. Visitors to the exhibition stood beneath the video camera and, alternately

embarrassed, excited or carried away, excused hand movements that triggered off rippling harps or thundering percussion. "The music camera calls for new gestures that don't need years of practice like the flute or the saxophone do," explains Rémus. "The aim is to create a new rapport between the performer and his instrument. With traditional instruments the musician's physical involvement is an essential part of the music he creates but with electronic interfaces this is no longer the case."

As in the case of other audio artists, Rémus's sonic curiosities have yet to make a large-scale impact on audiences, but he has several projects going that look set to change this state of affairs. He is developing a CD-ROM that will serve as an introduction to audio art and enable the user to design their own sound sculptures, and he is setting up a concert on the Internet that will be performed by a group of machines located in several different countries. Needless to say, Rémus appears to thrive on such seemingly far-fetched ideas. In true mad scientist mode he is also working on what's probably his most dangerous project to date, an ensemble of "electrophones". These tubes are subjected to enormous differences in temperature, enabling them to produce long, loud sounds that are even more powerful than those produced by organ pipes. As he explains, "We're talking about temperatures of 1,000 degrees. I am currently looking for industrialists to finance my research."

Rémus has been applying technological discoveries to music for the past 15 years, a passion that he developed late in his chequered career. He trained as a biologist but early on opted for music instead, studying with such luminaries as Pierre Schaeffer. Yet by the end of the 1970s he had developed a dislike for the austere world of electroacoustic music. "I was interested in their approach to writing music and in the fact that the music they composed wasn't intended for musicians [but for machines], but concerts of electroacoustic music were dull affairs and the audiences seemed to consist increasingly of other composers."

Rémus had by this time joined the avant garde saxophone ensemble Urban Sax, consisting of 20 or so futuristically costumed musicians who would perform

GO TO: <http://www.Lethigh.EDU/com/public/www-databases.html#mid>

Unlike the majority of the Indian film industry's output, there's nothing trash about Sam Mohammed's Urdu/Hindi Film Music site, which is loaded with pictures, information and lyrics relating to Bollywood film music. But its content-over-presentation approach makes it a hugely rewarding information centre which contains interviews and articles on great composers and musicians such as RD Burman, Salil Chaudhury, Khayyam, AR Rahman, C Ramachandran, Lata Mangeshkar et al. Many of the articles are reprinted from the newsgroup rec.music.indian.movies (RMIM), a group in which arguments and controversies flare up over such touchy subjects as, "Who has recorded more songs — Lata Mangeshkar or Asha Bhosle?" (Inconvenient statistics that Lata didn't

record over 25,000 songs, as listed in the Guinness Book Of Records, are supplied here.) A good list of links will send you to RMIM itself, other fanatical film pages, or companies offering software that will translatable lyrics from a multitude of Eastern languages. The one real complaint is the scarcity of pictures — a decent image of each personality mentioned would be handy for the uninitiated. Still, if you want to know what a phool is, exactly, or read transcriptions of thousands of Hindi song lyrics, this site is the place to browse around, with plentiful wisdoms to be found with every click. How about this: "Such is the nature of music that its creation must be tough but its sharing imperative." Copyright lawyers take note.

ROB TOWNS

Times made a deep impression on me and I spent a whole year devouring American science fiction novels."

But Rémus is also concerned with the performance aspect: "The audience's reaction is capital. It gives me ideas and inspires me to keep going."

Like many musicians who are enamoured of technology, Rémus' talent for innovation manifests itself in his machines rather than in his music. As he himself admits, "The music I compose isn't middle-of-the-road by any means, but then it isn't exactly intellectually challenging either. But that's the way I like it." Perhaps it's up to other composers to create new music that will fully exploit the seemingly vast potential of these weird and wonderful machines. □



PHOTO: BEGOTT

new notes at a glance

information from SPNM

february

* 1-2 Composers Live!

Hind, Turner, Sheen, Boyle,
Grey*** Talbot*** Stravinsky,
Sousa*** Finnisay,
Birtwistle, Burnell
*West End Concert Hall,
Cambridge City Cathedral, Bly
0223 357851*

1 Palestrina

RH

2 Sounds Positive

Button-Anderson,
Hensel, Ireland, Desorgher,
Carpenter, Bakshain,
Arnold*** Anderson
*Victoria Drawing Room, Avenir
House, East End Rd, London N3
0181 455 4175*

Joanna MacGregor

Messiaen

JM

3 Sinfonia 21

Anderson, Andriessen,
Samuel, Strauss
JSS

4 YCAT Wigmore

Lunchtime Series 5

Grahlmaier, Kato, Xenakis,
Chausson, Faure, Strauss,
Heid
*Wigmore Hall, London NW1
0181 341 4421*

Peter O'Hagen, piano

Stockhausen, Ligeti, Boulez,
Bartok
PR RH3

5 BBC Symphony

Orchestra
Sefcik, Nielsen, Burnell***
RFH1

CBSO

Erdély-Sván Tóth,
Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich
*Symphony Hall, Broad St,
Birmingham B3 021 212 3333*

Composer Conducts It:

Heinz Holliger
Mozart, Holliger**, Huber**
QEJ RH2

Sinfonia 21

Anderson, Andriessen,
Samuel, Strauss
*Cars Exchange, Cambridge
01223 357851*

6 Sinfonia 21

Britten, Anderson,
Andriessen, Samuel, Strauss
*Great Hall, Lancaster University
01524 935729*

Palestrina

Pfizer
ROH

7 Apartment House

Heil, Clarke, Barrett,
Hespos, Lachemann,
Finnissy
*Great Hall, University of Reading,
Reading RG1 0181 852 4291*

Sinfonia 21

Britten, Anderson,
Andriessen, Samuel, Strauss
*Eton Methodist Church, Durhame
0191 374 3210*

9 Sinfonia 21

Britten, Anderson,
Andriessen, Samuel, Strauss
*Tunbridge Wells Concert Hall,
Sunderland ST1 5JL
01703 595151*

MUSIC Past & Present

Stebbins, Mozart, Schumann,
Berlioz** Williams
*Jackson Lane Theatre, 269A
Arundel St, London NW1
0181 341 4421*

10 The Rapehel Ensemble

Dvorak, Beethoven,
McCalley**
*Lammas Music Club, St George's
Theatre, Central Library, Luton
0582 21638*

Composer's Choice

Spring Series -
Endymion Ensemble
Casals, Takemitsu, Ligeti,
Aramtian*** Debussy
PR RH3

Palestrina

Pfizer
ROH

11 Sinfonia 21

Anderson, Andriessen,
Samuel, Strauss
*Carers Arts Centre, Brighton
01273 681861*

London Choral Society

Blackford*** Fauni
RFH1

13 Olga Bekets, piano

Liszt, Chopin, Debussy,
Scriabin, Beethoven,
Finszová, Schumann
JSS

* 15 The State of the Nation

Ackla, Anderson, Hughes,
Knight, Metzgerich, Powell,
Atwood*** Merren***
Home*** Johnson*** Lunn***,
Cashian*, Stewart** etc.
QEJ RH2

Andrew Sperling and Sarah Walker

Midhead, Jack*** Pyne,
Gabay, Crane, Finnissy,
Bowen
*Recital Room, Blackwell Concert
Hall, London SE3
0181 463 0100*

Suns Dance

Nash*** Maw, Musgrave,
Matthews
*Adrian Boult Hall, Parrotts Place,
Birmingham B3 021 236 5622*

Palestrina

Pfizer
ROH

* 16 The State of the Nation

Cullinan, Bethany, Haydn***
Balfe** etc.
QEJ RH2

Rites of Spring

Stravinsky
RFH1

17 Andrew Ball, piano

Liszt, Wood*** Chopin, Ives
WV

19 Clocks and Clouds

Ligeti*** Ravel, Bartok
QEJ RH2

"Rainbow over Bath":

Roger Henton Group
Limbrick, Bryars, Smith***
Fox, Smith, Pierce***
*Michael Tippett Centre, Newham
Park, Bexley 01225 463362*

Palestrina

Pfizer
ROH

new notes, the monthly listings magazine published by SPNM, is an essential guide to what and who's happening in new music, specialising in the composed music circuit. Events listed in full or new notes also appear in these pages – we're sure you'll want to sample what's on offer!

In February SPNM is involved in two major weekends of new music, in Cambridge and London. What better time to join us? Ring 0171 828 8989 to find out more...

20 LSO

Debussy
JMF

21 London Sinfonietta

Vassie, Stravinsky, Boulez
QEJ RH2

Apartment House

Rackham, Gudmundsson-
Holmgreen, Crane, Finnissy,
Huber, Eisler
*Conway Hall, Red Lion Square,
London WC1 0181 852 4201*

22 [rout]

Stockhausen, Cage,
Baker*** Hayden*** Cardew
Newland*** Armstrong***
Andriessen, Whalley***

Scarsdale, Newport Seven
Vinehill, London SE11
0171 582 5465

Brunei Ensemble

Matthews, Woolrich, Adles,
Sandham
*St George's, Bradford Hall, Bradford
01222 563676*

SoundWaves 97: Holst Singers

Górecki, Palestrina, Nystrand,
Taverner, Pölt, Schönberg
*Salt's Bossey Theatre, Grand
Parade, Brighton 01273 709709*

Clocks and Clouds

Machut, Grimaë, Teritoria, Solegé, Ligeti
QEJ RH2

23 Andrew Ball, piano

Liszt, Wood*** Chopin, Ives
WV

24-28 Sounds New

Festival
Birtwistle, Patterson, etc.
*Canterbury 01227 455600 or
01227 769807*

24 Music Projects/London

Maderna, Dallapiccola, Holt,
Schönberg, Scelsi***
Donston
JSS

24-1 Autogeddon parker

Moore Theatre, North Road,
London N7 0171 689 1800

26 Homage to Takemitsu

Takemitsu, Bach, Brahms
JSS

Passages –

A Song Cycle
Panufnik*** Sekacz***
Gardiner*** Waller***
Bychance*** Pianta***
QEJ RH2

27 LSO

Debussy
JMF

Towards the Millennium – The 60s

Stravinsky, Henze
*Symphony Hall, Broad Street,
Birmingham B3 021 212 3383*

28 The Continuum Ensemble

Matthews, Ives, Crawford
Seeger, Riley, Cross, Fox
*Hinde Secret Church, Thayer
Street, London W1
01395 233490*

*1 SPNM event

**World Première

** UK Première
* London Première

** Berliner Hell,

Silk Sirena, London
EC2 0171 638 8891

JSS St John's Smith

Square, London SW1
0171 222 1061

RFHU, QEJ RH2, PR RH2,
King Festival Hall,
London SE1
0171 260 4242

RFH Royal Opera

House, Covent
Garden, London WC2
0171 304 4000

RFH Wigmore Hall,
London W1
0171 935 2141

SPNM

SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF NEW MUSIC

new notes

new notes is financially
supported by

LONDON ARTS BOARD

KADOU RYDKRÆKHEIM

BLAST

BOUD DEAN

CURLEW

ELTON DEAN

DOCTOR NERVE

FORREST FANG

SUE's

MEGH HOPPER

HENRY KAISER

METHODUS

OH SEETANS

SPIDERMAN

THREE IN MIND

TRUNKS

WALLENDER

WEIRD MACHINES

UNIVERS ZERO

VOLAPÄK

GARY WINDO

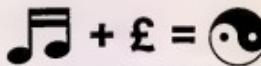
<http://freelies.voi.com/Cuneiform/cuneiform.html>

CUNEIFORM RECORDS

Write or Fax for
more information
or to place an order at
our UK distributor:
Insight and Reck

CUNEIFORM
RECORDS

P.O. BOX 2421
GILVER SPRING, MD
20887-4847 USA
TAX 300/1 800/240/2400



Ghost Fly cascade by Martin Archer is a groundbreaking amalgam of electronics, composition and expense, guided entirely by chance and choice.

This is a CD release, limited edition, the disc contains comprising continuing recordings. Recommended! (DIREX). "An intriguing and professionally fresh sounding mix." (RESONANCE). "Porous flow with a delicate, minimalist atmosphere, a subtle tension and a sense of mystery, making the soundscapes most impressive work to date." (RUBBERNECK). "Elements are interesting." (STOCKHOLMSEN).

New release (VHS) **Four holes in the front of the skull**, a sixty minute video by Duncan Marshall, with a discography and much by Duncan Marshall. Add your name to our mailing list now. Both available direct by mail order only. £10 + £2 per VHS. Cheques in any currency accepted. I'm not made of moonbeams but I'm standing in the orchard. **MWAH**.

BISCUIS

PO BOX 656 SHEFFIELD S10 3YR UK
ALL ITEMS £10.00 PLUS £1.00 OVERSEAS

DE-REGISTRATION • DE-INTEGRATION



DOOF ADELPHI-100™ MONKEY DUBOLITION ETHEREALITES BLU. HYPNOHOBIA 23 and others

DUBMISSION 12" & CD KOMMAGOSA
Distributed by BBD
info@kommagosa.com, distribution@raucd.co.uk

TOUCH

TOMMY SAMPLER T. ZERO 2
Inc. New Orleans, Philadelph, Hitler This, Chris Webby,
Rocky Mountain, Motorhead, Metallica, Highlights from recent CDs
Mars, Venus, Moon

THE LAST DANCERS FROM THE DARKNESS 70:31
Music from the film 'Last Dance' by Peter Weegh

ANTIPHONY ASH 3:4
Interplanetary Electronic Composition by Bruce Gilbert, S.E.T.I.
2nd Earth, Alien Heart, John Buscemi & others...

CD via Housevaffa
AS QUIET AS A CAMPFIRE... ASH 2:7
Debut album by John Cage & Arnold Schoenberg

DISTRIBUTED in the UK by Radios/Pineapple
Touch • 13 Ovaltine Rd, London SW17 7SS
Fax +44 181 642 3416

Terry Riley and Stefano Scodanibbio
Lazy Afternoon Among The Crocodiles
£10 inc. p&p
LIMITED SUPPLY

SPECIAL OFFER!
£10 inc. p&p
Cassiber
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
Their classic album at last available on CD
Re/R/Recommended, Dept W
79 Beaulieu Road, Thornton Heath,
Surrey CR7 8JG
Credit card hotline 0181 771 1063

ROLLINS
2.13.61

For Mail Order Colour Catalogue featuring
the Books and CDs of

ROLLINS ERICKSON GIRL
BAJEMA SHIELDS LED ZEP
J.LEE PIERCE GO FOR EXENE
CERVENKA ALAN VECH HUBERT
SELBY JSHIPPI C HASKETT
FLIFFER ICEBERG SLIM/JAH
CHANCE PARK OF CAIN
TETRAZ METALLICA

writes to:
2-13-61, 19 Southwicks St., London W10 4LG
or telephone 0181 963 0460.

Email: two1361@aol.com

© 1991 ROLLINS STARCHIEVE 021 754 9832 and in person at T.E.S. BAR

new york
soundscape

scanner
david shea
nüs

guitar virtuoso
electro-acoustic



Performing a complete solo music recital and mail order form. To
please send 2 international reply coupons and your local postage and
mail money to: David Shea - Box 1000 Brussels - fax +32 2 577775

Metropolis Music presents

ZAP MAN Mama

monday 3rd march
Shepherds Bush Empire

Theatre 1515, info available from Metropolis 081 70761 CC/HM/FM/107 1002,
Burgess St 121 1002, Westminster 0171 244 7000, Post Office 0171 307 2000, CLO 0171 207 0000,
0171 220 0000, Royal Exchange Hotel 0171 240 0000 and HMV 0171 240 0000.
Telephone 0171 240 0000 for further details.

dingwalls
AMERICAN PREMIERE LIVE MUSIC VENUE
WEBSITE: www.dingwalls.com • E-MAIL: info@dingwalls.com • PHONE: 0171 734 0000

WED 12 FEB JARVIS COOK PRESENTS **17.30PM £5**
DAVID THOMAS & TWO PALE BOYS
+ NAVIGATOR

WED 26 FEB JARVIS COOK & DINGWALLS PRESENT **8.00PM £5**
TRANS AM + GANGER

C/V: HOTLINE STARSCREEN 021 754 9832 and in person at T.E.S. BAR
(above venue) RHYTHM RECORDS (CANDER TOWN) and on the door

back issues

For back issue enquiries before issue 100 please call 0171 734 3555, or e-mail: _wire@ukonline.co.uk. Issues in *italics* indicate very few copies remaining. Back issues later than issue 100 not listed here are sold out.

- 100 100 Best Records**, Ursung Heines, Steve Lucy, David Sanborn, Kevin Eubanks, Guide to Metal
- 101 You Are Here**, Joe Henderson, S'Express, Defunkt, Sergio Mendes, Barry Adamson
- 102 Eastern Issue**, Inaki Gurut, Sumi Of Arga, Joni Put Metherby, Steve Martland, Jimmy Waterhouse
- 103 The Song & The Dance**, Philharmonic Square vs Costello Mike Westbrook, Schubert, Prokofiev, Television
- 104 Future's Past**, Eric John Cage, Bob Dylan, Bob Marley, Gerry Mulligan, The Orb
- 105 Altered States**, Cypress Hill, The Shamen, Charlie Parker, Harry Partch, Stockhausen, Rogerio Corrêa, Bill Jenkins
- 106/7 Lifestyle, Leisure, Music for Pleasure**, North Cherny, Courtney Pine, Oliver Messel, Abigail Lincoln, Albert Ayler, Clubland UK, Records of the Year
- 109 Serious Pop/Pop Serious**, Living Colour, John Adams, Anthony Davis, Malcolm X, Soviet Pop, Great Marcus on Rock/Rebom
- 110 Censorship**, Ice Cube, Ice T, John Zorn, Metal & Islam, Jazz & the BBC, Don Byron, Coltrane, Ennio Morricone
- 115 Overlooked Underrated**, Ethiopia, Japan, New Orleans, Thomas Koner, Manu Ummarina, Peer Wohlleben, The Phencyde, Teenage Fan Club
- 117 The Cocteau Twins**, Al Green, Ann Part, Eugene Chadbourne, Kippie Poolester, McCoy, FREE Modern Composition supplement
- 118/9 Miles Davis**, The Orioles, Wynton Marsalis,

- Funk-dà-Hemal, Roy Ayers, Sampha, New Faces for 94, Records of the Year
- 121 Elvis Costello's Jukebox**, Charles Gayle, Balansino Quartet, Bach/Pacholski, Angélique Kidjo, Rapon Thul, Music in the 21st Century
- 122 Mick Karn**, Tim Buckley, Peter Gabriel, Steve Alm, Arthur Shepp, Dennis Bailey, Disco Inferno, Moody Boyz, Mexico City Rockers
- 124 David Byrne**, Ged Taylor, Louis Andriessen, Berlin Techno, Harold Budd, Last Poets, Phil Natale
- 134 Nachos-Atmos**, MC5 meet Sun Ra, Laune Anderson, Future Sound of London, Xenakis, Kip Hananah, Techno Animal, Jungle Renaissance
- 141 Marc Almond**, Stockhausen vs the Technocrats, Aphex Twin, US post-rock, Jim Coleman, Wayne Shorter, Andrew Poppy Electronics, Dan Cherry, Robert Wyatt's Jukebox
- 142 Duruss Cohen**
- 147 Talvin Singh**, Amon Dailill, Even Parke, Zaqqiz, Yellow Shark, Golders Jukebox, LFO, Tee Dept., David Shek, Richef, Dr. Neve, Scanner m'Portress
- 145 Tortoise**, Rous, A-Zef Breco, Hemmester Horner, Jukebox, John McLaughlin, Les Badis, I-Tower, Sonic Boom, Thomas Koner, Jonai Sharpen, UGL, FREE, Resurgence sampler CD
- 147 Coldcut/Whaja Tune**, Hypersymposium, Ronald Shannon Jackson, Philip Glass's Jukebox, Jon Leibowitz, Negativland, Rhys
- Chathams, Nasir Farrah Ali Khan, Photek
- 148 Andrew Weatherall**, Contract breakers, Mad Professor, Meat Beat Manifesto, Jungle goes WCR, BOB Stans, Ravi Shankar, FREE Big Cattemper CD
- 149 Stereolab**, Joe Zawinul, Paul Schulze, Ice T, Derek Bailey, John Zorn, Slazenger, Plus, Wachman, Squeezesucker, His Name is Alive
- 150 150 Essential Objects of Musical Desire**, Omri Tirosh, James Dalton, Lee Ranaldo, Japaku, Basic Channel, Barry Adamson's Jukebox, The Black Dog, FREE Ben Sherman CD
- 151 The Fall**, Sheila Chandra, Key-Hero, Magical Power Makro, DJ Shadow, John Cale's Jukebox, Roger Eno, Trans Am, David Cunningham, Spivens, NYC Ambient
- 152 A Guy Called Gerald**, David Thomas, Jim O'Rourke meets John Fahey, Throbbing Gristle, Enzucruzzende Neuronauts, Henry Rollins's Jukebox, Crayon, Vagabond Lamb, Tokyo Ichiro, FREE Virgin sampler CD
- 153 Simon Fisher Turner**, Imaginary Soundtrack, Roedelius meets Julian Cope, Seva Reich, Damanda Galas's Jukebox, Stacey Pullen, David Tidwell, Nico
- 154 The Illbient Alliance** (featuring Bryan, Workstation, Sub Dub, Soundfist, Bill Laswell, Ben Hersh, DJ Clive, Stockhausen, Eric Drew Feldman, Jeni Ter Damme, James Chance, Char Imanaga, Paradise, Cijo)
- 155 96-Record** of the Year, Labach, Prince Pad, Khan & Jammin' Unit, Harold Budd's Jukebox, Japanese noise, Dom & Roland, Jukebox, John White, Kreidler

WIRE



Fax or post this form now to order your back issues

£3.00 each including postage & packing

Wire Subscription No. (if applicable) _____ /TW

£4.00 airmail **USA/Rest Of World** £5.00/\$8.00 airmail £4.00/\$7.00 surface mail

Please send issue numbers:

(please give alternatives here as some issues are unavailable)

ORDER FORM

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode/Zip _____ Country _____

Telephone _____

E-Mail _____

I enclose my cheque/money order made payable to WIRE for £ _____

Please charge my: Access/Mastercard Amex Visa/Delta Switch £ _____

Card No. _____

Card Expiry Date _____

Card Issue No. _____ (Switch only)

(please supply cardholder's name and address if different from opposite)

Signature _____ Date _____ / _____ / _____

By post to: The Wire Magazine, FREEPOST, 48-48 Poland St, London, W1E 3EL. Tel: 0171 734 3555. Fax: 0171 387 4767.
(No stamp needed if mailed within the UK). Payment by UK Sterling charges, international money order, Eurocheque or US dollar cheque

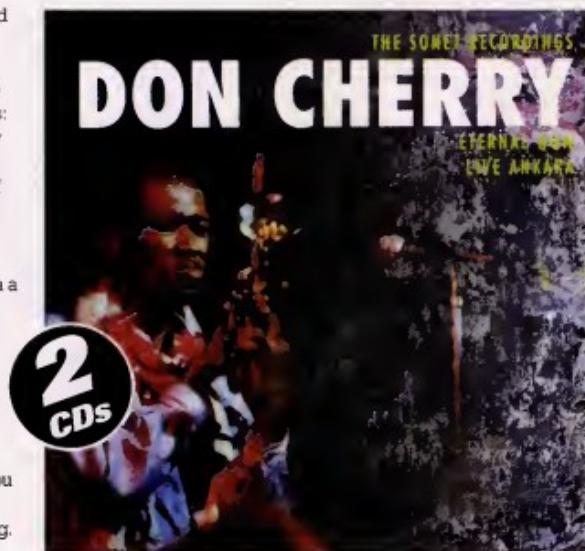
subscribe

Fantastic voyager

Our February offer: bag a double **Don Cherry** CD plus a year's supply of *The Wire* for just £30

Don Cherry was the original One World musician, a voracious multikulti sonic traveller. *The Sonet Recordings*, newly reissued by Verve, brings together two of his most rare and eclectic recordings: *Live Ankara* from 1969 and *Eternal Now* from 1973. Both albums feature the pocket-sized trumpeter at the height of his mercurial powers, interpreting the freewheeling atmosphere of the revolutionary music he made with Ornette Coleman in the 50s and 60s via a vast array of exotic instruments drawn from Africa, the Middle East, Asia and the Pacific Rim. As writer Keith Knox raved at the time, the results are "masterpieces of ritual tension and dynamics resounding in solemn ceremony". You can bag a copy of this landmark double CD for FREE when you take out your first subscription to the world's most outernationalist music mag.

The Wire. Blowing our own trumpet



UK £30	EUROPE (Air) £36	USA (Air) \$60/£38	REST OF WORLD (Air) £50 (Surface) £35
Please send my free DON CHERRY CD and subscription to:			
Name _____	<input type="checkbox"/> I enclose my cheque/money order made payable to WIRE for £_____		
Address _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Please charge £_____ to my:		
Postcode _____	Country _____	Access/Mastercard <input type="checkbox"/>	Amex <input type="checkbox"/>
Telephone _____	Visa/Delta <input type="checkbox"/> Switch <input type="checkbox"/>		
E-Mail _____	Card No. _____		
Expiry date / /			
Card issue No. _____ (Switch only) (please supply cardholder's name and address if different from opposite)			
Signature _____ Date / /			

Return this form (or a photocopy) to: The Wire Magazine, FREEPOST, 45-46 Poland St, London W1E 3EL. Fax: 0171 287 4767
(Your free CD will be sent separately, after the offer closes — please be patient). NB This is a limited offer, available while stocks last.
No stamp needed (except within the UK). Payment by UK banking charges, international money order, Eurocheque or US dollar cheque.

Or call our Subscription Hotline on 0171 734 3555

WIRE

david toop

lets The Singing Dogs off the leash

A doggy theme has been barking in the background through the turn of the year. I don't quite know how to explain it. Maybe the canine thing began in Amsterdam. Late one cold night in December, Robin 'Scan Man' Rembaud and I were holding court to an audience of Dutch digital theorists. To paraphrase Jimi Hendrix, have you ever been experienced, viz attendance at a digital art conference?

Maybe you have, maybe you haven't. I'll take that silence as a no. I've talked at a few during this past year and as a side-effect of these endeavours I have heard philosophical discussions on virtuality, among other gripping subjects. So forewarned with the knowledge of such sloughs of despond, I ventured to obtain the requested presentation on digital sampling, replication, the role of the artist in a post world (or was that the role of a paws in an arse world?) with The Singing Dogs.

Ahh, more crazy Easy Listening, you say. In a serious world why waste time discussing such not-so-incredibly-strange-after-all rubbish? Which just goes to show that you never intended a digital art conference.

To perfectly frank I've been getting a bit jaded with sampling histories that Olympian leap from:

Stockhausen and Pierre Schaeffer to Negativland via Grandmaster Flash. Never mind the big knobs. There have been inspired vernacular assaults on concrete music and sound sampling techniques during this history. The Singing Dogs is one of them.

Let me attempt some background beginning with a quote from the sleeve notes of *The Crying Dogs Of Copenhagen: The Dog-Gonest Collection Of Real Canine Crooners Ever Assembled!* (released by Mr Pickwick in 1974). "Carl Wessmann of Copenhagen created this album," they claim, "by wandering around the streets armed with his portable tape recorder, taping the best barks of two German Shepards, a poodle, a bamer, and a binner which he called Caesar, King, Pearl, Dolly and Pussy."

Notwithstanding the unnecessary commas and the misguided imposition of such a burdensome name as Caesar King Pearl Dolly Pussy on a Doberman (I assume a Doberman, though perhaps a man who barks and pinches), this passage could be an account of some avant-rock musician preparing for his next show at the Knitting Factory.

Anyway, Herr Wessmann would repair to his studio

where, dressed in white shirt and tie, he would separate the barks into pitches, hang the tape snippets on the wall under the appropriate names and then create melodies from these pitches.

The music was revolting. Just the thing for the final presentation of a digital art conference, particularly knowing that whatever seriousness I could muster, the frown-imover would be blasted into oblivion by a barrage of jokes from my silly pal Robin. As it happened I stole a march on the Scan man. Concluding my esoteric demonstration of sampling relics with a Singing Dogs track, I was surprised to find I had picked an example with a quasi-free jazz section. The witty Wessmann, waggle Dane that he was, climaxed a sickening

Schlagzeuges military snare drum and vibraphone rendition of "Where Has My Little Dog Gone?" with a chaotic chorus of cat and dog caterwauling.

In Amsterdam the result was spectacular. Out of the audience emerged a large dog — no, I'm not making this up — which proceeded to walk around the stage in search of fellow hairy quadrupeds. Was it the cats? Was it the poignant name of the song? Was it the need to discuss digital art and the future of pets?

Who knows? What really puzzles me is this: was it the great Dane Wessmann the first Singing Dogs exponent? In 1955 The Singing Dogs rocketed to number 13 in the UK singles charts with a medley. A few interesting facts here. The Dogs, as they came to be known among its fy fans, are postured in my British Hit Singles reference book just above The Singing Nun (Belgium), which is, unavoidably, all a bit Eurotrash. And of course, medleys are rarely hits, though I am sure there is a Mr Medley cut there, living next door to Mr Sad and Mr Tickle, who knows all about the world of medleys. The final pertinent fact is that The Singing Dogs, 55 vintage, are listed as a US canine vocal group.

I checked my histories of US vocal groups. Philip Grao's classic *They All Sang On The Corner* listed nothing, which is strange, since if a dog is going to sing anywhere then it's going to sing on a corner. ReSearch's two volumes of *Incredibly Strange Music* index only



singing policemen and singing wrestlers, so unless I'm prepared to launch myself onto the World Wide Web on this one, I'm going to have to live with a gaping hole in my knowledge.

But life is supernatural, isn't it? I was telling North London's very own samplemaniac — John Wall — my shaggy dog story. The TV, broadcasting some crap in the background, suddenly burst into life with the sound of singing dogs, revived for the 90s thanks to the blanket marketing of all things canine and spottet. Those of you who have a thing about Glenn Close will know what I'm talking about.

Finding myself, only a few days ago, writing about the relationship of musical elaboration to non-verbal drama in *Löse* (ounds distressingly Cultural Studies if I describe it like that) for a Belgian film theory magazine seemed the most normal thing in the world after all this dog business. I made no mention of The Singing Dogs, figuring it would lead to a mention of The Singing Nun. The people of Belgium deserve to be allowed to forget.

Neither runs nor dogs (settle down at the back). The Spice Girls are what I have been listening to exclusively for the past four weeks. Sometimes eight times a day or more. Most excellent they are too, being a blatant rerun of a favourite pop period of mine: Blackpool Soul, circa 1981-83. Those of you who are not parents or dog lovers will fail to understand this column completely □

FOUNDATIONS

COMING UP FROM THE STREETS

RADON EAD — TALK SHOW HOST (THE BLACK DOO REMIX)
OTRITAL — THE TRANSEUROPEAN BUSY TRAVELERS (NG)
A GUY CALLED GERALD (DR) — HOLLOW HUNTER
ULTRA LUMINOSITY — ULTRA LUMINOSITY
BB STATE — MORNINGS
PLURK — STUNT BUBBLE
SWEET SILENCE — SWEET SILENCE IN MEDAR
ULTRAMARINE — RUSSIAN ROULETTE
FUN DA MENTAL — MOTHER (INDIA (MIXED BY DIZZY RUM))
THE FLOOR — THE FLOOR (LAWNS AND A MORTIFICATION)
SCAMMER — ART SCHEERAN

DJ EVOLITION FEATURING MC TEABAG — ESCAPE FROM WAYNE
BANTUHQ — BILL LET
SYSTEM T — BIG GAY CITY (JACOB'S OFFICIAL STANZA REMIX)
LITTLE BOY BROWN — BROWN TRAIL (REMIX)
MENINI — DISTANT LANDS
FUTURE LOOP FOUNDATION — STRANGE FEVER
DIZZY RUM — DIZZY RUM (REMIX)
MASSIVE ATTACK — SLICK ME UP (GUB
HEALING ARTS FEATURING JANE WALKER — ONLY LOVE (WILL LIFT US UP)
DIZZY RUM — DIZZY RUM (REMIX)
THE ALPINE — BITTER SWEET (LEMON IN THE HONEY REMIX)
ATLAS — SAYAHNA

MOODI BIZZ — MARCH 19TH

PROCEEDS FROM THE SALE OF FOUNDATIONS INCLUDING Royalties ARE PAID DIRECTLY
TO THE BIG GAY CITY FOUNDATION FOR THE BENEFIT OF LESBIANS IN THE U.S.
AND CANADA. VISIT [HTTP://WWW.BIGGAYCITY.ORG](http://www.biggaycity.org) FOR MORE INFORMATION
OR TO PURCHASE A COPY OF FOUNDATIONS. MR FACIALLE +44-11-705-8162 E-MAIL: [MRFACIALLE@BLUEYONDER.CO.UK](mailto:mrfacialle@blueyonder.co.uk) WEBSITE: [HTTP://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM](http://www.facebook.com)

ISSUE 



BILL-DING

NEW FULL LENGTH

Trust in God, but tie up your camel.



P.O. BOX 597844, CHICAGO, IL 60659-7844 • HEFTY7844@AOL.COM • 312-493-2710